

ANECDOTES, &c.

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

WITH OBSERVATIONS.

By JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F. A. S.

Ed. Martin

“ Il y a bien des auteurs dans lesquels on trouve des choses
“ singulières qui ne se rencontrent pas ailleurs. Cela me
“ fait dire, qu'on pourroit faire un livre fort curieux, qui
“ contiendrait, τα αραξ ειρημενα, les choses qui n'ont
“ été dites qu'une fois.”

MENAGE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY GRUEBER AND M'ALLISTER,
NO. 59, AND W. JONES, NO. 86,
DAME-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PAID BY THE POST

TO THE POST OFFICE

FOR THE POSTAGE OF THE ENVELOPE

POSTAGE PAID



TO

SIR JOSEPH ANDREWS,

OF SHAW, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS, BARONET,

THE FOLLOWING WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY

OF

WELL-MERITED AFFECTION,

AND

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

BY HIS BROTHER,

J. P. A.

J. P. N.

BY HIS BROTHER,

CHARLES ACKERMAN EDWARDS,

AND

WILLIAM EDWARDS,

OF

AT A PUBLIC TESTIMONY,

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

AND FOLLOWSING WORK

OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF THE DEAF AND DUMB,

BY JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH

48

A RETIREMENT of some years, with the uninterrupted perusal of a library composed chiefly of such volumes as are not in the way of every student, have supplied the Editor with a very considerable stock of extracts and remarks. It has been suggested to him, that if these were connected by a few observations, and ranged under proper heads, they might afford some amusement to those readers who have neither time nor inclination to labour through scores of uninteresting pages, for the sake of two or three entertaining paragraphs. Encouraged by this idea, and by the favourable reception which his former publications (most of them anonymous) have met with, he has stept forward once more in the literary walk, in hopes of meeting the same candour and good humour which he has before experienced from his countrymen.

He is proud of acknowledging the kind assistance he has received. The pen of his ingenious friend, Mr. Pye*, has been employed in his service, and has produced the whole article of 'Singularities,'

A 3 and

* Knight of the Shire for Berks, and author of several elegant pieces of poetry. The translations signed P. are by that gentleman, all the rest are by the Editor.

and several other pieces. The invaluable magazine of anecdotes, collected by the equally intelligent and humorous Anti-quarian, Capt. Grose, has been open to him, and thence some of the most amusing anecdotes in the work are taken; and the article 'Sketches' was drawn up by a lady not unknown in the literary world, whose name, did she permit the Editor to publish it, would confer honour on his whole performance. For these parts of his book he dreads not the severest criticism; would that he were but as well founded in confidence as to the rest of the work, for which, *he, alone*, is answerable! On one circumstance, however, he dares to pride himself. He has resisted with incredible firmness every temptation thrown in his way by the courtly waggery of Brantome, the philosophic simplicity of Charron, Montaigne, and Bayle, the sprightly wit of Perron, Menage, &c. &c. &c. &c. the quaint drollery of Rabelais, Bulwer, Borde, &c. &c. &c. not to mention the ludicrous bluntness of Madame Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans, to fall into indelicacies, which at the same time that they would have displeased that fair part of his readers, whose approbation he is most anxious to secure, must have exposed him to the just and tremendous rebukes of those periodical potentates,

tentates, at whose signal the most high-spirited author must lower his top-sails.

* "—— Parere, necesse est,
" Nam, quid agas? ———" Juv. Sat. 3.

Did the public well consider the fatigues and distresses of mind, which a poor author undergoes in consequence of his well-meant endeavour to entertain them, the literary community would be treated with more regard than they generally meet. There *was* a time, when a writer had no other dangers to encounter than those of neglect, and silent contempt; and that author must have been of real consequence in the republic of letters, on whom a critic would deign to comment; nor could any one less witty than a Dryden, or less noble than a Howard, have had importance enough to have been honoured by the sarcasms of a Rehearsal, or a City and Country-mouse †.

The case is now severely altered. The devoted author sets out, like the Roman gladiator.

—— " Uri virgis, ferroque necari
" Auscoratus." ——— †

Should he escape the regular batteries of the "Monthly," "Critical," "English,"

* "The humbled author, silent, must submit,

" And, but by non-resistance, show his wit.

† Two satires. The first a well-known play, written by the D of Buckingham. The other a dialogue composed by Charles Montague, (afterwards Lord Halifax) to expose Dryden's Hind and Panther.

‡ 'Bound to face every peril.'

glish," and "Analytical Reviews," and the bombs and howitzers of the Gentleman's, the European, the Literary, &c. Magazines, it is still likely that he may be mortally wounded by some irregular marksman, in a daily newspaper, who with a "Dove, Messer Ariosto?" will turn the laugh upon him, and dissipate his hopes of a golden harvest, both as to fame and profit. But suppose this danger over, there yet remains, even at the legal distance of a year and a day, the strictures of an Old, and a New, Annual Register to be dreaded. These, to keep up the metaphor, we may compare to mines, which sometimes take effect, long after the appearance of danger is over.

Let not, however, this enumeration of horrors make the lover of literature tremble, lest writing for the press should be discontinued. The whole catalogue of storms, shoals, and rocks, of bad provisions, calentures, and wooden legs, will not prevent the quarter-decks of men of war from being crowded with young, spirited volunteers; rustics will crowd to enlist, in spite of every tale of small pay, hard duty, and military discipline and danger; and authors will still abound, unappalled by the apprehension of awful myriads of critics, and of what perhaps is still more awful, the fatal day of settling with their publisher.

ANECDOTES, &c.



A D V I C E.

WHEN really good counsel is given, we ought not to decline following it, although the example of the counsellor militate against his own precepts. St. Augustin is well known to have compared a priest, whose life disagreed with his doctrines, to a directing way-post. "Would not a traveller," asks he, "deserve " to be reckoned insane, who should refuse to follow the advice written on that post, because forsooth, it stirs not a foot towards the place it directs him to?" How absurd would it be to undervalue the excellent persuasives to patience and fortitude which have been left us by Seneca, because that great man, in his epistles, after most pathetically exclaiming—"Quid non potest mihi persuaderi, cui persuasum est, " ut navigarem *?" confesses, that, during a passage shorter than that between Dover and Calais,

A 5

* "What may I not be persuaded to do, since I have actually been persuaded to go on the sea?"

Calais, he actually flung himself headlong into the waves, merely from an inability to support the harassing sensations of sea-sickness, and the dread of an impending squall?

IN a late translation of Hippocrates, we read the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithstanding the great name of the counsellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh, “ the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length.” Ignatius Loyola, who, to preserve the shape of his boot, had a considerable part of his legbone sawed off, would have been a docile patient to the sage Hippocrates.

THE hint given to Thales, the Milesian philosopher, was a strong one, and well intended, though roughly executed. A girl, of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

THE

THE consolatory advice of Plutarch to the wretched, if not effectual, is certainly ingenious. "Consider," says the philosopher, "you equal the happiest, in the one half of your life at least; that half, I mean, which you spend "in sleep."

MENAGE says that, one day, the Cardinal de Retz desired to be favoured by him, with a few lectures on poetry, "for," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought to me every day, that I ought to seem at least, to be somewhat of a judge."—"It would," replied Menage, "be difficult to give your Eminence many rudiments of criticism, without taking up too much of your time: But I would advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then to exclaim, Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses! And ninety-nine times in an hundred you will be sure you are right."

WHILE Louis XIV. was besieging Lille, the Spanish governor politely sent him, from the town, fresh ice for the use of his table, every day. M. de Charost, a favourite of the King, happening to be near him when one of these presents arrived, said to the messenger, with a loud voice, "Do you be sure to tell M. de Brouai, your governor, that I advise him not "to give up his town like a coward, as the "Commandant of Douai has done." "Are "you mad? Charost," said the King, turning to him angrily. "No, Sir," said Charost, "but

“ but you must excuse me, for the Compte de Brouai is my near relation*.”

THE advice given by Sir Robert Dudley, son to the celebrated Earl of Leicester, under the title of “ A Proposition to secure the State, “ and to bridle the Impertinency of Parliaments,” might perhaps, if pursued with caution and perseverance, have been the ruin of British liberty. It is to be found in Rushworth’s Collection, and is brought under seven heads.

1. To have a fortrefs in every considerable town.
2. To suffer none to wear arms, but such as are enrolled.
3. To cause the high roads to run through the fortified towns.
4. Not to let the soldiers of such fortresses to be inhabitants of such places.
5. To let no person pass through such fortresses without a ticket.
6. To have the names of all lodgers taken by all inn-keepers.
7. To impose an oath of allegiance on all subjects.

Sir Robert then proceeds to “ Means to increase his Majesty’s Revenues.” For which purpose he lays down fifteen different ways. Several of which have been adopted by successive ministers, particularly a tax on legacies, one on proceedings by law, and another on ale-house licences.

A L-

* Mem. de Louis XIV. par L’Abbé Choisy.

A L C H Y M Y.

THE awful veil of mystery with which the writers concerning the Elixir of Life, the Philosophers Stone, the Rosicrucian Fraternity, &c. have contrived to cover their rhapsodies, has probably contributed more than any other circumstance to that respect which the whimsical science of Alchymy retains, even to this day, in the breasts of persons, whom one would not judge capable of such credulity. The following anecdote, though it *proved* nothing, has had its weight with Amateurs.

IN 1687, a stranger, naming himself Sig. Gualdi, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice, to render himself much respected, and well received there. He spent his money readily, but was never observed to have connection with any banker: he was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Enquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obscurity. One day a Venetian Noble, admiring the stranger's pictures, which were exquisitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed —“ How is this, Sir! Here is a portrait of “ yourself, drawn by the hand of Titian! yet “ that artist has been dead one hundred and “ thirty years, and you look not to be more “ than fifty!” “ Well, Signor,” replied the stranger, “ there is, I hope, no crime in remembering a portrait drawn by Titian.” The Noble

Noble found that he had been too curious, and withdrew; but before the next morning's dawn, the stranger, his pictures, goods and domestics had quitted Venice. This incident is related in Dr. Campbell's, "*Hermippus redivivus*."

THERE lived, in the reign of Edward VI. one Sir James, supposed to be a vicar choral of Salisbury cathedral, who, as his scholars report, attained to great perfection in the study of chymistry. Of him Thomas Charnock, another, but a minor adept; thus sings, or rather says, in his "*Enygma Alchimæ*."

" I could find never man but one,

" Which could teach me the secrets of-our stone ;

" And that was a priest in the close of Salisbury,

" God rest his soul in heaven full merry !"

A N I M A L S.

IN 1468, the Parisians, were by an order of their King, Louis XI. deprived at once of all their domestic animal-favourites, their tame deer, goats, kids, and, above all, of their jays and magpies. That prince had been exasperated by the very great imprudence of those citizens, who had taught every thing which could be made to speak or squall, to repeat the word "*Peronne*," in ridicule of Louis, who had been shamefully overreached at that town, through his own want of caution, and the craft of the Duke of Burgundy. Cruel as the character of Louis was known to be, it seems astonishing that he contented himself with a species of

of revenge which was rather vexatious, than barbarous.

PROCOPIUS acquaints us with a most uncommonly ridiculous species of divination, used by Theodatus, a perfidious and cowardly King of the Italian Goths, at the period when Justinian attacked his dominions. Three divisions of hogs, styled Goths, Romans and Greeks, were, according to the advice of a Jewish magician, shut up in different styes, for a certain portion of time, and from their state when that time had expired, the fate of the war was to be judged. The event of this rational experiment being adverse to the Gothic pigs, Theodatus, despairing of success, suffered his troops to be repeatedly vanquished, and at length was deposed and put to death by his own people.

WHEN Charles V. failed in his attempt on Algiers, in 1541, his fleet and the troops which were embarked on board the ships, suffered hardships almost incredible. Brantome, who heard the relation from the mouth of a sufferer, says, that although the officers were obliged to throw overboard all their clothes, baggage, and valuables, yet nothing distressed them so much as the parting with their horses, which were in general, fine Spanish and Neapolitan "genets" and courfers, so well chosen, so gallant-spined, and so high prized, that there was not "a heart which could defend itself from feeling anguish, and the deepest pity, at seeing these fine horses, struggling in vain, to save themselves by swimming through the raging "ocean.

“ ocean. And the more distressful was the
“ fight, as the poor animals, despairing to reach
“ the land, it being so far off, followed with
“ their utmost powers, as long as their strength
“ lasted, the ships and their masters, who stood
“ on the decks piteously lamenting the fate of
“ those noble creatures whom they saw perish
“ before their eyes.”

The foregoing story, although it commemorates a most extraordinary, and melancholy instance of sagacity in animals, is yet exceeded by that which follows, which is told by an Italian author of credit, and is affirmed to be strictly true.

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day he waited on an “*Illustissimo*,” whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some alliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the Noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suite of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a shewy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glasses, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff who always accompanied

panied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, "There! my poor old friend! " you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull, brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent Noble of his favourite exhibition of splendor.

THE extreme attachment which the fair sex have sometimes shown to domestic animals, has seldom produced an odder advertisement than the following, which appeared in the Daily Advertiser, during the course of the month of November, in the year 1744, and which is now in the Editor's possession.

" An Exceeding SMALL Lap Spaniel.

" Any one that has (to dispose of) such a
 " one, either dog, or bitch, and of any colour, or colours, that is very, very SMALL,
 " with a very *short round snub nose*, and good
 " ears;

" If they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at a
 " coach-maker's, over against the Golden Head,
 " in Great Queen Street, near Lincoln's Inn
 " Fields, they may (if approved of) have a very
 " good purchaser.

" And to prevent any farther trouble, If it
 " is not exceeding SMALL, and has any thing
 " of

“ of a longish peaked nose, it will not at all
“ do.

“ And nevertheless, after this advertisement
“ is published no more; If any person should
“ have a little creature, that answers the character of the advertisement,

“ If they will please but to remember the direction, and bring it to Mrs. Smith, the person is not SO provided, but that such a one will still at any time be, hereafter, purchased.”

A beautiful little “ barbet,” being very ill treated by a large cat, the following Epigram, by way of warning, was made extempore by a relation, to the owner of both :

Notre Chate ! Qu'il vous souvienné,
Que si vous battez not' Chienne,
Vous ferez bientôt le Manchon.
De notre petite Fanchon.

Mark my words, Grimalkin gruff !
Leave that pretty dog at peace,
Else your skin shall make a muff.
To adorn my little niece.

A R T.

THE two following instances of laudable art are taken from Fuller's Worthies of England. When Mary Queen of Scots was in custody of George Earl of Shrewsbury, the Countess, knowing the suspicious temper of Elizabeth, contrived a method of relieving her Lord from a trust both odious and dangerous. “ Madam,” said she to the Queen, “ I begin to grow jealous, my husband is so familiar with his
“ Royal.

“Royal Prisoner.” This hint succeeded, and Mary was ordered to another keeper.

THE great Sir Edward Coke was dreaded by the court of Charles I. as a powerful opposer in the house; and to prevent his standing to be chosen in Parliament, he was marked down to serve as sheriff of his county (Buckingham). Coke objected that he could not in conscience take the usual oath, which binds the sheriff to destroy and root out all *Lollards*. His objection was over-ruled, and he was made to serve.

THE desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning the illiterate savage. After a successful attack on the Royal party in 1745, a highlander had gained a watch, as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise, and pleasure, to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it, to the first person who had offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but, at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, “Why, “ she died last night.”

CHRISTINA of Sweden is reported to have been never better pleased with a story, than with that of a Norman Curé's artifice to save the

the reputation of his Seigneur, who had the misfortune to be broken alive on the wheel, at the "Greve," for two or three robberies, and a murder. "We pray thee, O Lord, (said "the cunning ecclesiastic) for the soul of —," "Seigneur of this parish, who has lately died "*of his wounds* at Paris."

WE are told by Busbequius, that while he was apparently, an ambassador, but really, a prisoner at Constantinople, he made an exceedingly artful, though justifiable, use of the Turkish aversion to every thing of the hog kind. His narrative shall appear in the words of the translator. "This humour of theirs being known, "we put a pretty trick upon them. When any "body had a mind to send me a secret message, "he would include it in a little bag, together "with a roasting-pig, and sending it by a youth, "when my chiaux* met him, he would ask, "what he had there? Then the boy being instructed before, would whisper him in the "ear, and say, that a friend of mine, had sent "me a roasting-pig, for a present. The "chiaux thereupon would punch the bag with "his stick, to see whether the boy spoke truth, "or no, and when he heard the pig grunt, he "would run back as far as ever he could, saying, "'Get thee in with thy nasty present.'" "Then spitting on the ground, and turning to "his fellows, he would say, "'Tis strange to "see how these Christians do dote on this "filthy,

* A guard set over Busbequius, by the Turkish government.

“ filthy, impure, beast! They cannot forbear
 “ eating it, though their lives lay at stake.”
 “ Thus he was handsomely choused, and the
 “ boy brought me what secret message was
 “ sent me.”

THE Editor begs leave to close this article with an instance of the effect of ardent, juvenile, curiosity, in producing extempore address. Two comrades of his early days, chanced in a vacant hour to stray into the kitchen of a public house. They found a large, blazing fire, and a box containing, as appeared by the inscription, a Welch-fairy, but no living creature besides. The boys, eager to view the dwarf, but by no means willing, or probably, able, to pay for the sight, laid their heads together how to unkennel her. Had they possessed the strength and agility of Phædrus's eagle, they would probably have taken *his* method of opening inclosures. But they had no wings. The lock too being on the inside, they could not force the door. What could they do? They hit on a stratagem which might have done honour to Polyænus. By joint efforts of strength, they shoved the box so very near to the fire, that the dwarf, from the increased heat of the climate, was obliged to open the door, and favor them, gratis, with her wished for presence.

B A T H O S.

WHEN Achilles, in the last book of the Iliad, moved by the distress of Priam, endeavours

vours to give him consolation; in order to tempt him to partake of some refreshment, he tells him,

——— “ νυν δὲ μνησώμεθα δ' ὄψης,

“ Καὶ γὰρ πυκομὸς Νιοβὴ ἐρυσσάτο σίτην,

“ Τητὴρ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔλοντο.” *

Had Ovid introduced this supper of Niobé between the death of her children and her own metamorphosis into stone, he would have furnished us, with a complete instance of the Bathos, and might have quoted the Prince of poets as his authority.

DECIMUS BRUTUS, one of the chief conspirators against Julius Cæsar, presents us by his conduct, in his last moments, with a striking example of the same figure: he was betrayed into the hands of the opposite party, and the Executioner, after having made many attempts to cut off his head, (which had been all frustrated by his unmanliness, in withdrawing his neck,) was obliged to remonstrate with him, on the useless cowardice of such behaviour. “ Let me die,” said the confused Roman, “ If I will not, *this time*, stretch out my neck.”† Thus far Valerius Maximus. But Seneca adds a grotesque circumstance, which, if

* “ Now let us think about supper, for the fair-haired Niobe did not forget her meals, although she had a dozen children lying dead in her palace.”

Our favourite novelist, Henry Fielding, has a humorous dissertation in his Tom Jones, tending to shew the necessity of eating heartily, notwithstanding the utmost energy of the tender passions.

† “ Ita vivam! dabo.”

if delicacy permitted it to be told, would render the Bathos still more perfect.

IN an account of the siege of Gibraltar, written by a French officer, and published at Cadiz, 1783, the author thus expresses himself, when speaking of the honours conferred on General Elliott and on Lord Howe:

“ Je suis loin de réclamer contres ces hon-
 “ neurs accordée à deux grands Generaux, par
 “ un Roi & par un Peuple. Je fais que Elliott
 “ se defendit bien, incendia deux fois les li-
 “ nes, & brula 13 prames; Je fais que Howe
 “ ravitailla Gibraltar, & combattit l’armée
 “ combinée. Tous deux eurent de grand suc-
 “ ces, & le dûrent à leur talens; mais qu’on y
 “ reflexisse, l’un employa des boulets rouges,
 “ & l’autre avoit des vaisseaux doublées de
 “ cuivre! Tels furent les instrumens de deux
 “ hommes celebres.”* What can this singular
 Historian have in his imagination? He probably
 would have thought it more heroic, had Elliott
 cooled his furnaces previous to the grand attack.
 And he would have wished Howe to have put
 in at Lisbon, and there to have stripped his
 ships of their copper sheathing!

AN

* “ I mean not to lessen the merit of two heroes, who de-
 “ served so well of their King and country, and who have
 “ received great honors in consequence. I acknowledge,
 “ that Elliott defended himself well, set fire twice to his
 “ enemies works, and burnt the fireships sent against him,
 “ and that Howe relieved Gibraltar and fought the whole
 “ combined fleet of France and Spain. But then we must
 “ consider that the one made use of red hot balls, and the
 “ other of copper bottomed ships. Such were the instru-
 “ ments which contributed to the glory of these great
 “ men!”

AN unlucky name will sometimes lessen, if not annihilate the effect of a well deserved eulogium. Cambden in his Annals of our great Elizabeth, speaking of a gallant officer (who alone of all the English perished in that sea fight, which is said to have cost every noble family in Spain, either a son, a brother, or a nephew,) praises him nearly thus, "In suâ, inter hostes, naviculâ, cum laude periit solus " Cockus, Anglus."*

B O O K S.

MENAGE tells us that the tutor of a young French nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, at an estate near Saumur, casting his eyes on the racquet in his hand, saw some writing on the parchment which covered it, and having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of Livy. He immediately enquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen, was the last remain of a collection of manuscripts, which were all made up for racquets, and dispersed all over the kingdom.

THERE are wanting, of the works of Cicero, two books, "De Gloria," and two "De Legibus." As to the latter, we know of our loss only by the means of Macrobius, who quotes the *fifth* book "De Legibus," (in the sixth of his

* "The only Englishman, of any distinction who perished, was Cock, who, gallantly fighting in his little bark, was surrounded by the enemy, and lost."

his Saturnalia,) although we have but *three*. As to the treatise on Glory*, Franciscus Philoponus, is accused by Menage of having found the MSS. and destroyed it, after having transplanted into a book, which he published as his own, as many passages as he thought he might venture without being discovered. But Varillas, that French historian so famous for his blunders†, from whom Menage copies this accusation, destroys his own evidence, by afterwards charging Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian physician with the very same piece of literary treason. That worthless parasite, he says, being obliged to write somewhat for the consolation of the Proveditor Cornaro, (who was in exile for having been, though not dishonourably, beaten by the Turks) composed a book, which he entitled “De fortiter toleranda exilii fortunâ,” and into which he introduced many ill-adjusted sentences from Tully’s treatise De Gloria, which MSS. he afterwards burnt, to prevent the discovery of his plagiarism. Nothing however, seems certain concerning this much wished for work, except what Petrarch tells us, in one of his epistles, viz. That Raimond Sorenzo, a celebrated lawyer at Avignon, gave the two books “De Gloria” to him; that he studied them perpetually, but that having lent them to an old man, who had been his preceptor, want had

B tempted

* Cicero in his 27th Epistle to Atticus, says “Librum tibi celeriter mittam “De Gloria.”

† See Dr. W. King’s “Reflections on Varillas,” wherein, with great humour, he exposes his almost incredible ignorance of history.

tempted the borrower to pawn them; and after his departure from the country, Petrarch could never discover them.

M. LE DUCHAT asks this singular question: What is become of the book on "The admirable Power of Art and Nature," attributed to Bacon, in the Dedicatory Epistle of the 14th book of *Amadis*? *Qu.* Has this query ever been answered?

THOSE who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of the answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "Your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them."

There is reason to believe from what Machiavel has said, and Cardan has supported, that Pope Gregory the Seventh destroyed many MSS. of the Classics, which were stored in the Vatican Library. The reason which has been given for this most illiberal conduct, seems as uncouth as the deed itself. Among the pieces which suffered, were many books of Varro. Now Gregory having a great respect for St. Augustine, and knowing the free use of that Roman author, which the Saint had made in his most celebrated work, chose rather to destroy Varro, than to have the good father convicted of gross plagiarism. Should this story be

be true, one must have a farther intimacy with St. Augustine's works than what one can gain from Lipsius, * or from Gábiel Naudé, before one can allow that either his decency or his delicacy merited such a sacrifice.

SENECA, in his consolation addressed to Helvius, makes mention of a treatise on Virtue, by Brutus. Menage doubts whether this be not the same with one that is spoken of by the grammarian Diomedes, under the title of a book "De Patientia;" however, it is utterly, and probably irrevocably, lost to our age.

BRANTOME asserts that the Emperor Charles V. wrote a Commentary (in the French language) of his own actions. His Commentator adds, that among the printed "Lettres de Belle-forest," there is one from Ruscelli, who asserts that he has seen the work in question, translated into Latin by Guillaume Marindo.

POPE SIXTUS IV. although he encreased the Vatican Collection with many valuable MSS. and though he encouraged the historian Platina, by making him its librarian, had, yet, very little taste for science. His ambition to be ranked with the Medicis family, among the encouragers of learning, supplied the place of the love of literature. The following story will justify this sentiment. Theodore Gaza, one of those literati who had fled from the barbarous conquerors of Constantinople, presented to him

B 2 a tran-

* Note on Seneca de beneficiis, Lib. 4. Cap. 8. De nomine Dei Liberi.

a translation of Cicero's works into the Greek language. The Pope, who, having been a Cordelier full fifty years, had more pleasure in the questions of Scotus, than of Tully, received the books coldly, cast them carelessly into a corner, and ordered his chamberlain to give the author a sum by way of reward, which would scarcely reimburse him for the money he had laid out in the parchment his work was written on. "Fool that I was," said the irritated Greek in his own tongue, "to think that such an ass had a relish for any other food than thistles." Luckily for the proverbialist, the good Pope knew nothing of the Greek language.

THE library at Florence, collected by Lorenzo de Medicis, was so great and valuable, that after it had been pillaged and dispersed by the army of Charles VIII. of France in 1494, (when its owner Pietro scandalously abandoned his party, by a precipitate flight,) its relics, collected by the infinite pains of Catharine de Medicis, still form the most respectable part of the "Bibliothèque du Roi," at Paris.

THERE is said to be in the Bodleian library a Treatise by Sir Robert Dudley, entitled, "Del Arcano del mare." It abounds with schemes, plans, and useful projects*.

SIR W. MONSON'S "Naval Tracts," which are printed in Churchill's Collection of Voyages, are
B 2

* Some account of this work will be given in the Appendix.

are very little known, or noticed, in comparison of their merits.

IN the days of our great Selden, the sources of literary intelligence seem to have been few, in comparison to their present state, if we may reason from his own words—"Popish books teach and inform; what we know, we know much out of them. The Fathers, Church-story, schoolmen, all may pass for Popish books. And if you take away them, what learning will you leave?"

DR. WARTON, in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, observes, that the dialogue in the Essay on Criticism, between the Dramatic Poet and the Mad Knight, is not taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes, but from one that is commonly called a continuation of that inimitable romance, and which was in fact written *after* the publication of the first part, and *before* the second part appeared. For this reason, and some others which will be mentioned, this performance, though infinitely inferior to the work of Cervantes, deserves more attention than is usually given to it. It is said to have been written by a person named Alonso Fernandes d'Avellanada; but Don Gregorio Mayaniffcar, in his life of Cervantes, supposes this to be a fictitious name. This book was translated into French by the celebrated Le Sage, a proof that he thought it not destitute of merit: There is likewise an English version by one Baker; and Cervantes himself alludes to it, several times, in the second part of his own Don Quixote,

Quixote, particularly in chapters LIX. and LXXII. One circumstance, indeed, renders this book a literary curiosity, viz. The great probability that it caused Cervantes to make his Don Quixote a different character in his second part, from what he was in the first. In the first part, it is true, he is not drawn as an absolute maniac, when he is not discouraging of knight errantry; but all his conversation is tinged with singularity, and the pertinent things he says are incoherently arranged, and themselves out of place; as for instance, his long speech to the goat-herds on the golden age; but in the second part he is made a man of sound judgment, and elegant literature, when the subject of his madness is not immediately touched upon. Now this seems to have arisen from a desire of Cervantes to shew he could, in every mode of writing, excel his rival, who had made the character of his Don Quixote a vehicle to convey his own learning to the public, a circumstance, of which the passage quoted by Pope is a striking instance. We may add to this, that Cervantes would not perhaps have ever written a second part, had he not been provoked to it by finding the subject taken out of his hands by one so much inferior in the art of novel-writing; and he certainly killed his hero at last, for the same reason which moved Addison to slay his amiable Country-Knight, Sir Roger de Coverly, viz. that he might not be made a fool of, by getting into other hands.

COACHES.

HACKNEY coaches were first introduced into Paris by Nich. Sauvage, in 1650. They obtained the name of Fiacre, either from the inventor residing at a hotel of that name, or from the image of that Saint (a favourite one with the people) being painted on the pannels.

But by a letter in Strafford's Collection, dated April 1, 1634, it appears that hackney coaches were then to be hired in London at their stand, at the Maypole in the Strand, or elsewhere, it is added, "Every body is much pleased with it. For, whereas before, coaches " could not be had but at great rates, now a " man may have one much cheaper."

Logicians hold that the minor is included in the major; our legislators, in forming the hackney-coach laws, seem to have determined the contrary.

The fare of a coach from any of the inns at court to Westminster-hall, is one shilling; and four attorneys or barristers, with their bags, may be transferred from Gray's or Thavie's Inn, to that place, for three-pence each, but should these good people attempt to convey themselves from Gray's Inn to Great George-street, the driver of the coach would levy eighteen-pence on them, although the distance be less. All other distances, except these, which the gentlemen of the long robe took under their peculiar care, are determined by mensuration.

A coachman is exposed to a penalty for not having a check-string; but it was not till long after

after that regulation, that a law was made to oblige him to take hold of said check-string. A driver may have, with impunity, broken windows, that admit the wintry blast to the neck of an invalid, or a step insufficient to support the weight of a corpulent man, and liable, by giving way, to fracture a leg or thigh.

If then hackney-coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worse are those, travelling the short stages near the metropolis, which are neither by law or interest, subject to any regulations at all? The coachman, more absolute than the Great Turk, thrusts into his carriage as much live lumber as it will hold, and, at his discretion loads the outside, till the centre of gravity rises so high as to render the coach liable to upset on the slightest inequality of ground. Being thus critically balanced, if that great man should choose to get blind-drunk, who shall prevent him? Or, if in consequence of such drunkenness he break the legs and wings of half-a-score passengers, how is he to be punished? Or indeed, what recompense for their anguish and cost, will it be to the sufferers, if he were to be chastised? It would be much better to prevent such misfortunes. But all folks think not so; for although some years ago, two or three odd, fusty, country-gentlemen in parliament, (who absurdly conceived it improper that a stage coachman should without asking leave, risk the lives and limbs of a score of his Majesty's liege-subjects, at his will and pleasure, and for his profit,) brought a bill into the house for restraining in some measure, the power and avarice of that haughty Lord of the Whip, that
useful

useful law was so much enervated as to be robbed of every effective sting, before it was permitted to pass; for what signified it how many of the canaille were crippled? No *gentleman* rides in a stage. Besides the usual passengers conveyed in these vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down in a hamper, the body of some executed criminal, for the use of the young surgeons of the village, a felon from Newgate under the escorte of a couple of thief-takers, to his trial at Kingston, Croydon, or some of the neighbouring assizes, or an inoculated patient covered with pustules. It signifies nothing to object, or to remonstrate. From the authority of the coachman, there lies no appeal.

We have heard of an itinerant showman who contrived to convey a sick tyger-cat as an inside passenger, in the stage-coach from Conway to Holy-head. But since this was done with the consent of the passengers, fraudulently obtained for said tyger-cat, under the denomination of "Miss Jenny," it must not be insisted on as an instance against the driver*. G.

B 5.

COM-

* The Editor takes the liberty to illustrate the foregoing complaint, by an incident which really fell out in an Essex stage-coach a few years ago. Two passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morn, Sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going in these heavy roads, Sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed—"What a very comfortable coat, Sir, you have got, to travel in!" No answer.

COMPLAIN T.

IN the 8th of Edward III. there was a petition of Wm. de Spersholt, sheriff of Oxford, and warden of Oxford castle, stating, that the Chancellor of the University committed so many clerks, prisoners to that castle, on account of disputes with the University, that said castle was greatly furcharged, and endangered, and praying that no clerks might be committed thither by him, but such as were felons, or disturbers of the peace.

Answered—"It was not matter for a parliamentary petition."

IN the Rolls of Parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, shewing that the number of attorneys had lately increased from 6 or 8 to ^{xx} _{iii}, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may be ordained that there shall be no more than six common attorneys for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the City of Norwich. Any other person acting as an attorney, to forfeit twenty shillings.

The King granted the petition, provided it were thought by the judges, reasonable.

THE
swer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, (luckily for him, muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

THE whimsical lamentations of M. de Sorbiere deserve to be recorded. Clement the Ninth having been his intimate friend before his elevation to the papal chair, continued, after that event, to behave to him with politeness and great consideration, but took no step towards assisting his private fortune. "He sends," says the irritated Gaul, "sweet-meats to one who wants solid food! Ruffles, to a man that has never a shirt! I wish to heaven that he would but allow me bread, to eat with the butter which he presents me with!"

THE amusing Diderot thus bewails the loss of his old Robe de Chambre—"What could tempt me to dismiss that good old servant!" "It was made for me: I was made for it. It fitted every turn of my body with its pliable folds. I was easy, and even appeared graceful in it, while my new cumbersome garment renders all my motions stiff and awkward. My poor old friend was ready in a moment, to supply all my wants. Indigence is always so obliging! If a book was covered with dust, one of its sleeves was ready in a moment to wipe it: if my pen was clogged up with ink, how handy was a skirt of my old gown to cleanse it! Abundant were the jetty tokens of its frequent services: those tokens evinced the man of learning, the writer, the laborious author. I have now the air of an opulent idler. I scarce know myself now. Enveloped in my old gown, I defied my own or my servants awkwardness; I dreaded neither sparks of fire, nor drops of water. "Poor

“ Poor thing ! over it I was absolute monarch,
 “ but am myself become the humble slave of
 “ my *new* habit. Heavens ! what ravages has
 “ luxury caused in my apartment ! There *was*
 “ a time when the furniture of my chamber
 “ corresponded well with my good old domestic.
 “ A rush-bottomed chair, a deal table, a long
 “ shelf for my books, together with a few
 “ dingy old prints, formed, in concert with
 “ my venerable gown, a most harmonious
 “ groupe of indigents. Now the sober and
 “ edifying retreat of a philosopher is made to
 “ resemble the gaudy cabinet of a Nabob. No-
 “ thing of my laudable mediocrity remains,
 “ except a venerable mat, which agrees indeed,
 “ but ill with the newer part of my furniture :
 “ but I have vowed, and here I do vow again,
 “ that I never will permit it to be removed.
 “ The feet of Diderot were not made to tram-
 “ ple on the beautiful pictures of the Gobe-
 “ lins*. No, I will preserve my poor old
 “ ragged mat, as the Persian peasant, who,
 “ when elevated from his hovel, to the palace
 “ of his Sovereign, kept, with care, his ori-
 “ ginal wooden shoes, to remind him of his
 “ first humble station.”

C O N C E I T.

WHERE it has not pleased Providence to
 bestow wisdom, wit, or beauty, it sometimes
 vouchsafes to allow a portion of conceit ; and
 in such case, the parties concerned are far hap-
 pier

* The place where the most elegant carpets are woven.

pier than if they actually *owned* those qualities of which they *fancy* themselves possessed.

The real sage may suffer uneasiness by being foiled in debate; the wit, by being baffled at repartee; and the beauty may find in her looking-glass heart-felt agony, in the shape of a freckle or a pimple. But not one of these calamities can appal him who is wife, or her who is lovely only in conceit. None can dispute with him, none can shine with her. As *his* wisdom is not actually existent, it is not open to any common method of attack; and as no arguments can have weight with a fool, his system, be it ever so absurd, is impenetrable. He ridicules found reasoning, and frequently, by dint of impudence, actually gets the laugh on his side. The beauty in conceit, is equally happy, the slights she meets with among men, proceed from ill-taste, among women, from envy; and the pimple or the freckle only add grace to her complexion.

AN acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest department of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, instead of wisdom, which too often happens, the head is still borne up with all the pride of emptiness.

CON-

CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

“Come on, if you dare, Cuckolds of Abbeville,” cried a man of Amiens, who had been driven to the gates of his own city. “Come on, we are *here*, four to one.”

M. du Belley wrote thus on a lady’s dog.

Latratu, fures excepti—mutus, amantes.
Sic placui Domino—Sic placui Dominae.

The epigram was thus turned into Italian.

I atrai a i ladri—A i amanti tacqui.
Così a Messere e a Madona piacqui.

It may run thus, in English.

At thieves I bark’d and made a fuss,
’Tis beaux I wag’d my tail;
My master, and my mistress thus
’To please, I could not fail.

THE humorous Brantome, tells us an odd tale of a preacher, who having before a very elegant audience, severely inveighed against such as from motives of ambition or profit, were mean enough to wink at the infidelity of their fair wives, started forward, and with both his hands extended, each as aiming at a certain mark, cried out, “And now, with these two stones, I mean to strike the two most abandoned of the wretches, against whom I have been exclaiming.” On this, says Brantome, “II

Doctor Johnson said Du Bellays
Epigram

Aboyant les Larvons sans cesse
Must pour l'Amant favori;
J'étoit également cher;

De mon Maître et de ma Maîtresse

which he render'd thus I remember,

To Robert Various and to Lovers tame,

I plead'd my Master, and I plead'd my Dame,

was originally a Greek one . . . out of

the Anthologia, it is in every

Language: These are not printed

quite correctly: I have read it in

Spanish somewhere.



“ Il n’y eut homme du sermon, qui n’y baiffast
 “ la teste, ou mist son manteau, ou sa cappe,
 “ ou son bras, au devant, pour se garder du
 “ coup.” In short, every one in the church
 tried to secure himself from the impending
 blow, and the Preacher with some drollery,
 withdrawing his arms, addressed his congregation,
 “ I have indeed been told that I had
 “ *two or three* cuckolds among my hearers, but,
 “ for what I can find, there is *nought else* to be
 “ found among you.”

‘ ONE day,’ says the Dutcheſs D’Orleans, in
 her letters, ‘ The Mareſchal de Villars came
 ‘ to ſee me. As he was eſteemed a connoiſſeur
 ‘ in medals, and wiſhed to examine my collection,
 ‘ I ſent for Baudelot, a worthy man who
 ‘ takes care of them for me, and bade him
 ‘ ſhew them to the Mareſchal. Baudelot is no
 ‘ courtier, is utterly ignorant of the tales of the
 ‘ day, and of conſequence knows nothing of
 ‘ M. de Villars’s domeſtic uneaſineſs. He began
 ‘ with acquainting the Mareſchal that he
 ‘ had written a diſſertation to prove a certain
 ‘ antique, horned, buſt, was not meant for
 ‘ Jupiter Ammon, but for Pan.’ “ Ah, Sir,”
 ſaid he, next, “ This is one of our moſt curious
 “ coins; it is the triumph of Cornificius; he
 “ has all ſorts of horns; he has the horns of
 “ Jove and of Faunus; obſerve him, Sir; he,
 “ like you, was a great general.” ‘ I would
 ‘ ſain,’ ſays the Dutcheſs, ‘ have turned the
 ‘ converſation, but Baudelot perſiſted in it, till
 ‘ all the company were forced to leave the room,
 ‘ that they might indulge their propenſity to
 ‘ laugh;

‘ laugh ; nor was it without difficulty, that, after Villars was gone, I could convince my medicalist of his impropriety in talking of horns before so celebrated a cuckold.’

CONTRADICTION.

A most eccentric path to the temple of Fame has been attempted more than once within the memory of man, by the road of paradox and contradiction.

Pere Hardouin, a Jesuit, grove, about the middle of the present century, to gain immortality by dispossessing the *Latin* poets, in particular, of their seats on Parnassus. The idea which he wished to propagate was this, that about 300 years ago, when learning was reviving in the north of Europe, a set of literati, all protégés, united to form a body of fictitious poems, congenial to a few which were really extant ; to these they prefixed the respectable names of Virgil, Ovid, &c. In short, the good father only allowed as genuine, the Georgics of Virgil, the Epistles of Horace, and a very few more fragments. Some looked on this strange treatise as the effort of a phrenetic brain, while others, perhaps too refinedly, supposed P. Hardouin to have been encouraged by his brethren in this attack on the pillars of literature, in order that, should he succeed, and introduce again into the world the obscurity of former ages, the clergy might resume that superiority, which the learned will ever be able to support among the ignorant. The cry was, however, so loud against this wild system, that the author was abandoned.

abandoned, and even cried down by his very brethren.

LAUDER, a learned but petulant North Briton, assailed the reputation of Milton, nearly about the same period, and with the same success; but his motive for the attack, was, avowedly, envy at the preference given by Pope, to that great bard above "one Johnstone," whose works Lauder was concerned in publishing.

AT a very late period, an ingenious, eccentric writer, (a North Briton too,) has attempted to gain two steps towards the steep ascent of Glory, by placing his feet on the *style* of Scripture and the *taste* of Virgil. His feet however have slipped, and his exertions have been damped by oblivion, a fate which there is reason to believe, he looks upon as much more severe than if they had been refuted by argument, or persecuted by detestation.

INDEED the peculiar pleasure of the eighteenth century, seems to have been a constant opposition to the systems, and received opinions of its predecessors.

In medicine.—We have treatises written by eminent physicians, to prove that a salt-meat diet is good for the gout.

That colds do not proceed from damps or moist clothing.

In horsemanship, we are told, that instead of the feed's sweeping the ground with his nose, as recommended by the Duke of Newcastle, he should exalt it to the sky.

BUT

BUT in the article of history, it is that we meet with the boldest assertions. Our darling, cradle, prejudices are cruelly assailed and put to the rout. A northern antiquarian utterly denies the existence of our beloved Achilles and Hector, completely reverses the interests of the warring parties, and finally expresses his solemn doubt whether the siege of Troy had any actual existence. Another paradoxical hero attacks the fame of Alexander the Great, and diminishes his conquest over Darius, to a successful plundering expedition, against some petty prince, too insignificant to have been heard of at the court of THE GREAT KING. A bold push was actually made, not many years ago, to eradicate the whole system of the Heathen Mythology; but thanks more (perhaps) to our prejudices, than to our reasoning, that plan failed, and Jove still possesses Mount Olympus in security.

WHAT but the true spirit of contradiction could possibly tempt the philosophic, the acute and learned Selden, to stand up in defence of the most ridiculous of all laws, "The Witch " Act." His argument, however, is so ingenious, that it would tempt one to excuse the absurdity of the attempt.

" The law against witches does not prove
 " there be any, but it punishes the malice of
 " those people that use such means to take away
 " men's lives. If one should profess, that by
 " turning his hat thrice and crying *buzz*, he
 " could take away a man's life (though in truth
 " he could do no such thing) yet this were a
 " just

"just law made by the state, that whosoever
 "should turn his hat thrice and cry *buzz*, with
 "an intention to take away a man's life, shall
 "be put to death."

CON T R O V E R S Y.

NOT being deeply read in Polemic writings, the Editor is not certain whether the remarkable concession of the great controversialist, Cardinal Perron, has ever been cited on the Unitarians side, "Nous ne scaurons," says he, "con- vaincre un Arrien par L'Ecriture. Il n'y a nul moyen que par l'autorité de L'Eglise." "We must not pretend to convince an Arian of his errors by Scripture-evidence. We must have recourse to the authority of the Church." This prelate was so well skilled in theological lore, that one day, having been thanked by Henry III. of France, for having in an elegant oration refuted every argument which could be alleged in favor of Atheism, he was so much off his guard as to tell the King that if his majesty would attend to him the next morning, he would engage to convince him that the Atheist had the truth on his side*.

FOR

* It cannot be expected that much strength can accrue to either side from the sentiments of the "Parson Patten," whose sudden effort of honest gratitude is recorded under the article GRATITUDE; but it did happen that he was so much averse to the Athanasian creed, that he never would read it. Archbishop Secker, having been informed of his recusancy, sent the arch-deacon to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropo- litan *does*," replied the arch-deacon. "It may be so," rejoined Mr. Patten, "and he can well afford it. He be- lieves at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a year, and I, "only at that of FIFTY."

For the light troops of an anecdote-writer to make incursions into the grave and well defended province of theology, may seem an absurdity in terms. Yet surely, one who though unstudied in controversy has his share of common discernment, may at least lay claim to the honour of being heard on a subject in which he is as much interested as any benefited divine, dissenting teacher, or methodist demagogue.

THERE never was a period when so many enemies surrounded the Christian faith, and with such refined malice, as the present. *Some* step forward as affectionate friends, and, by painting her doctrines as painful to be followed, and her commands, as impracticable to be obeyed, discourage, and force into Deism, all such as despair of attaining to a state of perfection. Others, with a feigned delicacy and respect, trace christianity from its source, and pursue it from its tenderest age to its maturity with cautious sarcasms, and masqued sneers. But the most effectual foes to revealed religion, are a set of Polemics, whom it would be cruel to suppose apprized of the mischief they are doing. Heated by the contests in favour of Trinity or Unity, of Socinianism, Arianism, subscription or non-subscription, they scruple not, like Count Julian, King Vortigern, &c. to call in any barbarians to their assistance, rather than give up a syllable of argument, and to permit the empire of Faith to be ravaged by high-flying methodists on the one side, and obdurate Jews, on the other, to the infinite satisfaction of the sneering Deist, who thinks that he gains a great advantage on the side of *natural* religion, as he styles

styles his own system, by merely exposing the various and almost innumerable divisions, persecutions, scurrilities, and anathemas, of those who have taught and do now teach the precepts of Revelation *.

Were it true that, as Juvenal farcally sings—

“ ——— Obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver
“ More animæ ———.”

Which may be translated, “ The body and soul
“ of blackguards perish at the same moment.”
Were it so, indeed, it would be of little consequence that a few philosophers should have their systems of religion for some time as it were in obeyance; but surely, since the lowest human beings have souls to be saved as well as their superiors, they ought not to have their happy native prejudices in favour of the established doctrines of their country, shaken, and unsettled, by those very preachers who ought rather by a unanimity of doctrine to confirm them in their belief.

Without entering into a controversy which he has just now condemned, the Editor hopes he may

* If Montaigne is right in his quotation from St. Paul, (although, by the bye, the exact words are not to be found in our testaments) controversy was not like to meet encouragement from that clear-sighted Apostle. “ Les simples,” dit St. Pauli, “ & les ignorans s’elevant & se saisissent du ciel. & nous, a tout nostre sçavoir, nous plongeons aux abysses infernaux.”

“ The simple,” says St. Paul, “ and the ignorant rise and seize the kingdom of Heaven, while we, with all our knowledge, plunge into the abyss of Hell.”

may be permitted to remark, that every attempt to dive, as it were, in the counsels of the Supreme, to investigate a mystery which is wrapped up in darkness, and which, were it laid open, would be of no concern to our future happiness, seems an effort not of respectful inquiry, but of petulant curiosity, and as such must probably be displeasing to that Being, who, had he meant the precise nature of his government to be perfectly understood, would certainly have precluded all necessity of the dispute.

C O U N T R Y.

THIS awkward, ungrammatical *adjective*, is seldom used un'less by the lower order of tradesmen, when pointing out the formal beauties of their villas to the attentive visitor, "Le tapis de verdure, coupé d'étroits rubans de sable*," he closes each separate description by his favourite question, "Is not this quite country?"

THOSE whose ideas are unimproved by education, and unopened by reading, are no way capable of forming any idea of what a man of literature means by the *country*. It is not woods, water, or lawns alone. It comprehends them, indeed, in the general idea, but it comprehends also, the manners of the inhabitants: it requires a species of elegant solitude, utterly unconnected with

* "Carpets of turf, intersected by narrow ribands of gravel."

with that dulness which is often mistaken for solitude. It demands a certain gaiety, which is by no means to proceed from noisy mirth, but rather from the "riante" aspect of the surrounding scenery. The neighbourhood of the metropolis most certainly affords enchanting gardens, and even parks; but no place can deserve the appellation of the country, in the sense above pointed out, unless the owner can step beyond his garden-walls or park-pales, without the dread of being waked from his dream of rural happiness, by volleys of St. Giles's oaths, waisted by gales impregnated by gin, and interlarded with the forcible tropes of Billingsgate.

THE following Apologue, which appeared in an obscure periodical paper about twenty-five years ago, seems to the Editor worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

" The Happy Illusion.

" POLLIO, a gentleman of taste and learning, and possessed of an ample fortune, a few years ago, quitted the court and town, with all their splendid vices and follies, and retired, with his lady, to one of the finest villas in Europe. *Pollio* was led by inclination and good sense, to exchange the scenes of ambition, hypocrisy, and madness, the regions of dust, smoke, and confusion, for the tranquil pleasures of a rural life; but *Flavia*, (for that is the name of the lady) was compelled by fate, and cruel necessity, to forsake every object that her soul was enamoured of, and to

" retire

“ retire to the lonely feat of gloom and melancholy.

“ The spring was someway advanced when they reached the country; and *Pollio* was quite enraptured with the beauty, cheerfulness, and elegance of every thing around him: he thanked heaven, for the happy exchange he had made; and determined, in himself, never more to return to London. “ Whilst *Flavia* sickened at the sight of all that is desirable, or lovely, in nature; she repined at her hard fortune, which had, at one stroke, robbed her of all her joys; and cursed her cruel fate, which had for ever banished her to the mansions of solitude and sadness.

“ Nothing but this wayward humour in *Flavia*, could possibly have given her husband a moment’s uneasiness; and not all the regard and tenderness of the most indulgent man on earth, could, in any degree, lessen the chagrin and discontent of *Flavia*;—when, lo! at length, either by the force of a dis-tempered imagination, or by the powers of magic, the whole face of nature appeared, in her eyes, to be changed in a moment: every object, which had before given her so much disgust, vanished in an instant, and gave place to such engaging scenes, as could not fail to charm the breast of *Flavia*; for now, the pure stream, which ran through the garden, delighted her with the lovely appearance of Fleet-ditch; the swans, and ducks, which sailed and sported on its surface, were transformed, in her imagination, to dead cats and puppies, rolling with the muddy tide: the “ flowers,

“ flowers, and shrubs, with which its banks
“ were adorned, appeared to her as so many
“ heaps of dirt, ashes, rotten cabbages, and
“ filth of every hue; and she blessed the fragrant
“ scent of honey-suckles, roses, jessamine,
“ mine, and violets, when they saluted her
“ nostrils in the form of thick clouds, and
“ foggy steams, issuing from the tallow-chandler’s
“ shop.

“ The jets and fountains, which played from
“ a fine basin in the garden, and from which
“ *Flavia* was wont to turn away, now charmed
“ her very soul; for, by a slight and easy inversion,
“ they appeared as so many spouts, and
“ gutters, shooting from the house-tops.

“ The green-house was no longer odious in
“ the eyes of *Flavia*, for it seemed, at once,
“ transformed into a milliner’s shop; the temple,
“ into a round-house; and all the little
“ arbours, grots, and summer-houses, into
“ watch-boxes.

“ The lofty pines, rose up in the form of
“ spires; and the tops of all the forest-trees,
“ appeared as so many stacks of chimneys;
“ whilst the fruit-trees, in full bloom and verdure,
“ cheered the very heart of *Flavia*, with
“ the exact resemblance they bore to painted
“ signs.

“ When she beheld the oxen and kine grazing
“ in the meadows, and the sheep and lambs
“ feeding and sporting in the fields, she smiled:
“ for, she took the herdsmen and shepherds,
“ for black-guards; and fancied herself driving
“ through Smithfield-market.

“ *Flavia*

C

“ *Flavia* was no longer disgusted, at the blooming health of the country lasses; for, now they all appeared to her, embrowned with dust and ashes, and she took them for cinder-pickers; the harvesters, were dust-men; and the gardeners, kennel-rakers.

“ Nor was she any longer offended, at the little songsters of the grove: for now, the blackbird, seemed to cry—*sweep*; the song-thrust—*oysters*; the sky-lark—*knives to grind*; the linnet—*matches*; the nightingales, were *ballad-singers*; the cuckoo, *talked slander*; the magpies, rooks, and daws, were, *agreeable company*; and the owls—*watchmen*.

“ When the stars shone out in all their beauty and splendour, she took them for goodly rows of lamps, and viewed them with the greatest pleasure.

“ The glory of the sun, no longer offended the eyes of *Flavia*: she no longer repined and fainted, at the sweetness and serenity of the air; for now, she seemed for ever wrapt in one impenetrable cloud of smog, dust, and fog.

“ Surrounded with so many agreeable objects, *Flavia* could not fail of being in constant raptures: in short, she fancied herself in London; and thus happily deceived, she resumed all her wonted sprightliness and good-humour: whilst *Pollio*, who knew himself to be in the country, was doubly blest.”

CREDULITY.

SIR JOHN RERESBY in his memoirs, gives a strong instance that good sense is not always incompatible with an attachment to the most gross absurdities which can be gleaned from the nursery.

After he has spoken of a witch, of whose person, he, as governor of York, had the custody, he modestly hints that he was not fully persuaded of her guilt, although the court had condemned her, but at the same time thinks it right to tell a story which appears to have staggered him, and which he recites upon the credit of a centinel, who was on duty before the door of said witch's dungeon. "One of my soldiers," says Sir John, "being upon guard, about eleven at night, at the gate of Clifford Tower, the very night after the witch was arraigned, he heard a great noise at the castle, and going to the porch, he there saw a scroll of paper creep from under the door, which, as he imagined, by moonshine, turned, first, into the shape of a monkey, and thence assumed the form of a turkey-cock, which passed to and fro, by him. Surprised at this, he went to the prison, (where the witch was confined) and called the under-keeper, who came and saw the scroll dance up and down, and creep under the door, where there was an opening of the thickness of half-a-crown."

Here, Sir, J. Reresby breaks off his narrative, leaving this extraordinary story, as he justly calls it, and which, he says, he had from the

52 CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS,

two parties who were present, "to be believed
" or to be disbelieved, as the reader shall be in-
" clined this way or that."

CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS, AN- CIENT AND MODERN.

IT was somewhat singular, although not unjust, that formerly by custom, the river Meander in Ionia might be indicted (as we are informed by Strabo) for all mischief done to the neighbouring lands by its floods, and particularly when its banks were undermined and fell into the stream. If any damages were granted against the river, they were paid by those who rented its ferries.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof that the bulk of mankind have had nearly the same ideas in all ages, than that *Idyllium* of Theocritus, adapted to modern times, by the ingenious Robert Lloyd*. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in pursuit of a fine sight, their distresses, escapes, observations and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the same in London in 1789, that they were in Egypt some hundred years before the Christian era.

IT was the custom of Charlemagne to affix to the treaties which he consented to, a waxen seal impressed

* St. James's Magazine, 1762.

The those at Italian Gossips made into M. Scott
and M. Brown by Bob Lloyd are truly charming.
I have seen them done very comically into Italian.



impressed by the pommel of his sword. "And with the point," added the Emperor, "I will support it."

To ride a white horse was formerly an emblem of dominion. Manuel, Emperor of the East, and Sigismund, of Germany, who visited Paris, in the reign of Charles VI. although they were treated with respect and munificence, yet had only black horses allotted them to ride on. Charles V. was mounted in the same manner when, in 1539, he was hospitably entertained by Francis. And we are told by Froissart, that our Black Prince when he entered London in triumph, after the glorious battle of Poitiers, gave a white courser to his Royal captive, King John, while himself rode "a little black hob—" by," beside him.

In the Isle of Minorca, we are told by Armstrong, that it is usual, during their dances, for an inhabitant to say to a dancer—"Why do you not say something gallant to your partner?" To which the polite reply always is this—"What should I say to her, but that she has the face of a rose?"

It is remarkable enough that the custom of placing grotesque figures like the Chinese Mandarins, with ductile heads on chimney-pieces, should have prevailed among the Greeks, yet the following quotation from Alciphron's *Haluticon* shews it. "Ὅτι περὶ τὰ πρόσωπα τὰ καὶ φὰ ἔπι ταῖς καμιναῖς ἰσάμενα ὁρᾶμεν παροφιδῶς ἐτινευοντες. ' As we see the figures placed on chimneys,

‘ though they cannot hear what we say, nod to
 ‘ us in a friendly manner.’

Neither Pancirollus, in his Treatise on Lost
 Inventions, nor Dutens, in his ingenious work
 on the Ancients acquaintance with many of
 those arts which are supposed to be modern,
 have mentioned hot-houses and conservatories.
 Yet that these were used by the Romans is evi-
 dent from two epigrams of Martial.

Pallida ne Cilicam timeant pomaria brumam
 Ordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus
 Hibernis et objecta Notis, specularia puros
 Admittunt soles, et sine face diem.

L. viii. EP. 14.

Left wintry frosts should blast the shrinking fruit,
 Or winds too piercing nip the tender shoot;
 Thro’ lucid walls that check cold Eurus, play
 Sol’s purest rays the genuine warmth of day.

Invida purpureus urat ne bruma racemos,
 Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat
 Conditâ perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
 Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.

L. viii. EP. 68.

On Bacchus’ gifts lest envious winter prey,
 And blast the purple produce on the spray,
 Beneath the crystal roof the vintage glows,
 And skreen’d, not hid, the happy cluster grows. P.

THE oath used among the Highlanders, in
 judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn de-
 nunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury,
 and involves the wife and children, the arable
 and the meadow-land, of the party who takes
 it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When
 it is administered, there is no book to be kissed,
 but

but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

To prove the superior idea of sanctity which this imprecation conveys to those who have been accustomed to it, it may be sufficient to relate the expression of a Highlander, who, at the Carlisle affizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity, having been observed by the opposite party, he was required, to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the Northern dialect, "Ken ye not thar is a hantle o' difference, 'twixt bla-ing on a buke, and domming ones "ain faul?"

THE punishments used in the early ages were savage as the people. Maiming, putting out of the eyes, &c. were so common, that it used, during the reigns of the successors of Charlemagne, to be a part of each vassal's duty, and of his oath of allegiance, "To defend the person " of their Lord, and never to consent that he " should be maimed as to any part of his " body."

THE horrid custom of tying a criminal to an unbroken horse, who was then driven, full speed, through brakes and forests, was actually inflicted on Brunehaut or Brunechild, a very wicked Queen of France*, somewhat earlier than the æra above-mentioned.

C 4

This

* Wicked as she was, she might boast of being the daughter, sister, aunt, wife, mother and grand-mother, &c. of kings.

This strange event was confirmed by the examination of her tomb, in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Autun, in 1632; one thousand years after her death. In it were found the remains of her bones, and the rowel of a spur, which it was formerly the custom to fix on the sides of horses used in such executions, in order to render them more furious*.

THE punishment of breaking on the wheel was used in Paris, as early as the year 584, when Fredegonda, the wife of King Chilperic I. obliged many persons, and those of her own sex, too, to submit to this dreadful manner of execution, on pretence of their having bewitched to death the Prince Thierri, son to Childebert II.

GONTRAN, one of the Princes of the Franks, having, in 585, overthrown the army of a Duke Mummol, found among the plunder, a large quantity of plate, appropriated to household uses. This he ordered to be broken to pieces and to be distributed to the poor, reserving for the service of his palace, only two silver dishes, "which," he observed, "were as many " as could well be wanted."

THERE were, as early as the year, 634, *Improvvisatores*†, who attended on princes and great men, for the reward of their talent. One of

* *Mod. Univ. Hist. Vol. 23.*

† Extempore poets, such as abound in Italy, and, according to Baretti, in Spain.

of these, chancing to meet King Dagobert, of France, just as he was on the point of mounting his car, which, was drawn by two oxen, the King promised him both his beasts, provided that he would express what was going forward, in verse, before he should be placed in his seat. In a moment, the Bard secured his prize, by repeating,

“ Ascendat Dagobert ! Veniat bos unus & alter.

Let Dagobert his lofty car ascend !

And let each docile ox his King attend !

THE first mention of an organ which we find (in our Northern histories at least) is in the annals of 757, when Constantine Cupronymus, Emperor of the East, sent to Pepin King of France, among other rich presents, a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warblings of a flute. A lady was so affected by hearing it played on for the first time, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to the use of her senses.

It was usual in time of war, formerly, for each party to have what was called “ a cry,” on the hearing of which, the soldier either advanced, or rallied, according to circumstances. Five of these national “ cries,” are reported by Menage from an old romance.

Francois crie, “ Montjoie,” & Normans “ Dex-ai”

Flaman crie “ Arrai,” & Angevin, “ Rallie.”

Et le cuens Thiebaut, “ Chartre & Passavant” crie.

BRANTOME says, that it was customary, about his time, for every great commander to have his favourite execration.--La Trimouille was called, from his beloved oath, "Le vraye *Corps Dieu*." Bayard swore "*Feste-Dieu Bayard*." Bourbon called on Ste. Barbe. Orange on St. Nicolas. M. de la Roche swore "*Teste Dieu, pleine de Reliques!*" "Où diable," says Brantome, "avoit il trouvé celui là?"

BEFORE gunpowder was brought into common use, all ways of annoying an enemy, whatever, seem to have been permitted. When Charles of Durazzo besieged the celebrated Joan of Naples, in the Castella Nuova, he was in great haste to possess the fortrefs, and to reduce it the sooner, made use of a species of ammunition which would now appear extraordinary. He cut to pieces his prisoners of war, and having kept their fragments somewhat longer than in a hot climate was pleasant, he flung, by means of catapults, whole barrels full of limbs into the besieged place. These, bursting by their fall, disclosed to the defendants, objects equally hideous and offensive to two of their senses.

THE laws and customs of war must have been very different, even so lately as the middle of the sixteenth century, from what they are at present, since Brantome, in his "*Vies des grands Capitaines*," tells the following story, without passing any censure on what we now should call a most infamous murder. "The gallant

“ gallant Maramoldo, as soon as his general *
 “ was slain, had Ferrucci, a Florentine, (the
 “ leader of the enemies party which had done
 “ the deed) brought into his presence, and after
 “ having caused his person to be disarmed, he
 “ ran him through the body with his sword,
 “ and left the affair to be finished by his people,
 “ looking upon it as improper that he should
 “ outlive the prince, and that it was but reason-
 “ able that he should be sacrificed as a memor-
 “ able victim to the manes of that gallant com-
 “ mander.”

CARDS are said to have been invented in the
 year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles
 VI. of France. The four suits are supposed to
 represent the four orders of the state. *Hearts*,
cœurs, which should be *cœurs*, choirmen, the
 church, the Spaniards represent copes, or cha-
 lices instead of hearts. *Spades*, in French,
piques, pikes; in Spanish swords, *spada*, the
 military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux,
 on Spanish cards *dineros*, coins, the moneyed or
 mercantile part. *Clubs*, trefoil in French, in
 Spanish *bastia*, a club or country weapon, the
 husbandman or peasantry.

It is a little odd, that in the days of modern
 refinement, no embellishment has been added
 to the figures on cards.

By a letter from Sir John Paston to his bro-
 ther, written April 30, 1466, it appears that oil
 was

* Philibert, de Chalons, prince of Orange, killed fairly
 in a skirmish with the Florentines.

60 CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS.

was at that period used in eating fallads, as it is now *.

DWARFS too, (and probably giants) were to be viewed as fights, at the same æra. A little Turk † is spoken of in particular. He is said to be forty years of age, but his stature is only described by comparison with the letter-writer's children. He was viewed by the King, and told him, "that he had children, as hyghe, and "as lykly, as the kynge himselfe."

THEY boasted in that age too of "Bucks of "the first head," for the pranks recorded of "Yonge William Brandon ‡" would make our modern bloods "hide their diminished heads."

FRUIT seems to have been very scarce in the time of Henry VII. In an original MSS. signed by himself, and kept in the remembrance office, it appears that apples were paid for at a high rate, not less than one or two shillings a piece; that "a red rose," cost two shillings, and that a man and woman had eight shillings and four-pence for strawberries. At the same time the gay arts were not neglected: as for example:

To "a strange taberer," were given 66s. 8d.

To "a strange tumbler," 20s.

And to "Master Barnard, the blind poete," 100 shillings.

THE

* Paston's Letters, Vol. I. p. 268.

† Vol. II. p. 274.

‡ Vol. II. p. 32.

THE custom of our admirals always engaging in the largest ships, and mixing in the battle themselves, instead of attending solely to those under their command, as is the practice by land, puts them exactly in the same situation with Homer's heroes, who are all represented not only as the bravest, but the strongest men in the army, and who act indeed as generals, by arranging the troops previously to the commencement of the battle, but afterwards mingle in the combat, and by their own personal exertions contribute chiefly to decide the fortune of the day.

NAUDE' affirms that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.) that the Queen, alone, could boast of *two* shifts.

POWDER was first used for the hair, towards the close of the last century, and then, for some time, it was only worn upon the stage.

THE first padlock was invented by Hans Ehrman at Nuremberg, in 154c.

CHIMES were first used at Alost, in Flanders, A. D. 1587.

DERIVATION.

THE etymology of words is very uncertain, and except a person is acquainted with the change of letters which usually takes place in deriving one language from another, he may be often

often led into error by simikarity of sound. This cannot have a better illustration than by the Spanish word *Hijo*, a son, which appears to be derived immediately from the Greek *ἵος*, *Hyios*, and not to bear the least resemblance to the Latin *Filius*, from which, however, every person will see it is directly formed, who knows that the Spaniards often change the Latin initial *F*, into *H*, as *Ferrum*, *Hierro*, *Formosus*, *Hermoso*, and that in the middle of words, they sometimes substitute the *J*, for *L*, as *Folium*, *Hojo*.

WE are often misled in seeking the etymology of a word, by mistaking the language whence it takes its rise. For instance:

Few have ever looked to the French word, “*Allons*,” for the derivation of the English, “*Along*,” “*Come along*,” yet it is the same in sound and meaning.

WERE the right language thought on, it would appear clearly that the interjection “*Gadso!*” has not a shadow of *prophaneness* in its etymology.

THE Editor, at the risque of raising a smile at his own expence, ventures to bring forward an etymological conjecture. Those who may think lightly of the derivation, may yet be amused with the anecdote, which stands on as good a foundation as to authenticity, as any of its cotermporaries.

In the Pontificate of Hugh, the 37th, Bishop of Mans (for such is the species of date which

which is given to the tale) Dangeroſe, a lady ſo fair that ſhe was commonly ſtyled, “La Belle Fille,” or “La Belle Nymphe,” reſided at the caſtle of Chemiré le Gaudin, in Maine, (which to this day retains the name of “Le Chateau de Belle-ſille;”) ſhe was courted by Damafe, lord of Afnières, but he being too near a kin to obtain her in marriage, the lady’s delicacy yielded to her attachment, and they lived together in an illicit alliance. The pious biſhop of Mans, after in vain attempting to diſſolve the union, launched the bolts of excommunication, in the moſt awful manner againſt the ſeducer. But Damafe, who ſeems to have been much too powerful a baron to think about religion, ridiculed the good prelate’s menaces, and ſaid vauntingly, that “Fire and water would ſtand him in ſtead, as much as ever, in ſpite “of the Biſhop,” who, in his turn, replied, “That fire and water would avenge the cauſe “of Heaven, on the haughty lord, within fix “months, unleſs he repented.” The Baron, continuing obſtinate, one day, as he was hawking, was obliged by a violent ſtorm, to betake himſelf, with his falconer, to a little boat, that by croſſing a river he might gain a place of ſhelter. A flaſh of lightning, however, falling on him and his veſſel, before he had paſſed the ſtream, he died half burnt and half drowned; and though the falconer’s body was ſoon found, that of Damafe could never be heard of. The fair Dangeroſe, terrified at the fate of her paramour, threw herſelf at the feet of Biſhop Hugh, lamented her ſin, and withdrawing to a remote part of her eſtates, ſpent the reſt of a long life in

in unceasing penitence. After this alarming interposition of providence, the example of Dangerose's misfortune being in every one's mouth, those who are acquainted with the French language, will know that, "Ceci sent la Dangerose," was a natural expression for all the neighbourhood, when any thing which drew peril after it, was spoken of: this expression, probably extended itself to the English provinces, in the vicinity of Maine, and from hence the French, "Dangereux," and the English, "Dangerous." Let our great Johnson's history of the word Danger be examined before this etymon be condemned.

"Danger, n. f. (*danger*, Fr.) of uncertain derivation. Skinner derives it from *damnum*, "Menage from *angaria*, *Minsbew davos*, death, to which Junius seems inclined."

Let the impartial critic now judge between the four words proposed by different persons, as roots for Danger or Dangerous. Dangerose, Damnum, Angaria, or *davos*.

THOSE perilous rocks, on the western coast of our island, called "The Bishop and his Clerks," are said to derive their name from an incident which happened near 200 years ago. A fleet of merchantmen, coming from Spain were shipwrecked upon them, and only Miles Bishop, with John and Henry Clarke, were preserved on the fragment of a mast. Hence the appellation takes its rise.

IN the borough of Southwark, is a sign on which is inscribed,

"THE OLD PICK MY TOE."

probably

64
Article

So it is. I knew the sign. I was
probably then the only Person who could have
guessed the Derivation. (

probably set up in the room of the representation of the Roman slave, who being sent on some message of importance, would not stop to pick a thorn out of his foot, until he had completed his commission.

A GOOD etymologist ought (as was said of Menage, with respect to his "Origines") "to find out, by every means, not only whence "a word comes, but whither it goes."

E R R O R S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual complaints of writers suffering under the lashes of periodical censure, it yet appears probable that establishments at Rome, similar to our present boards of criticism, might have prevented many inaccuracies, even among the most elegant classic writers, and at the same time, spared more than half the labour to modern commentators, by pointing out errors, and obscurities, while the authors were at hand to illustrate them.

Under such a judicature even the accurate Horace would have been told of his having mistaken the sense of Euripides, who makes the divinity Bacchus say to Pentheus—

"Λόσιμ' ὁ δάμνων, αὐτὸς, ὅταν ἐνὶ βέλῳ."

which Horace translates—

" Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet—

and *explains* thus—

—————" Opinor

" Hoc sentit; Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum est."

Now

Now this sense, although applicable to the purpose of the Latin Poet, could not, without a gross absurdity, be given to the words of Bacchus, who, knowing himself to be an *immortal* Deity, could never mean that *death* would release him from the tyrant's power. The "*Ipse Deus*," was certainly *himself*, who, although unknown to Pentheus, could in an instant assume divine authority, and confound his enemies.

Nor would this prince of lyric poetry have escaped uncensured for admitting one indelicate line—

" Sed nimis arta premunt olidæ convivia capræ."

which deforms the most elegant dinner-invitation which was ever written*.

Nor would he have dared to insert without alteration in a second copy of his MSS. the 13th Ode of his 4th Book; which, though abounding with beautiful thoughts, is a production unworthy of a gentleman. It is, indeed, the indelicate triumph of an old rake over a superannuated courtesan, who in the decay of her beauty, had taken to drinking. The subject was surely beneath a man of honour, especially one who owned that he had formerly doated to madness—

— " Quæ me furpuerat mihi —"

oil

* It must not be concealed, that Dean Swift, far from joining in sentiment with the Editor of this work, has translated this line with all its strength, in his exquisite imitation of this Epistle; but then that great bard never picqued himself on delicacy of diction.

on the poor wretch whom he so wantonly insults.

Virgil, perhaps, had he stood in awe of these critics, would have been rather more attentive to dates, in forming the plot of his exquisite *Æneis*. To his irregularities, however, we Britons, who glory in our Shakespeare, must not object. Nor must our neighbours of Germany, who have very lately written and acted with applause, at the courts of Vienna and Berlin, two tragedies *, each of whose scenes of action comprehend a space of thirty or forty years.

Who shall presume to be severe on those who err in points of history, when we find the great, the pointed Seneca, in his third book “*De Ira*,” speaking of Antigonus, the father of Demetrius Poliorcetes, as uncle to Alexander the Great? Or who shall expect exactness, as to chronology, in a poet, when the precise, and terse Juvenal can write—

“*Pontica ter vici, cautus, medicamina Regis?*”

That is to say—“If Agamemnon had secured “himself from poison, by taking Mithridates’s antidotes.” When Mithridates lived many ages after the son of Atreus.

In Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Humorous “Lieutenant,” a play in which Antigonus and Demetrius Poliorcetes are the heroes, and where, of

* Viz. Gatz de Berlichingen, and a tragedy, translated into the French language, under the title of “*Les Vo- leurs*.”

of consequence, the scene must be laid many years before the Christian æra, Demetrius is introduced discharging a *pistol*: an anachronism so very ridiculous, and inconsistent with the genius and learning of the two dramatic bards, that one commentator, fired with the true spirit of attachment to his authors, has ventured to assert, that the blunder was introduced on purpose to render the comedy still more burlesque! “*Absurdum per absurdus.*” There seems to be a palpable obscurity about Demetrius Poliorcetes; his chronology has misled a philosopher, two poets, and one critic!

HIMERIUS, the sophist, speaking of Abaris the Scythian, says, that—“he was a Barbarian” only in his dress. For he spoke Greek, and “when he opened his lips, the authors imagined they were hearing an oration in the Academy, “or the Lycæum.” This, as Bayle observes, as Plato and Aristotle founded their schools long after Abaris’s time, is a very gross blunder.

ALTHOUGH it has been generally agreed among the learned, that the laurus of the ancients was not shrub which we usually call the laurel, but the bay, which our botanists call laurus, and the Italians alloro, yet from a passage in Virgil’s Georgics this appears very doubtful. Speaking of the ‘*mala medica*,’ which is supposed to be the citron, the poet describes it thus—

—— “*Faciem simillima lauro,*
“*Et si non alium late jactaret odorem,*
“*Laurus erit.*”

Now

Now there is not much resemblance between the bay and any of the orange tribe, but the plant we call laurel is so much like them, that a nosegay composed of the *syringa* blossom, and laurel leaves, is often worn as a substitute for a sprig of orange flowers; and the citron is still more like the laurel than the orange, having a larger leaf.

THE following lines of a Latin Poet, *Palladius*, seem to corroborate this opinion—

“*Inferitur lauro cerasus, partuque coactio*
“*Tingit adoptivus virgines ora pudor.*”

Now this is exactly the case of the common laurel, which is for that reason classed by modern botanists with the cherry, and is called by them *lauro-cerasus*, as it used to be styled in English, the cherry-bay; but the common bay is quite of a different family. Pliny also describes the laurel, as having very large berries, ‘*maximas facies*.’

Some modern writers have made a distinction between the laurel and the bay, as if the first was the reward of heroes, and the last of poets; but this error seems to have originated from Thomson, who speaks of Sir Philip Sidney as meriting the warrior’s laurel, the lover’s myrtle, and the poet’s bay. But Ovid puts this matter beyond dispute—

—“*Te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetæ,*
“*Te ducibus Latius aderis, cum læta triumphum*
Vox canet—”

Our

Our Spencer also says —

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage —

POMPEY has always been esteemed the champion, and Cæsar the enemy of Roman liberty. But it seems an error to suppose that Rome would have been more free had Pompey been conqueror at Pharsalia.

We take our notions on this subject from the writings of Tully, and the opinion of Cato. But Pompey was praised by the friends of liberty, at Rome only, because he was the chief of their party against Cæsar; yet Octavius was in exactly the same predicament against Antonius, and is as highly commended by Cicero, whose private opinion of Pompey was not very favourable, as appears from several of his epistles.

Lucan, who was a determined enemy of Cæsar, gives the following character of both chiefs—

‘ Nec quenquam jam ferre potest, Cæsarve priorem,
‘ Pompeius ve parem.’

‘ But Cæsar, now, would no superior bear,
‘ Nor Pompey, empire with an equal share.’

Here Cæsar has the character of a jealous republican, Pompey of a tyrant.

It is a mistake to suppose that all wolves were eradicated from England by King Edgar. The following extract from Rymer’s *Fœdera* will show that those unpleasant natives kept their

their footing in the island to a much later date.

ANNO 9. Edw. primo. The King sent an injunction to the sheriffs of Worcesterfhire, Gloucesterfhire, Herefordfhire, Shropfhire, and Staffordfhire, reciting that he had directed Peter de Corbet to hunt and destroy wolves, in the forefts of thofe counties, with men, dogs, and fnares, and enjoining faid sheriffs to give him all poffible affiftance.

NAUDE informs us, that during the civil contefts of Italy, two little towns, Brifiguella and Imola, both in the diftrict of Bologna, were remarkably incenfed againft each other, although near neighbours. Thofe of the former place, not being very great proficients in the Latin tongue, were peculiarly difgusted with the compliment which they apprehended was partially paid to their adverfaries, in the daily fervice, “*Qui Immolatus eft nobis* *,” and with great patriotifm decreed that in lieu of this offensive paffage, the prieft fhould chant—“*Qui Brifiguellatus eft nobis*.”

DURING the horrors occafioned by the civil war of the League, in France, the fanatical ecclefiaftics of Paris armed themfelves, ridiculously, as half foldiers and half monks†, and paraded

* “Who was facrificed (or immolated) for us.”

† “Le 3 de Juin 1590, Capucins, Minimes, Cordeliers,

“ Jacobins, Carmes, Feuillans, tous la robe retrouffée, la

“ cuiraffe fur le dos, l’épee a coté, & le mousquet fur l’épaule,

“ le Rev. l’Eveque de Senlis à leur tête, avec un efponçon, marcheroient quatre à quatre.”

paraded with a bishop as colonel, and two parish priests as adjutants, on the Pont Neuf. There they gave a volley, by way of salute, to their general, the Papal Legate. But unluckily being but young in the profession of arms, many of them fired with ball. And the Legate seeing his chaplain fall dead by his side, found the action grew too warm, and made haste to give his benediction and to dismiss his awkward recruits.

LOUIS XI. of France, one day, observing among the crowd who assembled to see him dine, an officer whom he disliked, made a private sign to Tristan L'Hermite, his "Grand Prevost," to put him out of the way. Tristhan, well accustomed to the signal, but unluckily mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a well-fed monk who stood in the same line with the captain, allured him into the palace-yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Next day Louis hearing that the proscribed officer had been seen posting towards Flanders, reproached Tristhan with his neglect. "To Flanders!" said the Grand Prevost, "Your Majesty must be in an error. The monk has got half way to Rouen by this time; I sent him adrift, tied up in a sack." "What monk?" "Him, your Majesty pointed at." "Hah, Pasque Dieu!" said the King, with his usual oath, "You have drowned me the best priest in my kingdom. It cannot be helped now, so we will have half a dozen masses said for his soul; but it was that dog of a *captain*, not the poor *monk*, that I meant*."

IF

* Brantôme. Vie de Don Juan D'Autriche.

IF Brantome's account of D. Carlos, Prince of Spain is to be credited, the world has been led into a gross error as to his character. Far from being that promising youth which dramatists and anecdote-writers have painted him, he was a most abandoned profligate, an insulter of every thing which was modest and decent, and the young nobility who kept company with him were notorious for the wretched lives they led, and the miserable ends to which they were brought in time. The account given by the facetious Frenchman, of that prince's rambles through the streets of Madrid, is more diverting than edifying.

WHEN Selden speaks of the great error which Charles I. committed in drawing his powerful friends about him, at Oxford, where they were not in their proper sphere of service, he makes use of the following homely, but nervous comparison. "It is as if a man should have use for a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the cellar, and takes the spigot; in the mean time all the beer runs about the house."

ABOUT the year 1759, a remarkable adventurer, named Amine or Immen, found his way from India to London. His story, though very curious and interesting, is too well known, to be a proper object for minute narration in this work, and it is only touched upon here, in order to introduce the account of a laughable error into which his ignorance of the English language betrayed him. Although descended from

from an opulent family, a wild effort of juvenile patriotism had incited him to work his passage to Britain, in search of military knowledge, and experience. He found his way, after many distresses, to Wapping; he met with still more distresses there; but at length his persevering spirit surmounted all obstacles; he became known and regarded; he received supplies from his father; and he rendered himself master of the science in the pursuit of which he set out. In the hours of his gaiety, the Editor, who was introduced to him, has heard him with great humour relate the following tale: On his first landing in Wapping, the landlady desired to know his name: this puzzled him. His own country name, he thought might found ill in English ears; he therefore determined to give in that appellation by which the sailors had called him during the whole voyage, and which he supposed, though he did not comprehend it, must be entirely applicable to him. So he innocently told the landlady that his name was "Cock-eyed-son-of-a-b-tch," that having been the term bestowed on him, in the ship, by his marine associates.

AMONG the many whimsical events to which the transactions of the South Sea year gave rise, as well in France as in England, the following odd mistake is recorded in the "Lettres de Mad. Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchesse D'Orleans." A celebrated physician, named Chirac, was called to the assistance of a sick lady, just as he had heard a melancholy tale of the lowering of the Mississippi stock, in which he had

had large concerns. Full of this interesting intelligence, he entered the sick lady's chamber, and feeling her pulse, muttered to himself—"Ah! heavens! How they sink! Down, down, down!" Terrified at these ominous words, the poor lady screamed out, rang her bell, and summoned all her people about her. "I am a lost woman," said she, in tears, "the doctor has told me that my pulse is sinking down to an extreme." "Pardon me, Madam," said the physician, "I spoke of the actions*; your pulse is in an excellent state and you will be well by to-morrow morning."

THERE are few studies more uncertain than verbal criticism, and yet we know of none whose professors are so positive in their assertions, or so angry with those who have the misfortune to differ from them in opinion. What havock has Bentley made with the classics, and Warburton with Shakespeare, by indulging this propensity? The Editor has been taught moderation in this respect, by what happened to a friend, while he was learning Italian. On looking over the names of the months in Venerbni's grammar, the student found them all correspond with the Latin, English, and French, except July, which was written Luglio. Here was the clearest proof of a false printing; one letter only made the mistake, which he immediately rectified by turning the *L* into a *J*, saying at the same time in his mind—" *Sic corrige, meo periculo.*"

IN the Tragedy of Hamlet, when that Prince is questioning Horatio and Marcellus about the

D 2 Ghost,

* The term used for the public funds, in France.

Ghost, and they tell him it was armed from head to foot, he says—

‘ Then, saw you not his face ?’

To which Horatio replies—

‘ O yes, my Lord, he wore his *beaver up*.’

Here, wearing the *beaver up*, plainly signifies its being so placed as not to hide the face. There is, however, reason to believe, that wearing the *beaver up*, is the proper expression for its covering the face : for in a note on Mrs. Macauley’s History of England, Vol. III. page 437, Chap. V. quarto edition, where some authority is quoted, giving an account of Lord Brooke’s being killed, it is mentioned as extraordinary, because ‘ his *beaver was up*, and he was armed ‘ to the knee.’ Dr. Franklin, in his tragedy of Matilda, has followed the historian :

‘ He wore his beaver up, nor could I see
‘ His face.’

No man is supposed to have understood the passions incident to humanity better than Otway, yet few have committed greater errors in the expression of those passions. One or two instances, taken from his most admired works, will sufficiently illustrate this observation.

THE scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, in the middle of the fourth act of Venice Preserved, is strangely managed. The lady, who herself, had instigated her husband to give evidence

dence against the conspirators, instead of soothing and softening the anguish of his heart, when he flies to her for comfort, aggravates his distress to the most agonizing pitch, by acquainting him with the tortures which his betrayed friend Pierre is to suffer. And after having displayed bleeding bowels, broken limbs, racks and torments, with the utmost horrors of eloquence, and even goaded the wretched man, by asking him how he shall be able to bear the sight of all this? she wonders that he should, “look so terribly” upon her! Is this nature? Or could the vilest and most unprincipled of women have taken a more judicious method of driving a man of any sensibility, to despair and suicide, than the way pointed out by the tender and faithful Belvidera?

Is the cool, the indulgent reply of Monimia, to the insulting, loose, and unmanly speech of Polydore, at the close of the first act of the Orphan, natural?

What can have less resemblance to nature, than the uncouth melange of politics, irony, wit, and profligacy, in the last advice which Acasto, (who believes himself actually on the threshold of death,) seriously, and soberly, gives to his children?

As to the brutal and insolent treatment which the worthy and inoffensive, but dependent, clergyman meets with, in the same tragedy, from his patron and his patron's visitor, whatever may be said against it, it is most certainly not to be criticised on, by any means, as *out of nature*.

Otway, however, was not the only dramatic poet of eminence who could err against nature and propriety. Even Farquhar might fall under the same censure. The speech which he puts in the mouth of Archer, in the last scene of the Beaux Stratagem, "And the lady if she pleases, "may go home with me," is at once one of the grossest violations of decency and common sense. Mrs. Sullen, although separated from her husband, had still a character to preserve, and, to add to the absurdity of the proposal, the words are spoken in the presence of her mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and of *her own brother*, Sir Charles Freeman.

THE continuation of Scarron's Comic Romance, and which is always printed with it, is one of the strongest instances of the grafting of dulness on genius, that has ever occurred. Besides leaving the story as unfinished as he found it, the continuer had not discernment to see, that Scarron intended to make *Destiny* turn out to be the young earl of Glaris. That such was the author's design, is surely, sufficiently obvious from the following passage. 'My father and mother,' says Destiny, 'loved him tenderly, and had an aversion to me, though I was the more hopeful boy of the two. There appeared nothing but was mean in *him*. As for *me*, I seemed to be what I was not, and rather an earl's son than Gariquet's.'

WHEN the celebrated opera of Artaxerxes first came out, the last chorus was sharply censured

And Esquahar! making his
Lord Amwell offer Archer a
Choice between the Money &
the Lady is odd enough too.

fu
co

ful
an
rel
op
Ar
wl

M
the
pla

fan
efc
lem
ple
Le
feq
Ch
TH

sured by the reviewers. As nearly as can be recollected, the stanza objected to was thus :

Live to us, to Empire live,
Great Augustus, long mayst thou
From the subject world receive
Laurel wreaths to grace thy brow.

The reviewers, justly remarked, the great absurdity of styling a king of Persia, Augustus, and crowning him with laurel. However, on referring to Metastasio, it appears, that the opera of Adriano in Siria, immediately follows Artaserse, in the first volume of his works, which very properly opens with this chorus.

Vivi a noi, vivi all' impero
Grande Augusto, e la tua fronte
Su l'Oriente prigioniero
S'accostumi al sacro allor.

The ingenious translator, probably not liking Metastasio's finale, almost literally translated the first chorus of the next opera, to supply its place.

F A M I L Y.

SUCH remarkable ill fate has attended some families, that none of the elder branches have escaped a violent end. The successors of Charlemagne, in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy destiny. His son, Louis Le Debonnaire, died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by his physician. The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell

also

also by poison. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, met with his death by the ridiculous circumstance of being desperately wounded on the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in disguise. Nor less strange, though rather more picturesque, was the cause of destruction to Louis III. successor to Louis the Stutterer. This gallant prince, having cast his eyes on a handsome girl, (the daughter of a citizen named Germond,) as he was riding through the streets of Tours, pursued her, instantly, with infinite agility. The terrified girl took refuge in a house, and the King, thinking more of her charms, than of the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died. He was succeeded by Caroloman, who fell by an ill-directed spear, thrown, by his own servant, at a wild boar, although the dying prince had the generosity to charge the beast with his death. Charles the Fat, perished, of want, grief, and poison, all together. His successor, Charles the Simple, died in prison of penury and despair. Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting. Lotharius and Louis V. the two last Kings of the race of Charlemagne, were both poisoned by their wives, to whose little indiscretions they had taken too much attention.

Of the whole line, after a revolution of 230 years, there now remained only Charles, duke of Lorraine, and he, after an ineffectual struggle in defence of his rights, against the ambitious and active Hugh Capet, sunk beneath the fortune

tune of his antagonist, and ended his life, and the family of Charlemagne, in a lonely prison.

It is an observation of the French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of Charlemagne's race, were, almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

IN our own island, we can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during 390 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was assassinated and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and VI. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

D 5

James

James II. lost his crown and died in banishment.

Ann, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

THE family of Lorges, Sieurs de Montgomeri, were singularly unfortunate. They were loyally attached to the crown of France, yet, it chanced that within the space of forty years, two Kings of that nation suffered, the *one* a severe wound, the other, death, at their hands. It was in 1521, that Francis I. amusing himself by attacking a house with snowballs, was wounded in the head by a firebrand, incautiously thrown from within by the "Capitaine de "Lorges," so severely, that he was obliged to wear his hair short for so considerable a time, that it became a fashion at court. Afterwards in 1559, Le Comte de Montgomeri, slew Henri II. at a tournament. And although this unhappy event was every where acknowledged to be purely the effect of accident, nevertheless Catherine de Medicis, widow of the deceased King, pursued Montgomeri fifteen years, with active vengeance, nor ever ceased from the chase, until she had actually brought him to the scaffold, and had caused his family and children to be declared infamous. "Let them submit "to the sentence," said the dying soldier, "and "I am ready to join in their degradation, if "they

“ they do not assert their claim to nobility by
“ deeds worthy their ancestry.”

M. DE BENSERADE, was desired by a lady to translate for her the motto, “ Fundulo, sed
“ avito,” which had been taken by one of high
birth, but small fortune. “ It means,” said he,
“ I am a beggar by hereditary right.”

ALMOST as many cities have contended
about the birth of Judas Iscariot, as for that of
Homer; the isle of Corfu seems to have the
strongest claim, as within the last century, a family, there, affirmed themselves to be descended from that renegade apostle. Pontius Pilate, too, has handed down his name and race to almost our own times; since in the time of Louis XIV. a gentleman whose connections were at Vienne in Dauphine, owned that unsteady magistrature for the stock whence his family were sprung, and produced a tolerably probable pedigree. It was this Viennois, of whom it is recorded, that he thus addressed a stranger who happened to be riding with him near a crucifix. “ That worthy gentleman,” said he, pointing to our Saviour, “ was very ill treated by an ancestor of mine, some years ago.”

THE Editor will not presume to alter a word in the following story, it is so well related by Dr. Fuller, in his “ Worthies of England.” “ It happened in the reign of King James, “ when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer’s son “ in that county was pressed into the wars, as I
“ take

“ take it, to go over with Count Mansfield.
 “ The old man, at Leicester, requested his son
 “ might be discharged, as being the only staff
 “ of his age, who, by his industry, maintained
 “ him and his mother. The Earl demanded
 “ his name, which the man for a long time was
 “ loth to tell, (as suspecting it a fault, for so
 “ poor a man to confess a truth) at last he told
 “ him that his name was Hastings. “ Cousen
 “ Hastings,” said the Earl, “ we cannot all be
 “ top branches of the tree, though we all spring
 “ from the same root. Your son, my kinsman,
 “ shall not be pressed.” So good was the
 “ meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy
 “ in an honourable person, and gentry, I believe,
 “ in both.” What the acute Dr. Fuller emphatically styles *courtesy*, seems to have ever been an hereditary attendant on the noble family of Hastings.

AN ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree, for those fruits which the *branches* ought to produce.

THE character of the second Dutcheſs of Orleans, mother to the celebrated regent of France, was composed of plain sense, sincerity, great family pride, and a considerable share of credulity. Most of the anecdotes which she relates in her letters to the late Queen Caroline, are fanciful, characteristic, and new. The following story must be allowed a strong proof of her spirit and firmness of mind, and especially when

when it is considered that Madame de Maintenon was, at the period she speaks of, in the very zenith of her power, and universally believed to be privately married to the King of France.

‘ Madame de Maintenon,’ says the Dutcheſs, ‘ ſent for two girls from Straſbourg, made them paſs for two princeſſes of the Palatinate family, and placed them with her own nieces, as waiting women. I knew nothing about this, until the Dauphineſs*, all in tears, told me of it. “ Be eaſy,” ſaid I, “ I will ſet all this matter even, for, when I am in the right, I fear no one.” Next morn I eſpied one of the nieces parading along the walks, with one of theſe German attendants. I made haſte to meet them; I called to the girl, and aſked her “ who ſhe was?” She had the impudence to tell me “ That ſhe was counteſs Palatine of Butzelſtein.” “ What,” ſaid I, “ by the left hand†, I ſuppoſe?” “ Far from it,” ſaid ſhe, “ the young Count eſpouſed my mother legally, and ſhe was of the Gehlen Family.” “ But even, *then*,” ſaid I, “ you could not be Counteſs Palatine, ſince ſo unequal a marriage would not hold good; but,” added I, “ thou ‡ lieſt, in ſaying that the Count ever married thy mother, *any way*. *Elle eſt une putaine, avec qui Le Comte, comme bien des autres,*

* The Dauphineſs was allied to the Palatinate family.

† Marriages with inferiors are performed in Germany with the left hand, and the woman has not then, equal rank with her huſband.

‡ The change from *you* to *thou*, is peculiarly affrontings, in French.

“ *autres, aura pu coucher* : I know well enough
 “ who is the real husband of thy mother ; he
 “ is a player on the hautbois. If ever here-
 “ after thou hast the effrontery to style thy-
 “ self Countess Palatine, *Je te ferai couper les*
 “ *jupes au ras du cu* *.” This terrible Dutchess
 proceeds to tell us that the supposititious Coun-
 tress was taken ill with the fright, and *died* in a
 few days. That she expected to have been se-
 verely reprimanded by Louis, to whom the story
 was told, but that he only said to her, when he
 saw her, with a smile, “ I find, madam, it is
 “ not safe to joke with you on the *head of*
 “ *family*.”

M. DE MARVILLE, in his *Melange D'His-*
toire & de Literature, remarks, that illustrious
 families generally close with some very great mis-
 fortune. He brings as examples, the House of
 Valois, which ended with Marguerite, a wo-
 man of a most abandoned character †, and
 that of Longueville, the last of which name
 died totally penniless and raving mad. It is in
 every one's power, by a little recollection, to ob-
 serve how far the remark holds good.

F A N A T I C I S M.

IN the thirteenth century, we are told by
 Bale (de script. Brit.) that a fanatical impostor
 pretended

* The words are coarse, but a *princess* writes them to a
Queen, and they are *not* translated.

† The Editor takes this opportunity of saying a few
 words in extenuation of the great errors of poor Marguerite
 de

pretended to be cured of blindness at the tomb of Henry the Third. But Hugh of Manchester, a learned Franciscan, discovered the cheat, and having composed a treatise on the subject, he intitled it "*De Fanaticorum Deliriis*," and dedicated it to Edward the First, who received it graciously, (although it deprived his father of the gift of working miracles) and actually employed the author, afterwards, in an embassy to France.

On the 5th of October 1403, Agnes du Rochier, a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, and the only daughter of a rich tradesman, was received with great ceremony, at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, as "a recluse." Recluses, were at that time so called from their being literally sealed and shut up by the hands of

de Valois, who although, in general, the most compassionate, and certainly one of the most accomplished of beings, has hardly yet met with one apologist. Her character as to chastity must be given up; she herself gave it its death wound, by accompanying the Dutchess de Nevers, (at a very early age,) on a shameful expedition, to fetch from the gibbet the heads of two infamous courtiers, their galants, Coconnas, and La Motte; these they embalmed, and preserved in their cabinets. But notwithstanding this, and many more unbecoming actions, her humanity ought to preserve her memory from detestation. At the horrid massacre of Paris, her intreaties saved the life of her husband, the great Henry IV. of Bourbon, and it has been said of her, by disinterested writers, that she endeavoured, during the bloody scenes, which were daily acted before her eyes, to mitigate the horrors of the times, by her intercessions. When Henry became King of France, conscious of her own misconduct, and not ignorant that he would never have made her his wife, unless from a political necessity, she readily agreed to a divorce, that he might espouse a proper consort, and retired contentedly with a small pension, and that but indifferently paid.

of the bishop, in a small chamber, built for the purpose, close to the wall of some church, with an opening inwards, that the recluse might hear the service, and receive necessary subsistence. In this retreat, Agnes lived to the age of eighty years. St. Foix, who tells this tale, rationally observes, that as she was rich, the disposal of her income for the benefit of the poor, under her own inspection, might have given her at least an equal chance for heaven, with that which she could gain by that indolent plan which she chose to embrace.

At a period when it was a prevalent fancy among the Italian literati, to adopt favourite names from the Greek or Latin tongues, in preference to their own original ones, Antonius Palæarius † chose to signalize his love of the muses by altering his first name to Aonius. Some time after, the freedom of his conversion, and his known attachment to the doctrines of Luther, drew upon him the resentment of the inquisition, and in 1566, he was strangled and burnt at Rome*. A wretched fanatic,

† A man of elegant literature, in the 15th century.

* A friend of the unhappy sufferer gave a reason for his dislike of the name Antony, almost as fantastical as that alleged by Latinus Latinius, in the following epigram—

Οὐνοῦ μέγα πάρος ἢ Αντώνιος εἶτα κεκλήσθαι

Αἰνιδάς Φιλέων ἀδελφὲς Αἰνίας.

Καὶ Φιλέων Κικέρωνα, πῶς θεωρῶντας αὐτὸ ἔνομα καίνε
Ἀνδρὸς, οἷον Κικέρων, τοὶ Φίλος, ἔχθρον ἔχεν.

In English :

Aonius from *Antonius* you became,
To compliment each bright Aonian dame.

The

fanatic, who had taken the name of Latinus Latinus, insults over him in a letter dated at Rome in 1571, and accuses him of having abandoned the appellation Antonius, merely that he might expel from his name the letter T, which represents the cross. Not content with expressing this wretched conceit in prose, he throws it into a Latin ode, and so cold a one, that Menage thinks it might have chilled the fire prepared to consume the body of the unfortunate Palcarius.

IN a book printed at Bourdeaux, and composed to exalt the merit of one set of monks, St. Peter is supposed to ask of St. Michael, "who is it that knocks at the door," the answer is—"A Carmelite." "A Carmelite!" repeats St. Peter peevishly, "A Carmelite! "I think we have none at the gate of heaven "but Carmelites, from morning to night. "Well, he must stay; I shall not open the "gate till there is a dozen together of them."

NONE of the rhapsodies of our modern enthusiasts, wild as they have been, have ever equalled the tale told in the following extract, from a breviary printed by command of Pius V. at Antwerp, in 1677.

"Sanctus

The name, Antonius, you could ne'er approve,
Abhor'd by Tully, whom so well you love.

To explain the sting of this epigram, it should farther be observed, that in the time of Antonius Palcarius, it was the mode for the literati to profess the most unlimited adoration of Cicero's style, and even to compose whole pieces, in which every word, and every trope, might be found in the works of that great Roman.

“ Sanctus Philippus Neri^{us}, Confr. Chari-
 tate Dei vulneratus languebat jugiter, tanto-
 que cor ejus æstuabat ardore, ut cum intra
 fines suos, contineri non posset, illius sinum
 contractis & elatis, duabus costulis, mirabili-
 ter Dominus ampliaverit. Sacrum, verò,
 faciens, aut ferventius orans, in aëra quan-
 doque sublatus, mirâ undique fulgere luce,
 visus fuit. Egenos et pauperes, omni chari-
 tatis officio prosequēbatur. Dignus, qui &
 angelo, in specie pauperis, elemosynam ero-
 garet, & dum egentibus, noctu, panem de-
 ferret, in foveam lapsus, indepariter, ab An-
 gelo incolumis eripietur. Humilitati addic-
 tus ab honoribus semper abhorruit, atque ec-
 clesiasticas dignitates, etiam primarias, non
 semel ultro delatas, constantissimè recusavit.”

THE vulgariſm of modern fanatical preach-
 ers has been foreſtalled by declaimers, both
 abroad and at home. Cardinal Perron com-
 plains of a ſpiritual orator of his time, for ſay-
 ing—“ Seigneur ! Nettoyez moi le bec, de la
 “ ſerviette de ton amour *.”

IN our own country, the ſermons, and re-
 ligious treatiſes of the Puritans, towards the
 middle of the laſt century, preſent us with
 ſuch a variety of ſtrange, uncouth, expreſſions,
 that it is almoſt impoſſible for enthuſiaſts of the
 preſent age to light on any new thought. At
 leaſt they cannot out-do their predeceſſors in
 abſurdity.

* Lord ! Cleanſe thou my lips with the napkin of thy
 love !

absurdity. The witty author of "Grounds " and Occasions of the contempt of the Clergy," has collected an amazing number of these. The Editor would wish to produce a few of them, here, but is puzzled as to the choice, as they are all characteristic, well selected, and well authenticated.

THE Puritans, however, must not have the whole weight of fanaticism heaped on their shoulders. Their adversaries must come in for their share; nor can a wilder, more enthusiastic fanatic be found, (not even in the records of 1780,) than Captain Chreighton, a Scots officer of dragoons, employed by the hot-headed northern ministry of Charles II. to discover and seize presbyterian preachers among the highlands. His life and adventures are to be found in one edition only, of the works of Dean Swift, who, great as his abilities were, actually suffered himself to be so far warped by bigotry, as to speak of this wretched tool of persecution, in the highest terms, and even to compare his Commentaries to those of Philip de Comines.

The first exploit this hero boasts, was the seizing with a party of foldiers, one Stobow, a poor non-con teacher, and the leading him to almost certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent escape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year, on a contribution raised to recover a horse, which they had literally *stolen* from a lady who attended a conventicle. Soon after, our Philip de Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very

a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himself such a favourite of heaven, that he had revelation after revelation, by dreams and impressions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor, persecuted Scotsmen, who were certainly by no means greater fanatics than himself. These he loads with all the scurrility of a drunken trooper: they are "rogues, rascals, rebels, &c." He "rakes hell" to find a foldier that can mimic their clergymen; in short, the whole work, when considered as a performance, recommended enthusiastically by the Dean of St. Patrick's, one of the first profse writers, patriots, and politicians which Ireland ever saw, stands forward as the most extraordinary instance of blind fanaticism, both in the writer, and in the encomiast, that any age ever produced.

THE following particulars relate to one of the most extraordinary of all modern fanatical writers, one who seems so thoroughly persuaded of the truth of what he writes, that he almost persuades his readers to believe him.

Emanuel Swedenbourg was a Swedish nobleman of good fortune, well skilled in metallurgy. He frequently visited England, for the space of ten years, remaining here a year or two at a time. He was not particular as to his lodgings, since a gentleman *, who went to pay him some money, found him in a garret, in or near Salisbury-court, Fleet-street.

His

* The late Gustavus Brander, Esq.

His table was covered with written papers, but he had no printed books. He had not, he said, read a printed book for 30 years past, having in his younger days, laid in a sufficient store of learning.

He died in London, in the beginning of 1772. He found himself indisposed, but would not listen to any idea of his disorder becoming dangerous; he assured his friends that it was revealed to him that he should not die out of his own country. However, in this he was mistaken. He was 84 years of age, when he died, and was buried in the Swedish church, Prince's-square, Ratcliffe Highway. He was a middle-sized man, remarkably sober. He never married.

F E A S T I N G.

THE natural tendency of mankind towards joy, has been frequently the occasion of great irregularities during those feasts which the rules of almost every religion have not only permitted, but actually ordained. Even in the purest ages of the Christian Faith, one may find in holy writ, complaints of such trespasses on decency on these occasions, as it would be indelicate to relate. And most certainly the discontinuance of those love-feasts, which were formerly celebrated by all good Christians, was owing to the improper proceedings to which they gave occasion. In vain did Tertullian affirm that * “Non tam

* They feed less on their meat, than on the instruction they receive.

tam *cœnam* cœnant quam *disciplinam*," still a feast is a feast; nor do the modern monks enjoy their excellent repasts with less gusto, because they are obliged to hear a lecture recited during the meal, by one of their brethren. Even the Jews, whose attachment to ceremonies, separates them from every other inhabitant of the earth, cannot bear to have the luxury of a pleasant collation at their passover, diminished by the commanded mixture of bitter herbs; and have actually contrived, (as their own antiquarian, Maimonides, allows,) to convert those bitter herbs into a very pleasant species of pickle, which probably is as grateful to their palates, with their paschal lamb, as the mint and sugar used by British epicures, as a relish to the same dish*.

THE quaint Bulwer, in his "Anthropomorphosis," particularly recommends to all lovers of feasting, the following three rules†:—"Stridor dentium—Altum silentium—Rumor gentium." This, as he observes, adjourns discourse until the belly be full, at what time, men are at better leisure, and may more securely venture upon table-talk, the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

FREE-

* Selden writes that "our tanfies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; though at the same time, it was always the fashion, for a man to have a gammon of bacon, to shew himself no Jew."

† Thus translated by a humorist—"Work for the jaws—A silent pause—Frequent ha-ha's."

FREE-THINKING.

WITHOUT entering into the dull and odious field of controversy, one stricture, with respect to free-thinking, may be properly made, as it occurs every day to common observation.

Although free-thinkers are perpetually found, who wish to make converts of mankind in general to their principles, by means of writings, which they disperse as widely as possible, yet none take particular attention to the conversion of their wives or their daughters, of their servants or their poorer neighbours. A believer might be tempted by this to suppose, that even by sceptics, it is allowed that revealed religion is of some use to the peace and honour of families, and to the security of property*.

GALLANTERIE.

NOT many years ago, a fête, expressive of the truest gallantry, was given by a person of fashion, in, or near Paris. The mothers and chaperons gaily dressed, were the only dancers, the young ladies were all sitters by, and had on the grave and plain dresses, as mothers of the families. A particular air was composed for the purpose. The words were well adapted to the subject, and the chorus was—

“ *Enfans de Quinze Ans,
Laissez danser vos Mamans.* ”

THE

* This idea, as far as it refers to female honour, is beautifully illustrated by the story of *Fidelia*, in the *Adventurer*, No. 77-8-9.

THE spirited and almost romantic expedition of Prince Charles, into Spain, that he might see his destined spouse, the Infanta Maria, before the match should take place, roused the poetic fire of the celebrated Poet, Lope de Vegas, to the composition of a sonnet, supposed to be repeated by the prince. The first stanza was thus—

Carlos Estuarto sey,
Que siendo Amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy,
Por ver mi estrella Maria.

The prince appears to have paid very little attention to the Spanish etiquette in the article of courting, for Howel informs us that “under-
“standing that the Infanta was used to go some
“mornings to the Casa del Campo, a house
“which the King hath on the other side the river, to gather May-dew, he rose betimes,
“and went there, taking * your brother with
“him. They were let into the house, and
“into the garden, but the Infanta was in the
“orchard; and there being a high partition-
“wall, between, and the door doubly bolted,
“the prince got on the top of the wall, and
“sprung down a great height, and so made towards her. But she spying him first of all
“the rest, gave a shriek, and ran back: the
“old Marquis, that was then her guardian,
“came towards the prince, and fell on his
“knees, conjuring his Highness to retire, in
“regard

* The brother of Captain Lest, to whom Howel addressed the letter.

“ regard he hazarded his head, if he admitted any to her company. So the door was opened, and he came out under that wall, over which he had got in.” This anecdote is dated from Madrid, July 10, 1623.

SIR JOHN RERESBY commemorates a similar frolic of the Prince of Orange, in 1670, when he was in London, paying addressees to the Princess Mary. “ One night at a supper, given by the Duke of Buckingham, the King made the Prince of Orange drink very hard. The Prince was naturally averse to it, but being once entered, was more frolic and gay than the rest of the company; and now the mind took him to break the windows of the chambers belonging to the maids of honour; and he had got into their apartments had they not been timely rescued. His misdeeds, I suppose,” continues Sir John, “ did not like him the worse for such a notable indication of his vigour.”

G A M I N G.

“ No !” said an Italian gamester, after an intolerable run of ill-luck, “ no, thou jade, Fortune ! Thou mayst, indeed, cause me to *lose* millions, but I defy thy utmost power, to make me *pay* them.”

Two gamesters had deposited a very large stake, to be won by him who threw the lowest throw, with the dice. The one thought himself secure of success, on finding that he had thrown

E

thrown two aces. "Hold," cried the other, "wait for *my* chance." He threw, and with such dexterity, that by lodging one of the dice on the other, he shewed only one ace on the upermost of them. He was allowed by the company to have won the stakes.

NONE fight with true spirit, who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to, to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose, just at present, " but go and apply to him, from whom I won " a thousand guineas, last night, and, I warrant you, he will fight like any devil !"

A POLITICAL presence of mind fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favour of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero, and, at a time when a vast stake was on the board, the King cried out in ecstacy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had superior cards, but flung up his cards, and acquiesced. The next day, the other players told Philip how the affair had passed, and the King not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but took him into his counsels, and intrusted him with his most secret plans*.

GOOD OLD TIMES.†

THE glorious days of our Edwards and Henrys have been, and are still, a favourite subject

* Brantome, Vie de D. Juan d'Autriche.

See the Appendix, for Good Old Times in *France*.

ject of invidious comparison, with the declaimers of modern times. With how much propriety, let the present age judge, after taking into consideration first,—The behaviour of soldiers in country-quarters.

HOLLINGSHEAD, after describing a horrible tempest in the year 1380, in which a fleet, with a large body of English troops on board, destined for the coast of France, was very severely treated, and wherein more than a thousand men lost their lives, and the residue nearly perished, by hunger, cold, and fatigue, proceeds to say—
 “Some writers impute this calamitie to light on
 “the said Sir John Arundell, and his com-
 “panie, for the lascivious and filthy rule
 “which they kept before their setting forth, in
 “places where they laie, till their provision was
 “readie, who not content with that which they
 “did before they took ship, in ravishing mens
 “wives, maids, and daughters, they carried
 “them aboard with them.”

“*Sæva libido furens, quid non mortalitas cogis*
 “*Pestora? Quid ve tuo non est violabile telo?*”

“And yet when the tempest rose, like cruel
 “and unmerciful persons, they threw them
 “into the sea, either that they would not be
 “troubled with their lamentable noise or crying,
 “or for that they thought so long as they
 “had such women on board, whom they had
 “abused so long, God would not cease the rage
 “of the tempest*.”

E 2 NEXT,

* By the good leave of our worthy chronicler, the last reason is the most extraordinary one which ever entered into the mind of man.

NEXT, as to the security of property, let us hear the account which the antiquarian John Stow, gives of the state of affairs under Henry the Eighth. "A garden-house, close to his father's fourth pale, or wall, stood somewhat in " Sir Thomas Cromwell's way, and obstructed " his convenience. Therefore, without any " more ado, or having the leave of the proprietor, his workmen loosed it from the foundation, and bare it upon rollers, and ran it two-and-twenty feet into Mr. Stow's garden, before he heard any thing of it. Who afterwards speaking to the surveyors of Cromwell's works, had nothing but this answer given him, 'That Sir Thomas commanded them to do it. And none durst argue the matter. " Notwithstanding, his father was forced to pay his old rent, without abatement for his garden, though half of it was in this manner taken away." Contention in those times with the great, was like that described by Juvenal in his third satire.

— *Libertas pauperum hæc est*
Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti."

These amends for the needy, when cudgell'd, remain,
 To beg of his Honour, in pitiful strain,
 His leave to retire, (ere of sense he's bereft him)
 With the very few teeth which his Honour has left him.

G R A T I T U D E.

A SINGULAR and solemn instance of grateful respect, occurs in the conduct of that band
 of

of warriors, rapacious, profligate, and cruel as they were, who, under the conduct of the Constable de Bourbon, had with success assaulted the walls of Rome. They had, during his life-time, adored him as the divinity of war, and had endured every hardship which fatigue, hunger, cold, and want of pay, united, could bring upon them, during their march through Italy, to the gates of its metropolis, not indeed without murmurs, but with murmurs easily quelled, upon their general's representation, that his own poverty and distress of every kind, fully equalled theirs *. After his decease, which

E 3

happened

* The attachment of these bold adventurers to their commanders, may be judged from their songs, extracts of which are preserved by Brantome. A celebrated one began thus—

“ Calla, calla, Julio Cesare, Hannibal y Scipion.

“ Viva, viva, la fama de Bourbon.”

“ Let Hannibal, Scipio and Caesar retire,

“ The fame of Bourbon flies a thousand times higher.”

It proceeded—

Dezia le, “ mi's Senores, yo soy pobre Cavallero

“ Y tanbien, como vos otros, no tengo un denero.”

He said, “ Brother soldiers, I mean not to wrong you,

“ But, trust me, I'm poor, as the poorest among you.”

In this place, the Editor wishes to introduce another song, chaunted by the same army in praise of Philibert, Prince of Orange, successor to Bourbon; in this, as Brantome remarks, the rhyme is less attended to than the meaning.

Quand le bon Prince d'Orange

Vit Bourbon qui estoit mort,

Criant, “ Saint Nicolas!

“ Il est mort, Sainte Barbe!”

“ Jamais plus il dit mot

“ A dieu, rendit son ame.

“ Sonnez, Sonnez, Trompettes!

“ Sonnez tous, a l'assaut!

“ Approchez

happened in the moment of triumph, they retained their regard for their departed General's poor remains. And when, fatiated with the exercise of every species of rapine, violence, and cruelty, on the wretched Romans, during many months, they marched away from that devoted city, they carried with them the body of Bourbon, and in the face of a superior force, commanded by Lautrec, styled by Brantome "Un des plus vieux routiers, & capitaines really to the strong fortrefs of Gaicta. And this they did, left the Romans, after their departure, should insult the body of one who had brought such exquisite wretchedness upon them. After this, the soldiers built a beautiful monument over their leader, and leaving a gar-rison

" Approchez vos Enseignes,
 " Abattez ces murailles,
 " Tous les biens des Romains
 " Je vous donne en Pillage."

When the good Prince of Orange
 Saw Bourbon lie dead,
 In vain every Saint
 He invok'd to his aid.
 Convinc'd of his loss, then
 Full loudly he calls,
 That the trumpets should sound
 An assault on the walls.
 " Advance now your banners!
 " These gates break asunder!
 " The goods of the Romans
 " I give you as plunder."

However untunable these scraps of poetry may sound to a delicate ear, they are curious, and, from the circumstances which attended their composition, in some measure valuable.

rison strong enough to maintain the castle, they marched on to Naples, where being besieged, famine and other casualties of war nearly destroyed all those whom diseases, incurred by the most abandoned profligacy, had spared.

THERE is a species of grateful remorse, which sometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character *. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it.

E 4

“ Put

* Dr. Fossile, in ‘ Three Hours after Marriage.’ The player’s name was, to the best of the Editor’s recollection, Griffin. The anecdote was a favourite one with Dr. Campbell.

"Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. 'Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

The actor returned to his employer and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity, a public laughing-stock.

A MORE grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude, may be adduced in a modern Kentish anecdote, perfectly well attested.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther assistance of art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have

“ have I done any thing to offend you, Sir ? ”
 “ Not in the least,” replied the guest, “ but I
 “ find you are a very honest, good-natured,
 “ fellow ; so I will take *somebody else* in. Had
 “ *you* made it, you would never have been paid
 “ for it.” G.

H A R S H S O U N D S.

THE French have a good word to express harsh sounding sentences, “ Cacophonie,” and an example is afforded in the order given by an “ Echevin,” to strain the chains across the street, the roughness of which can scarce be equalled in any language. “ Qu’attend on donc tont ? Que ne la tend-on donc tot * ? ”

In English, we can furnish some tolerable examples, even in poetry. Even our Drayton, who was no bad poet, made very rough work of proper names in verse. But a translator of Horace, about the time of Charles II. (who takes for his motto “ Carmina desunt,” which may be well construed “ you will meet no poetry here,”) has gone the greatest lengths in the cacaphonie. He renders “ Vile potabis” thus —

* “ What do they wait for ? Why do they not strain it ? ”

“ Thoust bouze cheap Sabine, in small cup,

“ Which in Greek butt, myself daub’d up.

Again he translates, “ O sæpe mecum” —

“ O thou reduc’t oft to extremest thrall.”

What would that French poet have said to this, who, as we are assured by La Mothe, spent

spent twenty-four hours in agonies, because he could not contrive to avoid the hissing sounds of "Ce seroit?" Or what would Metastasio say, who in his Preface to "Catone," intreats leave, for the sake of melody, to use the softer sounds of "Emilia" and "Arbace," for those unmusical words "Cornelia" and "Juba?"

It is indeed hard to say what sounds are sufficiently soft for the delicate ears of Italy; for, little as the anecdote is known, it yet appears true, that Petrarch's mistress's real appellation was "Lauretta," which not appearing to the poet sufficiently harmonious, he substituted the celebrated name Laura. See his fifth sonnet.

HERALDRY.

It is probable that no science on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance, at least, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled "The Blazon of Gentrie," (a book recommended by Peacham in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate,) and runs thus—"Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh, by the part
 " of his mother, (as I have read) and might,
 " if he had esteemed of the wayne glorye of
 " this worlde (whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not) have borne coat-armour. The
 " apostles, also, (as my author telleth me)
 " were gentlemen of bloud, and manye of them
 " descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas

“ das Machabeus, but through the tract of
 “ time, and persecution of wars, poverty op-
 “ pressed the kindred, and they were con-
 “ strayed to servile workes.” p. 97.

In the same book we find the exact arms,
 properly blazoned, of Semiramis, Queen of
 Babylon.

A SANGUINE Frenchman had so high an
 opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the
 study of Heraldry, that he used to lament, as
 we are informed by Menage, the hard case of
 our forefather Adam, who could not possibly
 amuse himself by investigating that science, nor
 that of genealogy.

H E R M I T S.

THE pleasing idea of a solitude devoted to
 religious studies, and works of benevolence, na-
 turally connects itself with the term hermit:
 unfortunately, however, the race of that name
 have generally distinguished themselves by qua-
 lities far distant from the meekness and tempe-
 rance which we are led to expect from the hum-
 ble recluse. A few instances shall be given of
 hermits, who have been celebrated in history.

Romuald, born at Ravenna, of noble paren-
 tage; embraced, towards the middle of the
 tenth century, the state of a hermit, under the
 direction of a solitary, whose severity at least
 equalled his piety. Romuald bore for a long
 time, without a murmur, the repeated thumps
 which he received from his holy teacher, but
 observing that they were continually directed to
 his

his *left* side. "Honour my *right* ear, my dear master," said he, meekly, "with some of your attention, for I have nearly lost the use of my *left* ear, through your partiality to that side." Romuald, when he became master of his own conduct, shewed that he could on occasion copy the rigour of his preceptor, for hearing that his own father, who had embraced a monastic life, entertained thoughts of re-entering the world again, he hurried to the monastery, and by the rhetoric of a very hearty drubbing, brought his unsteady parent over to a more settled way of thinking.

THE rare qualities of the celebrated hermit, Peter; who, in 1096, led out fools and knaves by tens of thousands, to the destruction of themselves and of the countries through which they passed, are too well known to need a place in this work.

AMADEUS, Duke of Savoy, took upon him in the fifteenth century to become a hermit; with how much abstinence and moderation, he demeaned himself, may be judged from this circumstance, viz. that the French make use of the expression "*faire ripailles*," when they would speak of giving way to every indulgence and enjoyment; a term which they take from "*ripailles*," the name of this pious recluse's hermitage. Besides his attachment to every possible luxury, this holy anchorite had a peculiar pride in his beard, which was singularly fine and picturesque. Political motives made the cardinals seek him in his retreat, to confer on him

him the dignity of Pope; but no persuasions, nor representations would make him consent to part with that favourite beard, until the ridicule, which its preposterous appearance under the tiara, occasioned, brought him to agree to its removal. Even the pomp of the papal-chair could not long detain him from Ripailles. He soon quitted the triple crown, that he might repossess his beloved retreat.

FAR different in disposition, from the solitaries hitherto recorded, must have been he, who formed the sad and solemn lines beneath.

A Hermit's Meditation.

In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd :

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

“ Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou !

On thee to muse
The busy living world I left ;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd ?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd ?

Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain? — 'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness, cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now? — 'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen? — 'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs:

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare?

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,
All hermits in the grave.

J E U D E M O T S .

PUNNING was, at least, no *crime* in the days of the first of the Stuarts, nor Kings nor nobles were above it. The great Lord Bacon was reduced to such extreme poverty towards the latter end of his life; that he wrote to James I. for assistance in these words. " Help me, dear sovereign Lord and master, and pity me so far, " that I who have been born to a *bag*, be not " now in my age forced in effect to bear a *wallet*. Nor that I, who desire to live to study, " may be driven to study to live." Those who may be disposed to excuse this " Jeu de mots," may not perhaps be so indulgent to a former letter of the same great man, to prince Charles, wherein he hopes, that " as the father was his " *Creator* the son will be his *Red-emptor*."

A PERSON

A PERSON told M. de Sorbriere that he was fond of books in *folio*; "There," said Sorbriere, "I differ from you, I like them best in *fructu*." The idiom of our language prevents the possibility of a translation.

M. DE MENAGE, one day found himself so entangled with the carriage of a gentleman who chanced to owe him a thousand crowns, (mille ecus) that he could not pass for some time. "Mille excuses, Monsieur, mille excuses *," cried the debtor to Menage, which Menage answered by "Mille ecus, Monsieur, mille ecus †."

As we have dipped into the subject of punning, the following very ancient and equally whimsical capriccio may hope for a little indulgence.

The Conjugal Banquet.

Twelve sorts of meats my wife provides,
Nor fails me of a dish,
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
The other four of fish.

For the first course, she stores my board
With birds that dainties are,
And first, a quail †, and next a rail,
A bittern and a jar ‡.

With these my appetite when cloy'd,
For fish she renders sharp,
And serves me up a lump, a pout §,
A gudgeon, and a carp.

Then

* "A thousand excuses, Dear Sir, a thousand excuses."

† "A thousand crowns, Sir, a thousand crowns."

‡ Quail for Quarrel, or rather Quell. See Johnson's Dictionary.

§ Jar, an old word for the Ruff and Ree, from their quarrelling.

§ A whiting pout.

Cicero's look upon the Taylor hears
pleading for should have come in here.
Rem acc & exigisti.

1
naa p alu n rgu ate ita un pos igh rce nein ead n C ucl ges nd , a noic ve id c e b earl try c efor naga

Then the desert with fruit abounds,
 All fitting well the season,
 A medlar and an artichoke,
 A crab, and a *small reason*.

Now can a man have such a wife,
 And not upon her doat,
 Who every day provides him fare,
 Which costs him not a groat?

As the Editor is conscious that to some he may seem to merit reproof, for having bestowed page or two on a subject so generally undervalued and ridiculed, as the practice of playing in words, he begs leave to offer a few modest arguments, in defence of this unkindly-reproached species of humour. Its antiquity is indubitable, and were it not that the ignoble term, a pun, would sound ill when connected with apostolic characters, he *could* produce authority, highly respectable, indeed, in its favour. The Grecian oracles had lost their credit, long before their cessation, had not punning stood them in stead. To reckon up ancient punsters would be an endless task. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakespeare did. Even the ancient ages of the law could not refrain from punning; and we have as many quibbles of Cicero, near, as orations. He was not unhappy in his choice of puns, and among the rest, "Hoc est, verè, sepulchrum patris, colere," (which he said of a man who through avarice ploughed up the burying place of his family,) may take rank early as a bon-mot. Almost the whole artillery of those wits, who adorned the centuries before the last, was supplied from the abundant magazine of puns; and the great restorer of Italian

Italian poetry, the celebrated Petrarch, not contented with punning on his mistress's name, in almost every one of his hundreds of sonnets, takes that beloved word into pieces, in his fifth, and puns upon every separate syllable; and this not contenting him, he drags in Homer, (literally) by the head and *shoulders*, and puns upon *him* too.

Punning is treated with an unequalled species of cruelty — It is abhorred even while it amuses; and the very horse-laugh which it seldom fails to raise round the convivial board, is almost always accompanied by detraactive exclamations of “Oh, oh, this is *too* bad.” “I am *ashamed* of “this,” &c. &c. while the blushing punster, actually shrinking from the mirth which he has created, feels himself hurt at each burst of laughter, and generally takes great pains to convince the company, that he never punned before, nor will ever pun again. Yet a pun never loses a friend, nor, except in awkward hands, tinges the cheek of innocence. No families are set at variance by a pun, no reputations lost, no female honour tainted. The Editor here rests his feeble effort towards the defence of an unoffending, humble branch of wit, and only wishes that that defence had fallen to the lot of a more able advocate.

INCONSISTENCY.

CONSTANCE, wife to Robert, King of France, accompanied her husband in 1012, to Orleans, in order to crush a set of heretics, who had lately

I dare say the humour of making Portia
the Merch^t of Venice mimic L^d Mansfield
me from this. I remember it always done

lat
pol
rel
we
eve
fru
to
fan
bee
pen
den
one
bef

T

Rer

tyra

neal

on

I

'tl

'I

'fc

'in

'd

'm

'ex

'as

pl

w

ag

tic

ric

la

lately made their appearance in that city. The populace were so exasperated against the new religionists, that it was with difficulty that they were prevented from tearing them to pieces, even before they were judged. The Queen, struck with horror at such barbarity, advanced to repel these blood-thirsty bigots, but at the same time happening to espy a priest, who had been her own confessor, led away among the impenitent heretics, her sweetness of temper suddenly gave way, and with a cane she thrust out one of her old acquaintance's eyes, as he passed before her.

THE subsequent extracts from Sir John Reresby's memoirs, will serve to evince that tyranny and cruelty may reside in the same heart, with the extremes of frivolity and wanton caprice.

1685. "A few days afterward, I dined with the Lord Chancellor, (Jefferies) where the Lord Mayor of London was a guest, and some other gentlemen. His Lordship, having, according to custom, drank deep after dinner, called for one Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had been a comedian, an excellent mimic, and to divert the company, as he was pleased to term it, he made him plead before him in a feigned cause, during which heaped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, and in their action, and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself, which, to me, did not seem altogether
"gether

“ gether so prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law.

“ To resume the Lord Chancellor once again. He had now like to have died of a fit of the stone, which he virtuously brought on himself by a furious bebauch of wine, at Mr. Alderman Duncomb's, where he, the Lord Treasurer, and others drank themselves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whispered they had stripped into their shirts, and that had not an accident prevented them, they had got up on a sign-post to drink the King's health, which was the subject of much derision, to say no worse.”

UNDER what head, except that of inconsistency, can the strange, paradoxical character of Catherine de Medicis be introduced? Its features are so peculiar, and its parts so disproportioned, that the Editor trembles when he attempts its delineation.

The abilities of this celebrated lady, had nearly been confined to a much smaller field than that of France, for had not Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, been slain at the siege of Florence (after his exploits at the sack of Rome and the defence of Naples,) he meant to have married her, young as she was*, and to have made himself Duke of Tuscany, under the protection of the Emperor Charles V. Notwithstanding the unlucky fate of her husband Henry II. she continued to govern the kingdom

* Brantome, in his “ Hommes Illustres.”

kingdom of France, during the reigns of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. Her beauty, wit, and taste could lure from his army, a rival prince, who knew her to be his bitterest enemy*. Indifferent to religion, except as it suited her ambitious purposes, she was, yet, credulous to the most absurd degree, and the woman who could coolly say, on hearing that the Huguenots had gained an advantage, "Well then! we must say our prayers in French!" was actually the architect of a hollow column†, built expressly for the purpose of examining the stars, that she might judge the better of their influence. Though delicate as to the ornaments and nicety of her person as a Messalina, she could yet give way to a passion for hunting with such eagerness, that she often received bruises, once broke her leg, and another time fractured her skull in so dreadful a manner, that she was obliged to be trepanned. Her inquisitive disposition went hand in hand with her fortitude, and she had courage enough to listen with calmness, through a tube which she had contrived for the purpose, to a conference between the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guise, and the Mareschal St. André, wherein she heard one of the three maintain, that the best way, for the peace of France, were, to tie her up in a sack privately, and throw her into the Seine. A proposal which she found was negatived by a very small majority‡. To sum up her character, we will take

* Sully's Memoirs.

† Now standing before the new "Halle aux bleds," where, although irregularly placed, it is permitted to remain, from respect to old times.

‡ Brantome, Vie de C. de Medecis.

take the words of a favourite servant of hers, who had just been endowing her with every virtue and every grace, “* Non e perque sto, che anco tra tanta eccellenza di virtu, non germogliasse il solito loglio della imperfettione mondana. Percioche fu tenuta di fede fallacissima, conditione assai commune di tutti i tempi, ma molto peculiare di quel secolo. Avida, o piuttosto sprezzante del sangue humano, piu assai di quello che alla tenerezza del sesso femminile si convenga, e apparve in molti occasione, che nel conseguire i suoi fini, quantunque buoni, stimasse honesti tutti quei mezzi che li parivano utili al suo disegno, ancorche per se medesimi furono veramente iniqui & perfidiosi.” “Some weeds were to be found among this harvest of divine virtues; indeed she was reckoned perfectly faithless (a very common fault, particularly in that age) and greedy (or rather, thoroughly regardless) of human blood, much more than suited with the natural tenderness of her sex. Nor did she scruple any means, however wicked and perfidious, to gain those ends which appeared to her desirable.”

In the memoirs of Captain Carleton, (a book deserving credit, as the author was a veteran, of good family, and irreproachable character) remarkable testimony is given to the bravery of James Duke of York, particularly in the celebrated fight of May 28, 1672; in which he was obliged to change his ship several times.

“ Never-

* Davila, Lib. 9.

"Nevertheless," says the author, "on his entrance upon the London, which was the ship I was in, and on our hoisting the standard, De Ruyter and his squadron seemed to double their fire upon her, as if they resolved to blow her out of the water. Notwithstanding all which, the Duke of York remained all the time on quarter-deck, and as the bullets plentifully whizzed around him, would often rub his hands and cry, "*Spragg, Spragg, they follow us still.*" He adds, "I am very sensible later times have not been over-favourable in their sentiments of that unfortunate prince's valour, yet I cannot omit the doing a piece of justice to his memory, in relating a matter of fact of which my own eyes were witnesses, and saying, that if intrepidity and undauntedness may be reckoned any parts of courage, no man in the fleet better deserved the name of courageous, or behaved himself with more gallantry than he did."

And yet this very Duke of York, when become King of Great Britain and Ireland, could demean himself so far as to desert his friends and his troops after the battle of the Boyne, at a period when his army might have been recruited with ease, and when affairs were in such a situation in Great Britain *, through the cabals

* This assertion supposes that the account of court-intrigues, brought forward by Mr. M^cPherson, and by Sir John Dalrymple, is grounded on facts. This is, 'tis true, a painful supposition, but the degrading story has never been controverted by any descendants from the noble families, whose ancestors it covers with indelible disgrace. Among other paradoxical affirmations, in the books alluded to, the most striking

bals of the profligate great, that a little steadiness and a moderate exertion of personal courage, must have insured him an easy restoration.

INHUMANITY.

It seems strange that a passion for the arts should more than once have been made a pretext for the most exquisite barbarity. The story of Giotto and his dying Christ, is within every one's reading: that of Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, which seems to have been Giotto's model, is not so universally known. When Philip of Macedon had taken Olynthus, and had confined the inhabitants to slavery, Parrhasius, who had resided in the Macedonian camp, walking among the ruins of the place, was struck with the exquisite expression of sorrow which agonized the features of an old captive, a man of some rank, whose children had been just torn from him, and exposed to public sale. He purchased him, immediately; carried him to Athens; and whilst he made the wretched Olynthian perish under every torment which art could inflict, he drew, from the writhings of his tortured frame, a Prometheus under the beak and talons of the vulture, which was allowed

striking perhaps, is, that admiral Russell was under an engagement to restore King James, at the very time when he defeated the French fleet. One would think that the charge of so palpable an inconsistency might have been easily overturned; but no pen has stirred on the occasion. Nor has any one attempted to defend John Duke of Marlborough, from the charge of having betrayed the expedition against Brst, in May 1694!!!!

lowed to be a masterpiece of art. If any circumstance could add to the horrors of this story, it is, that Olynthus had actually suffered in the cause of the very city in which Parrhasius acted this detestable scene of cruelty. The piece was given by the artist to the temple of Minerva, in Athens; and Seneca coolly argues the point, whether or no, it ought to be received, there, from his hands.

AN act of more unfeeling inhumanity has seldom been perpetrated than that of the Cardinal de Lorraine, who being at the head of the council, under Francis II. and finding the avenues of Fontainebleau thronged with wounded officers, and with the widows of such as had lost their lives in the King's service, had the brutality to erect a gibbet, "in order to get rid of the beggars," as he expressed himself, and, by sound of trumpet, proclaimed, that whoever of the petitioners should not be gone, within twenty-four hours, should be executed, without mercy, upon the same*.

The same age, however, produced instances of cruelty almost beyond belief, and from their abundance, it should seem that they did not strike the minds of men with that degree of horror which they would raise at a milder period. Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III. of France, on suspicion of treason, the King rendered him the following, public testimony of his character. "Coconnas was brave enough, but

F

* Brantome.

but he was one of the wickedest fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boast of having, at the massacre of St. Barthelemy, purchased upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands of their enemies, merely for the sake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death, by slow degrees." 'To this eulogium, the tender-hearted prince added—"I never *liked* Coconnas, *thoroughly*, after I knew this story, and am not sorry for the end to which he has brought himself*."

ALL is not inhumanity which goes under that name. It is true, the effect is the same to the sufferers, but the motive is less detestable.

The cook-maid who weeps at a tale of woe, although, as a poet sings—

"All the while she skins live eels,"

is by no means to be blamed for inconsistency. The same tenderness which makes her weep at a melancholy narrative, would interest her in favour of the wretches whom she tortures, were but any one kind enough to reason with her, on a barbarity, in which she is hardened by custom †, and to acquaint her that by putting the animal's head in boiling water, she might shorten its pains.

THE

* Journal de Henri III.

† "They be used to it," was the excuse made by a thoughtless fair one, to a friend of the Editor's, who began an argument on the subject.

THE drayman who cruelly lashes the poor animals trusted to his care, thinks himself only chastising them for their perverseness. For, ridiculous as it may appear, there is no doubt but he believes that they *might* comprehend all he says to them, if they pleased. Listen to a carter, who thinks himself not over-heard; he will talk to his fore-horse; he will give his orders to him in a language which he thinks very intelligible. The horse turns this and that way, but unhappily cannot hit the right species of obedience. Then the driver, after, with the strictest impartiality, blasting the horse's eyes and limbs, and his own too, begins to use his whip, and actually believes himself only chastizing an obdurate rebel. These mistaken men ought surely not to be punished merely for doing what appears to them to be just. No, they should be sent to Bridewell, as to a school, there they should be ordered in the *Latin* language to perform some task, and should be heartily flogged, not for idleness, but for not comprehending the directions of their teachers.

MAY the Editor be indulged with the repetition of a juvenile tale? When a boy, he was charmed with the tricks which an itinerant rat-catcher had taught to a beautiful white ferret. "But what mean those bloody marks round his mouth?" "Why, that is where I sows up his chaps, that he ma'nt bite the rabbits in their berrys." "How can you be so barbarous to so tame and so lovely an animal?" "Laud, master, a' likes it. A' will hold up his chaps to be sewed!"

F 2

THAT

THAT species of cruelty which has given occasion to so many elegant effusions of poetry, has scarcely ever been more beautifully lamented than by the celebrated Buchanan, in the following epigram—

Ille, mihi semper presenti, dura, Neæra,
 'We quotes absum, semper abesse dolet.
 Non desiderio nostri, non meret amore,
 Sed se non nostro posse dolere frui.

LIE. I. EPIC.

Neæra, present, to my vows unkind,
 When absent, still my absence seems to mourn;
 Not mov'd by love, but that my tortur'd mind
 With anguish, unenjoy'd by her, is torn.

INTEMPERANCE.

THE merry sin of drunkenness has met with so many, not only apologists, but even panegyrist, that every thing which can now be brought forward on the subject, must have been long anticipated. That poets should have ranged themselves under the banner of Bacchus, cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and easy manners suit well with those of *his* worshippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartiest friends to the cause, after describing the elevation of spirit which his wine had blessed him with—

κατὰ δ' ἀπαιτὰ θυμῷ,

proceeds to make a very simple excuse for losing his senses by too much liquor—

Μέθυρτα

* “ I kick the world before me.”

Μεθυσντα γαρ με κεισθαι
Πολυ κρησσων η εαυοντα *

HORACE, who did every thing with grace, makes a most elegant eulogium on wine in the 21st ode of his 3d book, and in his epistles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all possibility of fame to waster-drinking bards, he intimates that the muses themselves had no objection to the flowing bowl.

"Vina fere dulces oluerunt manē Camenæ †."

Many philosophers have taken the tipplers part. Seneca even carries his complacency so far, as to advise men of high-strained minds to get drunk now and then—

"Non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat †."

DE TRANQUILLITATE ANIMÆ.

He adds, soon afterwards, "Do you call Cato's excess in wine, a vice? Much sooner may you be able to prove drunkenness to be a virtue, than Cato, to be vicious."

The grave Lucretius must have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have so perfectly described its effects.

—————"Cum vini vis penetravit.

"Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur

F 3

"Crura

* "Say, is't not better far, dead-drunk to fall

"Than to expire, and not revive at all?"

† "It appear'd, by the savour extrac'd from their lips,

"That each Muse, in the morning, had taken her sip."

‡ "Not that it may overpower us, but only relax our over-strained faculties."

"Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit lingua, madet mens,"
 "Nant oculi, clamor, ſingultus, jurgia giſcunt *,"

LUCRET. L. 3.

THE humorous French philoſopher, Montaigne, adduces a thouſand arguments in favour of wine, although he profeſſes himſelf not to be attached to it. "Lucius Piſo," he remarks, from Seneca, "and Cornelius Coſſus, were ſucceſſively entrusted with ſecrets of the utmoſt importance; the firſt by Auguſtus, the other by Tiberius. Theſe, they were never known to betray, although each was noted for ſuch exceſs in wine as to have been carried from the Senate-houſe, repeatedly, in a ſtate, which we ſhould call, dead-drunk."

"Heſterno inflatum venas, de more Lyæot."

VIRGIL.

The Germans always loved the pleaſures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinfius, as Menage ſays, or Petrus

* "When once their pates with wine are fraught,

"Their limbs begin to totter,

"Their ſpeech is check'd, confus'd each thought,

"Each paſſion, too, grows hotter;

"With fluttering tongue, and ſtaring eye,"

"They hiccup mutual wrath and obſcure."

† "Their veins ſtill ſwell'd with wine of yeſterday."

§ The facetious Frenchman, however, carries his ardour as an apologiſt *too far*, when he deigns to miſquote Juvenal, Sat. 15. l. 47. And inſtead of

"Adde quod & facilis victoria de madidis,"

chufes to read—

—— "Nec facilis victoria, &c."

this totally alters the ſenſe and meaning of the Poet's expreſſion, which was by no means intended to exalt drunkards into warriors.

Petrus Paganus, Poetical Professor, at Mar-
pourg, in Hesse, according to Duchat, that was
the author of a well-known comic distich, which
attempts to stutter and stagger like its author.

“ Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Ne labere, mi pes!

“ Ni steteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint.”

Which may be thus attempted in English —

“ How you totter, good feet! Have a care of my bones!

“ If you fail me, I pass all the night on these stones.”

ONE might presume that the Zaporavian Cos-
sacks were truly addicted to the pleasures of the
table, since their chief magistrate, chosen by
themselves, is not (as Bell informs us) called
their Prince, or Duke, or General, but Casha-
var, which literally signifies, Chief-cook*.

WERE our honest countryman, Howel's re-
medy against the love of drinking effectual, it
might be of service to the world to repeat it.
But although its success be doubtful, its oddity
may entertain. “ The German mothers, to
“ make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do
“ use, when they are little, to put owls eggs
“ into a cup of rhenish, and sometimes a little
“ living eel, which twinging in the wine, while
“ the child is drinking, so scares him, that
“ many come to abhor, and have an antipathy
“ to wine, all their lives after.”

THE following passage is quoted from Hol-
linghead, ‘ As for drink, it is not usually set

F 4

‘ or

* The cook among the Janizaries, is in high rank.

‘ on the table in pots or cruses, but each one
 ‘ calleth for a cup of such as he listeth to have,
 ‘ or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he
 ‘ hath tasted of it, he delivereth his cup again to
 ‘ some one of the standers by, who making it
 ‘ clean, restoreth it to the cup-board from
 ‘ whence he fetched the same. By this occasion
 ‘ much idling tippling is cut off,’

It is singular that the same custom should still continue to distinguish the meals of the English from those of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with the effect mentioned in the last sentence.

It is true of late it has become the fashion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the custom is very from being general.

THE elegant, polished females bred in the court of Louis XIV. were far less scrupulous in point of temperance than we should readily believe, had we not so indisputable an evidence as the Duchesse of Orleans, (Charlotte Elizabeth) in a letter dated May 21, 1716. “The Duchesse of Bourbon * (daughter of Madame de Montespan,) can drink a vast deal without having her senses disordered. Her daughters wish to follow her example, but they have not heads strong enough to bear so much liquor.” The Editor of those letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the best education and highest rank.

AN.

* Madame Desnoyer, in her ‘Lettres Galantes,’ recites many humorous stories of this lady. Her frolics seem to have been tolerated by Louis XIV. for the sake of the wit and good humour which accompanied them.

The Weather's Cold our Regent said
Here: I'll me out a Summer,
I'll Swallow after Swallow made
The Prince believe 'twas Summer.

Verses in Four Languages
written on the window of an Inn
at
Pont Bonvoisin.

In questa Casa Provocete.

Tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter:

Bonum Vinum, Lectos, Carnes;

Coaches Chaises - Horses, Harness.



An article chiefly dedicated to bacchanalian subjects, cannot be more properly closed than by those laws of conviviality which Lipsius has handed down to the present age.

Vinum, purum, putum, puer infundito—
 A summo ad imum, more majorum, bibunto—
 Decem Cyathi, summa potio, fento—
 Musis nonum—Decumum Apollini libanto—
 Domitian si quis habessit, indicium facito—
 Rixæ, clamor, contentio, ad Thracas
 Ablegantor—Eorum vice, carmen
 Aliudve quid musæum, proferunto.

Fill out, my lad, pure, brilliant, generous wine,
 Like those of old, the flowing bowl we'll drain,
 Ten cups be each man's due, the muses nine
 Of these demand—Apollo then will deign
 To hail the tenth—Then let each fighting swain
 His mistress own—All noise be driven away,
 All clamor and contention hence to Thrace,
 While mirth and poetry supply their place,
 And cheerful sonnets crown the pleasures of the day.

L A W S.

THE celebrated answer of our old barons, when it was proposed to introduce some part of the Roman laws, 'Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare,' is by no means so strongly adverse to innovation, as an institution of Charondas, legislator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever proposed a new law, was obliged to come into the senate-house, with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was set at liberty, but if it was negatived, he was immediately strangled†.

F 5 " SILENCE!

* Diod. Sic. Hist. Lib. XII.

"SILENCE ! keep silence in the court !" said, one day, an angry judge, " Why will you " not keep silence ? Here we have judged a " dozen causes, this morning, and have not " heard a word of one of them."

THERE is among the Jews, a law concerning jealousy ; and the rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with such nicety, that the exact number of minutes is allotted which a married lady may spend with a gentleman, before her husband has any right to suspect her. It is, those precise casuists determine, just as long as it takes to boil an egg, and to swallow it.

IT should seem that the principal advantage which we receive from the institution of juries, is the certainty that it is next to an impossibility to corrupt twelve persons, all dwelling at a distance from each other, and all set to their task of judgment, very soon after they are appointed. It is this circumstance, and not their being " Pares," or " Similar in condition to the culprit," which gives to Britons a right to glory in their constitution, as to the safety of life and property. Look to the contrast which our neighbours, the French, afford. With them the whole issue of each suit rests in the judge ; and while human nature is subject to frailty, that judge will be somehow accessible. Let his turn be ever so little avaricious, ambitious or amorous, the purse, the feather, or the " Pair of black eyes,"

—" Will kick up the balance of Justice."

CYMON.

AN

AN address from a magistrate to a fair client, produced by a French writer, as a specimen of elegant wit, contains a bitter satire on the jurisprudence of his country.

*Si je ne gagne mon procès,
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.
Vous n'aurez pas un bon succès
Si je ne gagne mon procès.*

*Vous avez, chez moi, libre accès * ;
J'en demande ches vous, un autre.
Si je ne gagne mon procès
Vous ne gagnerez pas le votre.*

If, fair one, you *your* suit would gain,
My suit to *you*, I must obtain.
My favour on your cause attends :
Favours, from *you*, will gain your ends.

Access to *me*, you freely have ;
Access to *you*, is what I crave.
But, fair one, if your suit you'd gain,
My suit to *you* I must obtain.

L A Z Y M O N K S.

MOST prejudices are absurd, and the longer hold they have had, and the deeper root they have taken on the mind, generally the more absurd they are. Among the foremost of these, stands that which consigns to detestation, and contempt, the whole tribe of ecclesiastics from the fifth to the fifteenth age of the Christian æra, under the designation of “ Lazy monks.”

To these very persons, however, are owing every spark of learning, which the present age enjoys.

* The word “ accès,” is a technical law term, which doubles the wit, though not the delicacy of this morceau.

enjoys. For manuscripts of Grecian and Roman authors could in the ages of Gothic plunder, have found refuge from the barbarity of the times, no where, but in the libraries of those very monks, whom custom has taught us to abuse. It were indeed to be wished, that those who declaim most loudly against cloistered indolence, would give themselves the trouble to reflect in what manner these "Lazy monks," employed their time and revenues.

That they were the patrons of agriculture, none can deny: the extensive marshes, the barren heaths, which under their direction, and at their cost, were rescued from sterility, indubitably prove the claim of those indolent priests to that honour. And let any one who hesitates to allow them taste, nay splendor, in the line of architecture, compare the places of divine worship lately raised for the convenience of the titled inhabitants of Grosvenor Square, Portland Place, &c. with the meanest of that infinity of abbeys, cathedrals and churches, which have owed their existence to the science, the zeal, and the purse of these "lazy monks."

But when these wretched drones (as we are used to call them,) were not employed, in overseeing buildings, which could not have been planned without their art*, nor executed without their money, or in rendering fruitless efforts, which, but for their skill and labour, would have at this era disgusted the eye, where it now meets flourishing meadows†, how at such

* See the account of the repairing, burning, and rebuilding the cathedral of Canterbury.

† Glastonbury meads, &c. Crowland, Hales-Owen, &c.

such seasons of leisure, did they spend their hours? The answer is simple, and highly to their credit; they busied themselves in forming materials of the most important kind, for the history of their country. Materials without which the story of Britain would have been wrapt up in the darkest mists. For had not these lazy monks composed chronicles of their own days, the deeds of our ancestors must have been almost universally buried in utter oblivion; nor would the accuracy of Rapin, the penetration of Hume, or the genius of Lyttleton, have availed them in composing the memoirs of past time, had they not had the inexhaustible reservoir of monkish records, to supply them with authentic information, instead of the vague and uncertain reports of tradition, which otherwise would have been their only resource.

But we are not to suppose that agriculture and architecture, were the only arts which took up their residence in convents. Poetry, physic, and painting owned no other home. That they throve not in these nurseries is too well known to be denied; yet, most assuredly, the protection which they there received, kept them from utter extirpation, and preserved them in such a state as enabled them to throw out vigorous roots and branches when transplanted, in the sixteenth century, into a more favourable soil.

L I B E R T Y.

ODD as the assertion may appear, yet it may be reasonably said, that by observing the manner in which the high roads of a country are laid

laid out, a strong presumption, at least, may be formed with respect to the nature of that country's government. In Denmark, where despotism is prevalent, we are told of high roads through the state, formed for the King's use, to the exclusion of every subject. In France, where policy goes hand in hand with arbitrary power, the highways are well contrived for the purposes of commercial vehicles, but the foot passengers are utterly neglected; and in the streets of Paris, they are left as beings not worth a thought, to be terrified and crushed by every hurrying 'fiacre' or 'diable.' It is in Britain alone, with conscious pride we say it, that the convenience and safety of the lowest order of foot travellers, are as much consulted, as the profit of the trader, the pleasures of the man of fashion, or the dignity of the Sovereignty.

FREEDOM, in Britain, can never be eradicated by the open efforts of any external foe, or internal tyrant. She may be forced from her seat, perhaps, for a little while, but her natural elastic spirit will always insure her return to her ancient residence. There may be found, however, a way to dethrone this beloved sovereign; she may be ruined by pretended admirers, who by artful contrivances may, by degrees, render her odious to the people; and when once she is no longer considered as their friend and protector, they will part with her without reluctance.

This maxim points most particularly at the liberty of the press; a privilege which must ever flourish among Britons, while used with even tolerable

tolerable discretion. But should the peace of private families be perpetually violated; should harmless characters be dragged from their retirements, and exposed, for party purposes, to obloquy or ridicule, so general and well grounded a resentment might arise, that the people might be deprived of a most inestimable blessing, by their own actual suffrage. This idea would not appear by any means chimerical, were it but remembered what was universally believed, at the time when the act for licensing theatrical performances was passed, viz. That the farce, called "The Golden Rump," the representation of which, brought forward the law in question, was actually the work of a person, who was induced by those in power to write somewhat which might give a plausible pretence for fixing irrevocable fetters on the dramatic branch of liberty*.

By the same chain of reasoning, we may plainly infer, that the licentious are the greatest and most dangerous enemies to liberty, in every one of its branches. The quiet man, who finds himself not safe in his own house from the insults of a disorderly populace, will be apt to cast an eye of desire towards ignominious security, of those that live under the noxious shade of despotism. Huzza! Liberty, liberty, for ever, Huzza! Put out your lights! Put out your

* It will appear not a little extraordinary, that the Emperor Claudius, one of the greatest tyrants that ever disgraced the human species, enacted, or proposed to enact, the most remarkable law in favour of liberty, that ever came into the mind of man. This will, however appear to any one who will examine his life in Suetonius.

your lights ! exclaim a mob, met to testify their approbation of a man, who has, perhaps, insulted the religion, laws, and government of his country. These advocates for liberty, think it right to force a poor tradesman to burn half a dozen pound of candles which he can ill afford to purchase; now should he neither have them in the house, nor be able to procure credit for them, why then, out of their regard for the liberty of the subject, they instantly break him five guineas worth of windows, and in consequence of their own attachment to dear liberty, possibly find him lodgings in a jail. G.

M E D I C I N E.

THERE was a time when physicians were bound to a strict attention towards the welfare of their patients, by somewhat besides the consideration of their own credit and future profit ; for we find, that at Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined by the bailiff, fifty golden franks (besides being imprisoned) for not having completed the cures of some persons, whose recovery he had undertaken *. And, the beautiful Austri-gilda, consort to Gontran, King of Burgundy, had, in the sixth century, been permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request, to have her two physicians slain, and buried with her. But whether from attachment to them, or by way of punishment for their ill success in her case, is not said by M. de St. Foix, who records the fact.

THE

* Ducatiana.

THE common jocular advice given to persons who are sick from the effects of intoxication, the night before, is "to take a hair of the same dog that bit them last night," i. e. to set to drinking again. This saying seems to be derived from a ridiculous mode of cure, prescribed to persons bitten by a mad dog, in a French treatise, entitled "*La Medecine aîsée*," written by "M. Le Clerc, Conseiller-medecin du Roy," published at Paris, 1719. In page 103, we read "*Pour la cure de la playe, mettez dessus du poil du chien qui a mordu. C'est la remede de Paré.*"

THE art of examining and curing wounds, was by writers of romance, allotted to princeesses, and damsels of high birth. In later days, Buchanan writes, that the Scots nobility were remarkably dexterous in the surgical art; and he says of James IV. of Scotland, "*Quod vulgè nera scientissimè tractaret* *."

"ARE you out of sorts," says the facetious Montaigne, "that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine, and of your favourite dishes? Be not uneasy; apply to me, and I engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser." So very fantastical is the practice of physic, adds our humorist, "that I have seen a man starve himself until he actually fainted, from mere inanition, to get rid of a disorder, and
"after-

* "That he was very skilful in the management of wounds."

“ afterwards be bitterly ridiculed, by a different
 “ physician from his own, for having, by his
 “ painful abstinence, actually increased the dis-
 “ order he had hoped to cure, at the cost of
 “ such severe self-denial.”

IN 1393, physicians were so low in esteem at the French court, that they were actually superceded in their attendance on the unfortunate Charles VI. of France, by a professed Necromancer. Mad. de Luffan tells us, and the story, strange as it is, is confirmed by good authorities, that the unhappy prince's health was entrusted to the care of one Arnaud Guillen, who undertook to restore him to his senses, by dint of magic. This wizard, vaunted the possession of a book entitled “ Smagorod,” which, he said, the Almighty had given to Adam, to console him for the death of Abel, whose fate that unhappy parent had unceasingly lamented during one hundred years. He failed, however, as every physician had failed before him. “ He had found a charm,” he said, “ which oppressed the royal understanding; but, it was too powerful for his spells to remove.” He was driven from the court with disgrace, but his doctrine, as to the cause of the King's malady, gained ground among the people.

TOWARDS the close of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a disease, which it is said might have been cured, had not Leoni, a celebrated physician of Spoleto, left too much to nature, and avoided to use any medicine whatever. Lazaro, an inhabitant of

of Pavia, equally celebrated for medical skill with Leoni, having made this error publicly known, raised the resentment of the deceased prince's friends to so high a pitch, that it proved fatal to the mistaken physician. For Pietro, son to Lorenzo, a youth who, though aged only seventeen years, was able to foil the most expert wrestler, happening to meet the unfortunate Leoni near the brink of a deep well, grasped him with such adroitness and force, that he sent him headlong into the water, where, being old and feeble, he was suffocated, although he received speedy assistance.

MARVILLE remarks, that no persons are so apt as physicians, to quit their profession, and follow different walks of literature, and confirm his observation by producing a very long catalogue of men, of various nations, who have resigned the study of medicine, for that of geometry, of medals, of poetry, &c. &c. &c. He reasons upon the point, and accounts for it ingeniously enough, from the vast extent of reading, through which physicians must of necessity pass, and which is likely to set before them objects, much more pleasing than those of which they are in search.

JACQUES COETIER, a physician, was the only person who could keep in awe the turbulent, uneven, spirit of Louis IX. of France. He governed him by making a proper use of that dread of death, to which he knew the King was subject to a degree so ridiculous, that he once actually stopped a priest, who after having prayed

prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his *future* welfare. "Hold! Hold!" cried he, "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my *soul*, *another time*." Coetier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, used to say to him, "One of these days, you will send *me* packing, I suppose, as I have seen you act by your other servants; but, mark my words, if you *do*, by —, you will not live eight days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himself in his station, but persuaded the pusillanimous King to appease him with great and valuable presents. On his part, he certainly paid great attention to the condition of his royal master's mind, which was frequently almost in a state of phrensy. To amuse him during his long indispositions, he contrived to have rural dances performed under his chamber-window; and to make up for the King's inability to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, the ingenious physician collected cats and huge rats, and diverted his dying patient, by letting him see combats between these discordant animals.

In the sixteenth century, the Jews were looked upon to be more expert in the art of medicine than any other persons. Francis I. of France, being exceedingly ill, and finding no relief from his own physicians, sent to his old rival and enemy, Charles V. for one, of the Hebrew race. The Emperor sent him one who had been converted. This did not satisfy the French

French monarch; he applied to the court of Constantinople, for an obstinate, unbaptized Israelite. One such, accordingly attended on him, and by the help of asses milk, effected his cure.

It is asserted in a French book entitled, "Le nouveau Cours de Chimie," that the discovery of the powers resident in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Basilus Valentinus, who finding that it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it, (heaven knows with what connection of ideas,) on a convent of monks. Unluckily, instead of improving the condition of these holy men, it killed them by dozens, whence it obtained the name of "Anti-moine." Paracelsus attempted to bring it, notwithstanding this misadventure, into credit, but he, too, failed, and it was not, until very late times, that the virtues of that very useful medicine were universally allowed.

Few medical people have acted so fairly by their patients, as "Dr. Anthony Storck, aulic counsellor and chief physician to the Empress "Queen," who, before he recommended the use of the Meadow-saffron root, (a known poison) to those afflicted with the dropsy, and other diseases, tried it upon himself in a crude state, until he was brought to the door of death; he then having with difficulty, recovered, and having found a method of checking the poisonous qualities of the root, by infusing it in vinegar, made another experiment on himself, and

and finding no evil consequences, administered the decoction with success to others †.

LA MOTHE LE VAYER, observing that Phereides, (preceptor to Pythagoras) Anaximander, and Abaris, foretold earthquakes, asks this humorous question, “ If we consider the earth as a huge animal, had not these the art of feeling its pulse, and thereby of foreseeing the convulsions it would be troubled with ?”

THE celebrated Florentine physician, Andrea Baccio, who has been styled the Italian Radcliffe, for his astonishing penetration as to diseases, resembled that singular man, also, in the blunt method of delivering his sentiments. He was one day called to attend on a woman of quality. He went, felt her pulse, and asked her “ how old she was ?” She told him, “ above fourscore.” “ And how long *would* you live ?” said the cross physician, quitting her hand, and making the best of his way out of her house.

“ YOUR unchristian virulence against me,” said a Huguenot who had been persecuted for preaching, “ shall cost hundreds of people their lives.” This menace brought the author into trouble ; he was cited to a court of Justice, and was charged with harbouring the most bloody designs against his fellow subjects. “ I am innocent,” said he, “ of all you lay to
“ my

† Gentleman's Magazine, 1764.

“ my account. My only meaning was, that I
“ meant (since I could not act as a minister) to
“ practise as a physician.”

THAT pleasant philosopher, Montaigne, must be once more introduced, under this head, for the sake of the whimsical consolation which he kindly offers to those afflicted with gout, gravel, rheumatism, &c. “ These,” he says, “ are symptoms of a long life, just as heat, “ cold, rain and hail are the attendants on “ every long journey.”

ALTHOUGH our modern quacks take a very large range, as to the disorders which they assert their power of curing, there are yet, in the Editor’s possession, advertisements, (for which, he is indebted to the original edition of the Spectator, which was first printed as a newspaper) that lay claim to the extirpation of three complaints which now bid defiance to “ tinctures,” “ confects,” and “ electuaries.”

“ AN incomparable pleasant tincture, to restore the sense of smelling, though lost for many years, a few drops of which being snuffed up the nose, infallibly cures those who have lost their smell, let it proceed from what cause soever. It admirably cures all obstructions in the olfactory or smelling nerves, comforts and strengthens the head and brain, and revives the smelling faculty to a miracle, and perfectly cures, so as to cause the person to smell as quick and as well as any one in the world. Price 2s. 6d.

“ a bottle ;

“ a bottle; sold only at Mr. Payne’s toy-shop,
 “ at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul’s
 “ Church-yard, near Cheapside with directions.”

“ AN admirable confect, which assuredly
 “ cures stuttering and stammering in children or
 “ grown persons, though ever so bad, causing
 “ them to speak distinct and free without any
 “ trouble or difficulty; it remedies all manner
 “ of impediments in the speech, or disorders
 “ of the voice of any kind, proceeding from
 “ what cause soever, rendering those persons
 “ capable of speaking easily and free, and with
 “ a clear voice, who before were not able to
 “ utter a sentence without hesitation. Its stupendous effects, in so quickly and infallibly
 “ curing stuttering, stammering, and all disorders of the voice, and difficulty in delivery of
 “ the speech, are really wonderful. Price
 “ 2s. 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at
 “ Mr. Osborn’s toy-shop, at the Rose and
 “ Crown, under St. Dunstan’s Church, Fleet-
 “ street.”

“ Loss of memory, or forgetfulness, certainly cured, by a grateful electuary, peculiarly adapted for that end: it strikes at the
 “ prime cause, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, makes the head clear and easy,
 “ the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, corroborates and revives all the noble faculties
 “ of the soul, such as thought, judgment, apprehension, reason and memory, which last
 “ in particular it so strengthens, as to render
 “ that

“ that faculty exceeding quick, and good be-
 “ yond imagination; thereby enabling those
 “ whose memory was before almost totally lost,
 “ to remember the minutest circumstance of
 “ their affairs, &c. to a wonder! Price 2s. 6d.
 “ a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne’s at the An-
 “ gel and Crown, in St. Paul’s Church-yard,
 “ with directions.”

To the preceding advertisements, the Editor
 begs leave to add another, from the same re-
 spectable paper, which prescribes for a com-
 plaint, more certain and more palatable re-
 dies for the which, may be found at the hospi-
 table table of the country squire, the companies
 feasts of the citizen, or at the equally sociable
 and charitable parties in favour of hospitals, &c.
 at the London Tavern.

“ An assured cure for *leanness*, which pro-
 “ ceeds from a cause which few know, but
 “ easily removed by an unparalleled specific
 “ tincture, which fortifies the stomach, puri-
 “ fies the blood, takes off fretfulness in the
 “ mind, occasions rest, and easy sleep, and as
 “ certainly disposes and causes the body to
 “ thrive and become plump and fleshy, if no
 “ manifest distemper afflicts the patients, as
 “ water will quench fire. It is also the best
 “ remedy in nature for all chronic diseases,
 “ that take their rise from a bad digestion in
 “ the stomach, which this specific tincture in-
 “ fallibly rectifies, and thereby cures. It is
 “ pleasant to taste, and is sold only at Mr.
 “ Payne’s toyshop (as before) Price 3s. 6d. a
 “ bottle with directions.”

G

IN

IN a pamphlet published by Sir Stephen Theodore Jansen, Bart. in 1767, the respectable author affirms, that a morbid substance, “ which had lodged *seven* or *eight* years, in a “ building at Southampton, infected some hundreds of persons, one half of whom miserably perished.”

THE following story, which is really authentic, and was delivered to the Editor, immediately from the *inferior* of the parties concerned, is at least interesting, as it exhibits an exalted character in a much more familiar and pleasing light, than that in which it has been generally seen.

About five-and-thirty years since, a very worthy man, and one whose word may be relied on, went to St. James's Palace to visit one of the pages, whose apartment was two pair of stairs high. He drank tea there, took his leave, and stepping back unadvisedly, (on his friend's shutting the door after him) he half slipped, and half tumbled, down a whole flight of steps, and probably, with his head burst open a closet-door. We say *probably*, because the unlucky visitor was too completely stunned with the fall, to know what had happened. Certain it is, that he found himself on his recovery, sitting on the floor of a small room, and most kindly attended by a neat little old gentleman, who was carefully washing his head with a towel, and sitting, with infinite exactness, pieces of sticking plaster to the variegated cuts, which the accident had conferred on the abrupt visitor's un-wigged pate. For some time his surprise

pride kept him silent, but finding that the kind physician had completed his task, and had even picked up his wig and replaced it on his battered head, he rose from the floor, and limping towards his benefactor, was going to utter a profusion of thanks for the succour he had received, and enquiries into the manner of his mishap. These were however instantly checked, by an intelligent frown, and by a significant wave of the hand towards the door of the closet. The patient understood the hint, and retired, taking more care of his steps downwards for the remainder of the staircase, and wondering how so much humanity, and so much unfociableness, could dwell in the same breast. His wonder (which, like all other wonder, was connected with folly,) ceased, when he found, on describing to a friend the situation of the closet, that he had owed the kind assistance he had received, to the first man in the kingdom, who, after having exercised the humanity of the *fellow-creature*, found too much of the *monarch* about him to support a familiar conversation with the person he had relieved.

N A M E S.

SCALIGER had a most ridiculous aversion to the name of Harlai, and thus he expresses himself in a Latino-gallic jargon *. “ Omnes “ Harlæi sunt bizarres, sunt quinque familiæ,

G 2

“ & omnes

* “ All the Harlais are queer; there are five different families of them, and all of them miserly.”

" & omnes avari." He proceeds to specify instances of their avarice, and closes his sarcasms with the character of * " Dominus de Saint Aubin, qui est unus ex Harleis, Gubernator " de Saint Maixent, semper vivit in hospitio, " ne cogatur amicos excipere. Plus consumo " in uno anno quam ille." M. de Monglas, one of the Harlai family, who had a particular esteem for Scaliger, happening to light one day on this ill-tempered, weak paragraph, very naturally flung the book into the fire, and discarded its writer from his friendship.

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the Gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. The cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the same attention to delicacy, and when a Pope has demanded the names of some priests of their order, that one might be raised to the purple, they have sent those names written circularly, that they might not seem to recommend one, more than another. The race of sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle, and call it a *Round Robin*.

TOWARD the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned men

* " The Sieur de St. Aubin, who is one of the Harlais, and governor of St. Maixent, always lives at an inn, that he may have an excuse for not entertaining his visitors. " Even I spend more in a year than he does."

men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classical ones. As Sannazarius, for instance, who altered his own plain name "Jacopo," to "Actius Sincerus." Numbers did the same, and among the rest, Platina the historian, at Rome, who, not without a solemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," instead of "Philip." Pope Paul the Second, who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be suspicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehension. He had no idea that persons could wish to alter their names, unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment, and other violent methods to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confess, so the Pope, after endeavouring in vain, to convict him of heresy, sedition, &c. released him, after a long imprisonment.

THE origin of names, is a subject which seems to have been, hitherto, rather superficially treated; and there is not wanting reason to believe, that from the surname may be drawn very probable conclusions respecting not only the trade or profession of the family's founders, but also their bodily peculiarities, qualities, accomplishments, or defects, and the degree of respectability in which they were held; remarkable accidents which have happened to particular persons, are also frequently recorded in their surnames. Those resulting from personal description, are probably, much older than those from trades or professions, these not having been

been regularly exercised by particular persons, until nations were considerably advanced in civilization; for before that period, every man was his own smith, carpenter, mason, &c. and every man made his own clothes and shoes. But from the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could only be done by pointing out personal qualities, or places of residence. For *John, the son of John, or William*, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavyfides, Messieurs Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinfides, Anguishes, and Hedacres, owed their appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sangwines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy, thoughtless finners of the earliest ages.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings, and their names may possibly point out the places where they were exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. Highwayman, but that of Mr. Gentleman, would probably do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station

station of their parents, thus, Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Jennison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mothers names, those of their fathers being unknown. But Misson, and Goodison, were visibly the produce of the faux-pas of Miss, and of Goody; whereas, Jenni-son, Nel-son, Bet-son, &c. were the slips of dairy and milkmaids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose *fathers* were known. Masterson and Stewardson, shew the children of the master and steward, while Jackson, Thomson and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of hinds, servants and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry, was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad, and that of Perkin, to one of a like description, born in one of the cyder counties, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordinary names: many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones. Such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is the German name for a tree-garden, i. e. an orchard, and the latter signifying in the same tongue (Icken-baum), an oak-tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public-houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John-

152 NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

Offler! Betty-Chambermaid! Jenny-Cook! Will-Drawer! and Sam-Boots! G.

NATIONAL REFLECTIONS.

GENERAL, or national reflections, are the peculiar province of the vulgar, and with *them* they are characteristic; when, however, they are thrown out by men of any pretensions to literature, they confer indelible disgrace on the work which contains them; Guy Patin, is an example to this purpose. He acquired in his time, by dint of audacity, and particularly by forcing his correspondence on men of eminence in literature *, a kind of character in science, of which an accurate perusal of his works, will, in the eyes of discerning readers, utterly deprive him.

This man honored England with his enmity, and an enmity so savage, so brutal, that it can only be paralleled by the effusions of Hyder Ally's Jemmatdhars †. “Moy, qui hay naturellement les Anglois, je ne pense qu’avec ‘‘ horreur de cette nation ‡.” “Hoc mihi ‘‘ sunt, inter homines, Angli, quod sunt inter ‘‘ brutas animantes, lupi §.” These were the sentiments which G. Patin blushed not to avow. The extent of this man’s *knowledge in history*, may be judged from his affirming that, “Lord Darnley was murthered by the Puritans;” “tans;”

* Ducatiana, p. 52.

† History of the War in Asia.

‡ As for me, (who naturally hate the English) I cannot think of that nation without horror.

§ To me, the English are, among *men*, what wolves are among *beasts*.

“tans;” of his *judgment*, by the pains which he takes to prove that “Mahomet was never a cardinal at Rome,” and that there are no “Silver grapes in Hungary.” Vide Patiniana, *passim*.

His consistency appears, from his positively declaring his disbelief of spectres, and from his telling, in the very same page, the silly story of Bodin’s familiar spirit, in such a manner as would make any of his readers suppose that he gave implicit credit to it. *Ibidem*.

THOSE, who form their ideas concerning the character of a nation, from the farcical strictures of their neighbours, will often find themselves greatly mistaken. Such portraits will be much too highly coloured to have any general resemblance, although some particular features may afford a likeness. Besides, there is now and then, in a nation, a haughty affectation of some peculiarity, though of no pleasant kind. In the “Life of Duncan Forbes,” we are told of a hearty tub of punch, made in such haste, that the barrel not having been cleaned, the scales of the pickled salmon were seen swimming on the surface. This appears to have been a mere affectation of slovenliness, as does also the want of a proper floor, or at least, of a carpet by the side of that bed, which Dr. Johnson’s Tour has immortalized.

We are, in the like manner, to guard ourselves against the common error, of granting to our neighbour islanders a monopoly of bulls. The simplicity of the Irish servant, who got rid of a light guinea, by giving it to a toll-man, be-

tween two halfpence, is fully equalled by an English cook, who valued herself much to her lady, at having put off a neck of venison (which had been sent from table to be more roasted another day) to a visitor's servants for mutton. Nor did ever Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my foul, I do not yet know " whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

OUR lively neighbours of France, seem to have preserved some striking features in their character, through successive ages. Anna Comnena, the ingenious historian of her father's reign, describes the French knights and warriors, who visited Constantinople, in their way to the Holy Land, as mingling gaiety with warfare, and actually brings to our mind, the petticoats of the present age, when she describes, with her eloquent pen, her imperial father, labouring under the tortures of the gout, and yet obliged to answer the innumerable enquiries, made by his Gallic visitors. Anna Comnena, too, bears witness to the savage fidelity of the John Bulls of her time. She tells us that Alexius Comnenus, her father, meaning to depose Nicephorus Botoniates, the Emperor of Constantinople, sent Cæsar Ducas, in the habit of a monk, to spy how the city was defended. He brought word back, that "they * must take heed not to assault one particular part, which " was

* *Μηδὲ τοῖς Βασιλεῦσι ἐκκαλεῖσθαι.*

" was guarded by the " Barangi, *" and that to attempt " them by bribery were impracticable. For," says he, " these battle-ax men, " adhering firmly to the traditions of their own " country, think faith to their leaders, to be " their portion of inheritance." These Barangi, who were undoubtedly Englishmen, are supposed, by some writers, to have fled their country, when they found the Normans prevail, and to have wandered as far as Constantinople, in search of a prince, to whom they might, with honour, transfer their allegiance.

THOSE rays which have lately illuminated almost every region of despotism, and which seem to have particularly enlightened almost every nation of late, have so far melted down the prejudices which opposed any amity between Britain and France, that the French now, do ample justice to the British constitution and manners, and appear, virtually, to have abandoned the charge of ferocity and sanguinary violence, which has been brought against our islanders, as strong features in their national character, by Voltaire, and others of their historians. It is in compliment to this growing candor, that the Editor lays aside a plan he had formed, of proving, from the evidence of French writers alone, of Montaigne, L'Estoille, Brantome, D'Aubigny, &c. &c. that the civil wars of France brought forward in many

single

* Barangi, i. e. English. See Nicetas Choniates & Fobrar's Glossarium, ad Verb. *Lex Augusti Baragis*. See also Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

156 NATURAL ENEMIES.

single years, (and some so late as 1621,*) more cruelties, massacres, and execrable violences, than the *whole duration* of the civil wars, between the White and the Red Rose, and between King Charles I. and the Parliament of England. He will only intimate the detestable treatment to which the most amiable part of the creation were perpetually exposed, a horror unknown to English annals. He will barely hint at the letter from the "Baron D'Assier," to the Duc de Montpensier †, and he will only refer the inquisitive reader to Brantôme's life of the last mentioned general §, for a tale, which is related by that old courtier, as a good joke, and which he declares he heard the D. de Guise, repeat with loud applause, before his own spouse and a brilliant party of women of quality.

NATURAL ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH war is apparently an idea inimical to the precepts of the Christian religion, yet some there are who imagine that it is not only permitted, but even ordained in the general plan of great arrangements for mortals, either as a scourge for the sins of mankind, or as a means of preventing that immense increase of human beings, which otherwise might occasion famine and pestilence, evils more intolerable even than war.

But

* See account of the taking Negrepelisse, in the *Mem. de Bassompierre*, confirmed, and enlarged on by Dr. Heylyn, in his "*Two Journeys*," p. 236, 237.

† *Hist. de L'Ordre de St. Esprit.* Tom. I. p. 167.

§ Brantôme, Tom. 8. p. 314, 315. Also the article *Babel* in the *Gen. Dict.*

But we ought not, presumptuously, from this cause, to deduce the enmity, which has existed for so many ages between Great-Britain and France. An enmity scarcely lessened even by that general light of toleration which has illuminated mankind within the last century.

Far from being intended by nature for foes, one would rather imagine that the two countries were meant to be in perpetual alliance. Each possesses the very commodities of which the other is destitute. The coal, the beer, the wool of Britain, are as much wanted in France, as the wine, the oil, and the fine linen of the French are wished for in England. We allow too, to each other reciprocally, the most respectable and engaging qualities. We deny not to our Gallic neighbours, gallantry in battle, military science, politeness of behaviour; and, above all, we unanimously allow them pre-eminence in every elegant accomplishment. On their parts, they grant to us sincerity, bravery, and a generous philosophy, which, in all their dramas, where a Briton is introduced, forms the striking feature of his character. Are two nations thus circumstanced with respect to each other, formed to be "Natural Enemies?" Shame on the expression! It is absurd, unnatural, and little less than blasphemous, as it conveys an idea precisely contradictory to that benevolence in the Supreme Being, which we are bound, as Christians, to look upon as one of his essential attributes.

Œ C O N O M Y.

THE following letter contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on, for, facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humour at the expense of his veracity; and he avers every circumstance there related to be literally true.

“ You ask me what I have seen, in my ramble, worth relating. You are no antiquarian, I will not therefore tease you with ruined abbeys, Gothic castles, Roman and Danish camps, or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to a human curiosity. This is a Mr. Osbaldeston, an attorney’s clerk, and, in spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but that is not all. This honest limb of the law is married, and has, at least, half a dozen children, all of whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of, how much do you think? Guess a little, I pray you. Why then, to support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than *sixty pounds per annum*! And, if possible to increate the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for Sundays and Holidays. But I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his
“ master,

This is all pretty true; Mr Hoale knew
the Man personally & invited him once
to hunt with him at Exendon. That I
might see so singular a Character.



“ master, he acted as an accountant for the
 “ butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in
 “ offal; the choicest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family, and with the
 “ rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his
 “ garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar,
 “ and fed on grains from a neighbouring brew-house, and on damaged corn, with which he
 “ was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week, in
 “ the season, he hunted, and by giving a hare,
 “ now and then, to the farmers, over whose
 “ grounds he sported, secured their good-will,
 “ and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary economy, winked at his going over their manors
 “ with his moderate pack.

“ Accident, has, since, removed this uncommon man to Lewes, in Suffex, where on
 “ the same stipend, he continues to maintain
 “ the same family. Curiosity let me to visit
 “ this extraordinary party, about their dinner
 “ time. The two-legged part of it were clean,
 “ though not superfluously clothed, and seemed
 “ to live like brothers with the surrounding
 “ animals. It looked, in short, somewhat like
 “ the golden age. Mr. O. himself seemed and
 “ acted like the father of the quadrupeds, as
 “ well as the bipeds, and as such, decided with
 “ the utmost impartiality, for Master Jacky having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded
 “ instant restitution. And, on the other hand,
 “ Doxy having snatched a piece of liver from
 “ Miss Dorothea, was obliged, on the spot, to
 “ restore it to the young lady.

“ On

“ On enquiry, I found that Mr. O. was the
 “ younger son of a gentleman of good family,
 “ but small fortune, in the north of England,
 “ and that having imprudently married one of
 “ his father's servants, he was turned out of
 “ doors, with no other fortune than a southern
 “ hound, big with pup; whose offspring have
 “ since been a source of profit and amusement
 “ to him.” F. G.

The writer of the above letter has informed the Editor, that this very extraordinary character has lately resided, with the same family, at Croydon, in Surrey.

The Editor cannot help wishing that Mr. Osbaldeston had fallen in with the dispenser of the hand-bill which follows this paragraph, and which was actually put into the hand of a friend of his, as he was passing the Strand, in March, 1788. The industrious l'aylor would certainly have been employed by that incomparable, and *really* respectable, œconomist, to regulate the wardrobe of the family.

The Dispensary for disordered Apparel,

“ Either by wear, tear, burn, misfitting, or any other
 “ complaint whatever, the latter being a complaint incident
 “ to liveries, frequently occasioned by the removal of servants, even should they be wanting in length and breadth, shall be speedily cured without blemish, &c. &c.
 “ And after the curious manufacturer, by care, skill and labour, has highly finished off beautiful and costly ornaments covering for the human body, it shall not be degraded by being put together in a slammakin and bungling manner, but shaped genteel, free, and easy, and put together with strength and beauty, so that it shall both do justice to the manufacturer, and honour to the wearer, having instruments for that purpose, which are of themselves infallible, if not misguided by something which is mortal,
 “ of

“ of which all possible care will be taken to prevent : but to
 “ avoid too much quackery puffing, will come to ocular de-
 “ monstration, by producing some of their performance ;
 “ viz. a tolerable decent suit on his back, made out of two
 “ very ragged old coats, bought in Rosemary-lane for
 “ eighteen-pence, and a coat that will admit of four different
 “ changes of fashions, made out of a much smaller sized rag-
 “ ged old coat and breeches, bought at the same place for
 “ two shillings ; breeches neatly fitted in the common way
 “ without leg-seams, ditto to wear either side outward, as
 “ two pair, either leather and cloth, or what any Gentle-
 “ man may chuse, that can be put on and off without dis-
 “ turbing hoots or shoes, even should they be dirty ; and
 “ ditto with more conveniences than either, without any
 “ seam at all.

“ Ladies riding habits made in the genteelst taste, and
 “ those Ladies who make use of drawers may have them
 “ made on the new-invented breeches plan, without a seam
 “ at all, like a napkin, and with such conveniences never
 “ seen before : Young Gentlemen’s first clothes made on a
 “ useful and diverting humorous plan, never done by any
 “ but himself. This operator will undertake to make a de-
 “ cent coat in the present taste, which shall be both for ser-
 “ vice and beauty, nearly equal to any new coat, out of (al-
 “ most) the worst coat that was ever thrown off a trade-
 “ man’s back ; many more singular operations upon coats,
 “ can be authenticated by Mr. Babar, at his hat manufac-
 “ tory, Charing-crofs ; Mr. Price, clock and watch-maker
 “ and mender, No. 26, St. Martin’s-lane ; Mr. Burford, to-
 “ bacconist, Little St. Andrew-street, Seven-Dials ; Mr.
 “ Hutchinlon, linen-draper, No. 1, Berkley-square ; Mr.
 “ Vose, peruke-maker, in Bedford-street, Bedford-row ; Mr.
 “ Isherwood, at the Fountain, Peckles Pool, in the City-
 “ road ; and Mr. Mardle, copper-smith, in Houndsditch :
 “ The above performances are at present carried on in a
 “ three pair of stairs chambers,

“ No. 127, near Exeter-Change, in the Strand,

“ Number on the door, which is always open in the day-
 “ time, but the business has been much retarded, for the
 “ want of some necessary instruments to carry it on, not-
 “ withstanding neither idleness nor extravagance have had
 “ any share in the cause of that complaint, there not being
 “ ten shillings worth of animal food or liquors of any kind,
 “ except mint-tea, been expended amongst six persons for
 “ these ten months past, four of that number being girls,
 “ and all incapable of earning one penny, the two eldest by
 “ “ misfortune,

" misfortune, and the other two by their youth. Under
 " this load, together with the narrowness of the present
 " circumstances, it is found to be too hard a task to rise up
 " in the world; he therefore flatters himself that by making
 " this his real case known to the public, that they will, out
 " of humanity, assist his endeavours to support his family, in
 " a more Christian-like manner than at present, being more
 " like swine or other beasts, not having six-pennyworth of
 " linen amongst six persons, and all other necessaries wanting
 " in like manner; the task is great! but yet not so great but
 " what numbers may conquer, therefore will rest upon faith
 " to believe that the number of well disposed people these
 " may fall into the hands of, will never let it be said that
 " such a tradesman was found starved to death amongst the
 " rags, (where at present he now lies,) under the shop-board,
 " whose highest ambition is only to live and die on the top
 " of it, and to be enabled to join temperance with prudence,
 " to act in conjunction with fortitude and justice, through
 " the small remaining passage of this life.

" September 29th, 1786.—Being entered into the third
 " year of the above mentioned apartments, and this being
 " the first application, will give a full and true account of
 " the benefits and progress arising from these bills, in my
 " next, &c. &c.

" Your commands will be waited on to-morrow, or a line
 " will be immediately attended,

" By your obliged humble servant,

" JOHN SHAKESPEARE."

AN extreme attention to the smallest points
 of œconomy, is said to have been ever a striking
 feature in the character of a person, not long
 deceased, whose memory will long be remem-
 bered for the distinguished preference which he
 gave in his last will, to public charities, over his
 nearest relations. A very singular and laughable
 instance of this is reported. He loved to attend
 dramatic exhibitions, and, for his health's sake,
 he chose to take a great coat with him. But
 where should he leave this useful appendage
 during the performance? The box-keepers would
 expect at least six-pence; the orange girls would
 take

take little less; and should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must spend three-pence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper and equally secure. He pawned his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a shop near the door, for a shilling, which he carried back to it, at the close of the play, added *one penny* for interest, and received his great coat again safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender. G.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building defaced with plaister. What does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smear and "Daniel Daub, Churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine, old, stone building, with a thick coat of lime and hair, or white-wash, *beautifying* it!

What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the hamlet, during his year of power. An apothecary in office, physicks the poor. A glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church-windows, and afterwards brings in a long bill for mending them. A painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft, as fine as vermillion, Prussian blue, and Dutch-gold can make them; the late church-wardens chanced to be a silver-smith, and a woollen-draper. The silver-smith new fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be done

done, with some shadow of modesty, but to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified*! Shame on them! G.

P A R L I A M E N T.

ARE not they who think they shall do away all corruption, by lopping off those which are called the rotten boroughs, from the trunk of the constitution, extremely deceived? Will it not be, at least, as easy for a Minister to bribe the *elected*, who is *but one*, as the *electors*, who are *many*? Will not the old story of the two broom-sellers illustrate this observation? Said the one to the other, "How can you afford to 'sell *your* brooms cheaper than I can *mine*. I 'am sure, I steal the wood, both for the handle and the brush." "But I," answered the other, "steal *my* brooms ready-made."

MAY not Dr. Burney's anecdote of a set of parish officers well typify the modern agitators of a parliamentary reform? They applied to Snetzler (a celebrated organ-builder) to examine their organ, and to make improvements on it—"Gentlemen," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hondred pound, just now"—well—I will spend von hondred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

It was a humorous thought, and well expressed, by a gentleman (himself a representative for a county) who, when he heard that a bill was directed to be regulated by a committee, consisting of Knights of Shires, and Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the long robe, only, "that," said he, "is, in other words, all the knaves " and fools in the house."

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

THE opinion of our learned Selden on the subject of this article is as follows. "We cannot tell what is a judgment of God. It is a presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague, we *know* we want health, and therefore we pray to God to give us health. In time of war, we *know* we want peace, and therefore we pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say a judgment falls on a man for something in him *we* cannot abide. An example we have in K. James, concerning the death of Henry IV. of France. *One* said he was killed for wenching, *another* said he was killed for turning his religion." 'No,' says K. James, (who could not abide fighting,) 'he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom.'

The idea of a particular providence guiding every human transaction, though very pleasing, is of too delicate a nature to be clearly admissible in common life. It is a doctrine which, although the modest religionist uses with discretion, yet is eagerly grasped at, and seized with blind violence, by the fanatic enthusiast. Some, (and those too who ought to be, from their education, superior to such "miseres") produce alternately, heavy showers, and clear skies, to aid their preaching labours. They bring their virulent opposers to sudden and uncommon deaths;

deaths; and the lower orders of them actually supply themselves with leather breeches*, and their wives with quilted petticoats, all by direction of a particular providence.

AN anecdote which came from the mouth of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Campbell, will point out strongly the impropriety of such a persuasion being trusted to our unsteady imaginations. The late Lord Holland, who loved and valued the Doctor's company, was fitting one morning condoling with him on their mutual infirmities, and lamenting, with a considerable degree of petulance, the inconveniences to which the want of health subjected mankind, when advanced in years. The door opened, and a well known paymaster and contractor entered the room, florid and full of health. They congratulated him on his sanguine looks——“Yes,” he said, “Providence had been very good to him, for he had never known a moment's sickness in his life.” This declaration by no means softened the asperity of Lord Holland's countenance. The contractor saw all was not right, and took his leave.

“There now, Campbell, there now,” said the angry peer, pointing to the door, “You see what providence has been about—taking care of that scoundrel's health, forsooth! and not minding what becomes of your drop-sical belly, or of my d-d ringworm!”

P A S-

* Buckingham's “Bank of Faith.”

P A S S I O N S.

IT has been acutely observed by a periodical writer, that, unless we indulge them, the passions are not by any means so much our masters as we would, too often, by way of excuse, wish them to be thought. Reverence to Heaven, and respect to dignity will prevent the most violently passionate individual, from giving way to any visible emotions of rage, at church, or at court; and the same self-denial, were we but determined to enforce it, would have equal effect in our own houses and families.

To the two above-mentioned checks on the passions, viz. reverence to our God, and respect to our King, we are happily enabled, by a striking example, to add a third,—zeal for our country. For it is averred from the most indubitable authority, that during a late siege, which had it a Homer for its historian, would make that of Troy “hide its diminished head,”) although the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, separately, and jointly, exerted themselves unceasingly, and, Heaven be thanked! with success, in the defence of the place committed to their charge; yet, from motives of private disgust, they never once exchanged a single word with each other, throughout the whole duration of the affair, except in councils of war!

LOPEZ D'ACUNHA, a gallant Spaniard, who lived in 1578, recorded in the Apophthegms of Juan Ruffo, seems to have had the affections of his mind under as good command as the Grecian

cian Epictetus. He was called out from his tent by a sudden alarm. His servants armed him in great haste, and although he told them that his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted that it could not be fitted better. The brave Lopez had not leisure to contest the point, he rushed to the combat, fought with success, and at his return, unlacing his casque, and throwing it down on the ground, together with his bloody ear, "There," said he mildly to his awkward valets, "was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting " on my helmet?"

THE Mareschal de Ferté, when on his death bed, by no means equalled the calm Spaniard in resignation. His confessor, who knew him to be a man of quick passions, had been some time endeavouring to rid him of his impetuous warmth, to wean his thoughts from worldly objects, and to fix them on heaven. He already flattered himself with success, and to complete his pious work, he desired the Mareschal's valet to bring him a crucifix. The valet, and a footman, eagerly ran for it at the same time, and by struggling which should bring it, delayed it so long, that the Mareschal, forgetting his newly acquired habits of patience, hallooed out to the valet, with all the strength he had left, "Morbieu! why do you not break that scoundrel's head with it?"

THE Duchefs D'Orleans gives two instances of hasty anger in Louis XIV. He once gave a caning to a servant, who not knowing him, opposed

Terrace somewhat roughly. Let it
alone Your Honour, said the Centinel.

Dost not know me Soldier? said the
King. - Yes Sir, now I do, replied the
Man unmov'd: but Your Majesty
knows I must obey Orders.

Thou art right replies our good:
- pater'd Sovereign - There's five Shilling
for thee.

Page 168 - at bottom.

l t t l l v ' t h h f

u n n F t l O w f i e r t o w K w p r m f o t h " " " (w p e

posed his entrance into a public garden. Another time, chancing to observe a thief picking the pocket of the Mareschal de Villars, the King fell upon him, and drubbed him so severely, that the fellow hallooed out, "Au meurtre, Au meurtre ! on m'affomme * !" to the great diversion of the whole court. Louis, however, as he had punished the rogue with his own hands, permitted him to exchange death for imprisonment.

THE passion of fear sometimes shews itself upon the slightest occasion, and in persons the most unlikely to entertain such a guest. A French author relates a whimsical instance of this kind. Charles Gustavus (the successor of Christina of Sweden) was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage defied admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Konigsmarc, who stood by the King's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master, that the peasant ought to be burnt as a forcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majesty will but make " that old gentleman take off his sword and his " spurs, I will eat him before your face, before " I begin the pig." General Konigsmarc (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, and

H
who

* Murther ! Murther ! I'm a dead man !"

who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age,) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up, securely, before he had got rid of the panic which had so severely affected him.

In the extracts from the Dutcheſs of Orleans letters, we find that Queen Chriſtina of Sweden, (who was as peculiar in her night dress, as in almost every thing else, and who, instead of a night-cap, made use of an uncouth linen wrapper,) having spent a restless day in bed, ordered a band of Italian musicians from the opera, to approach near to her curtains, which were close drawn, and strive to amuse her. After some time, the voice of one of the performers striking her, with singular pleasure, she suddenly thrust her homely, stern ill-dressed head from behind the curtains, exclaiming loudly, "Mort ! Diable ! comme il chante bien !" The poor Italians, not used to such rough applause, from a figure so hideous, were unable to proceed, from the terror which they felt, and the whole concert was at stand, for several minutes.

THE following story, taken from two or three different writers, and certainly to be depended

* Death and the Devil ! how well he sings !

pended on, affords as strong an instance as ever was given, of cool, deliberate revenge.

La mort funeste de Ferrante Pallavicino †, est rapportée par mille gens, mais je ne sache personne qui en a dit tant de particularitez que la relation suivante, que l'on a trouvée manuscrite dans une des plus célèbres bibliothèques de Paris, ajoutée à la fin du volume intitulé “Le glorie degli incogniti di Padoua.” La voici. —“ Carlo di Bresche, conosciuto in Italia sotto il nome di Carlo di Morti, fu figliolo d’uno librario di Parigi, chiamato Pietre di Bresche, costui sen’ ando’ al viaggio d’Italia, servendo un cavaliere, il quale essendo morto nel viaggio. Carlo sene venne da Roma à Venetia. Nel foggiorno che fece in Roma fù presentato a i Barberini, come huomo capace d’intraprendere cose di rilievo, ciò che conosciuto, gli fù commessa la ruina di *Ferrante Pallavicino*, mossi a tal risentimento i Barberini della “ Baccinata, & Divortio Celeste,”

H 2

“ compo-

† Gab. Naudé and Marville, give the following account of this unfortunate man. “ He was the author of the “ Divortio Celeste,” and, by his bitter and satirical taunts, made the Barbarini family his inveterate foes. He was enticed from Venice, to which he had retired, by one of their emissaries, who, under pretence of guiding him into the dominions of France, led him to Avignon, where he was seized, and, after lying more than a year in prison, without any one stirring in his behalf, he made a desperate effort to escape, by setting fire to his prison door; but that failing, and his design being discovered, he was instantly beheaded. The son of a bookseller at Paris, who had betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, was, in the year 1546, slain, in cold blood, by a cousin of Pallavicino. This Italian had been employed, during three years, in watching an opportunity to revenge the death of his relation, on his betrayer.”

“ composizioni sue, & aggiustarono il prezzo
“ del tradimento in tres miglia doppie; così
“ sene venne Carlo a Venetia, azilo di Ferrante,
“ dove ritrovatolo, fece amicitia seco, & strin-
“ sela di modo che vedendolo con disposizione
“ di passare in Francia, per fuggir l'insidie de'
“ suoi malevoli, gli esibì la sua compagnia. Ca-
“ minarono dunque insieme fin a Orange, città
“ vicina a Avignone dieci miglia, di dove avìo
“ Carlo al vicelegato della preda, invitandolo a
“ mandargli incontro gente. Il che effèguito,
“ furono ambedue pigliati, condotti in Avig-
“ none, & carcerati. Carlo però, essendolo
“ solo *pro farmá*, fù presto liberato, & Ferrante
“ ritenuto, processato, & fatto morire. Re-
“ tornò Carlo poi a Roma, dove ricevene l'in-
“ fame premio; del suo diabolico tradimento,
“ parte, in quadri, (i quali furono esposti a
“ vendere in Parigi, in L'Hotel de Fleury, al-
“ hora camera locanda, tenuta da una certa
“ donna di Bretagna, chiamata M. Barillon,
“ nella strada des Bourdonnois) parte, in con-
“ tanti. Il Cardinale *Mazarini* fratanto por-
“ tando impatientemente la morte di Pallavic-
“ no, al qual voleva del bene assai, fece dar or-
“ dine ad'un tale *Ganducci*, Italiano, di domes-
“ ticarsi con Carlo. Il che fece cautamente
“ detto emisfario, simulando di vendere guanti,
“ profumi, & altre galanterie, le quali barat-
“ tava con Carlo per quadri ed'altra robbia.
“ Così avendo stabilito commercio con esso, era
“ spesso di lui, che stava di casa in piazza Mau-
“ bert; dove essendo una mattina a buonissima
“ hora andato, per i loro negotii comuni, si
“ lamentò con Carlo di qualche ingiustitia fat-
“ tagli

“ tagli da esso lui : ciò che negando Carlo, ch’
 “ ancora era in letto, mosse gli l’altro la cagio-
 “ ne del Petrosello, lanciatosi gli adosso, l’ab-
 “ bracciò seco, & piantogli un stile nelle reni.
 “ Sentendosi Carlo ferito, come forte & robust-
 “ to si strinse col ficario, & dibattendosi ca-
 “ dorno ambedue per terra. Corsero al rumore
 “ quei di casa, & trovaro l’ustio ferrato per di
 “ dentro via, chiamarono la giustitia, la quale
 “ venuta & l’apertura fatta della porta, vidde
 “ l’omicidio, fece cacciar prigionie Gauducci
 “ nel “ Petit Chatelet,” mentre Carlo sene
 “ moriva. Il che riferito al Cardinale Mazi-
 “ rini, diede ordine al giudice criminale di li-
 “ berare il carecrato, & fù ubbidito. In questo
 “ modo fù remunerato il scelerato del suo più
 “ che barbaro tradimento.” Pag. 110 Claudius
 Bebigardus.

PLAYS AND NOVELS.

THE mind of man in every age, has had at
 times, a wish for some relaxation: Books of
 the lighter kind have been the general resource
 on such occasions, to those who could read,
 and every age has furnished some authors, who
 have employed their talents for the amusement
 of the idle, the rich, and the luxurious. The
 present race of novels, if they excel not in wit
 or contrivance, are at least, in general, free
 from the charge of offending against morality.
 If they are often insipid, they are, commonly
 harmless. It is true, they abound in number
 beyond moderation, but those *few* books of the
 same species of writing, which owed their being

to Petronius, to Apuleius, and to Lucian, must have done infinitely more harm to the morals of their age, than all those reams of adventures which the libraries of Messrs. Noble, Hookham, Lane, &c. have ever given to the world. And from the following anecdote, communicated to the Editor, by a clergyman who resided near the spot, we may judge that a small number of books have as many perusers as the largest collection can boast.

The whole library of one of the Scilly isles, consisted, about fifty years past, of the Bible, and the History of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being seldom deficient in literature, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments, or his catastrophe, was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began, in order to ascertain *what* those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller, at Penzance, for him to him to send them *another Dr. Faustus*.

It cannot be denied that novels, in concert with plays, or rather, perhaps, farces, hand down to succeeding generations the only just representation of the times in which they are written. None, but the authors of such pieces, will take the pains to describe the manners of
their

their cotemporaries, as such a *serious* narration would be at the time when written, insipid, and totally useless. On the other hand, should the dramatic writer, or the novelist, err in his picture of common life, his farce would be hissed, and his tale lie unperused on his printer's shelf. It is to Aristophanes, to Plautus, to Terence, and to Apuleius, not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæsar, that we must look, for the private fashions and customs of the Greeks and Romans; and it is really affecting to observe the extreme distress to which our own antiquarians are driven, when they wish to make us, of the *present* age, acquainted with the minutæ of those of our ancestors who lived before the stage, and the press existed to elucidate the future historian. The seals of monastic characters, and even the gaudy ornaments of a royal missal, (the very best guides to the curious on these subjects,) afford little light into the humours of the age, when compared to what our posterity will receive from the dramatic satires of Foote, Murphy, Colman and Sheridan, and the didactic narratives of Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith.

P O E T R Y.

IN a melange, like that which this work presents, it is presumed, that it cannot be judged improper to introduce a few specimens of verse, (in different languages,) which are not commonly known, and yet have considerable merit in their several lines.

A Description of the Fairy Morgana.

From Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." Lib. 2. Cent. 8.
St. 5.

Il Conte che d'entrare avea gran voglio
Senza dir altro, alla fonte tornava
Trovò Morgana, ch'intorno alla foglia
Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
Piu leggiar non si volge al vento foglia
Di cio che quella donna si voltava
Guardando ora alla terra, ed ora al sole,
Il canto suo dicea queste parole.

" Chi cerca in questo mondo aver tesoro
" O diletto, e piacere, onore, e stato,
" Ponga la mano a questa chioma d'oro
" Ch'io porto in fronte, e lo farò beato;
" Ma quando ha in in desiro si fatto lavoro,
" Non cerchi indugio, che'l tempo passato
" Perduto e tutto, e non ritorna mai
" Ed io mi volto—e lascio l'huomo in guai."

The Count, whose mind was bent to enter there,
In silence turn'd, and fought again the rill.
Hard by the throne, he found th' Inchantress fair,
Who sweetly sang, and gaily danced still.
See but yon leaf, light floating on the wind,
So lightly did the graceful fairy bound,
Now gazing on the Sun, now on the ground,
And in these mystic words, her song diclos'd her mind.

" The man who seeks, on earth, for worldly gain,
" For joy, for honour, for imperial state,
" Let his quick grasp, the golden lock obtain
" Which shades my brow—Then will I make him great.
" But when this valu'd prize becomes his own,
" He must not sleep, for time, which flies again,
" When past, is lost, and ne'er returns again;
" Then I, too, turn my back, and leave the wretch to moan."

The above translation, has the humble merit
of being almost perfectly literal, but the elegant
gaiety, sweetness, and spirit of the description
of

of Morgana dancing, are in the original imitable.

THE following description of a terrifying voice, heard from the top of a vast rock, has certainly some claim to a share in the terrible graces.

*La ripa dello scoglio è d'erba priva
Ed ha color, che sembra fiamma viva.
In su la cima, una voce risuona,
Mai non udisti la più spaventosa !
Quel ch'ella dice, non sa dir persona.*

Of. Inn. Lib. I. c. 5. St. 14, 15.

No herb can grow on this detested ground,
But flames appear to glimmer all around ;
While from the craggy rocks, on rocks uprear'd,
A loud terrific voice is ever heard ;
Yet none can comprehend the dire, mysterious, sound.

The following hyperbole, taken from the same work, (lib. 2. Canto 24. St. 59, 60.) has never been exceeded, if it has ever been equalled, as to its mixture of wit, and absurdity. The Poet is speaking of Orlando's celebrated Durindana.

*Tanto era nel suo taglio graziosa,
Che quasi insieme tagliava, cuciva,
E'l suo ferire appena si sentiva.*

*Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
Questo Pagan, lo fa sì desframente,
Che l'un pezzo, in su l'altro, s'uggelato
Rimase, senza muoversi niente :
E come avien, quand' uno e riscaldato
Che le ferite per allor non sente,
Così colui, del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto.*

So keen the edge of this enchanted steel,
The stroke, its lord had given, it seem'd to heal :
Nor did the wretch who met it, scarce, the anguish feel.

H 5

Thus

Thus when Orlando, raging o'er the plain,
 Had, at a blow, his foeman cut in twain,
 The path his sword had made so nicely clos'd,
 'That on *one* half, the *ether* still repos'd.
 And, as, while rage inflates each tumid vein,
 The ardent warrior knows no sense of pain,
 Still did the Pagan deal his blows around,
 Nor, till he fell afunder, knew the deadly wound.

In the "Viaggio in Dalmazia, del' Abate
 "Alberto Fortis," there is to be found a poem,
 unique in its kind, wild as to its plan, but by
 no means deficient in its story, or in its pathetic
 powers. The argument is short, and soon told.
 Asan, a Turkish bassa (for to the Dalmatians, the
 Turks are models for politeness, heroism, man-
 ners, &c. like the bears to the Kamshatkans*)
 has been wounded in a fight, and remains en-
 camped; his mother and sister, with great pro-
 priety, attend upon him, but his beloved wife
 keeps away, being restrained by a species of de-
 licacy, which seems wholly unaccountable. The
 Bassa, being, very naturally, displeased with her
 conduct, as soon as he is recovered, sends her
 a declaration of divorce. She leaves the house
 in agonies of grief, deploring the loss of five
 children, with whom she was now to part for
 ever. Her brother, the Begh Pintorowich, in-
 sists upon her immediately marrying the judge
 of Imoska; she is forced to consent, though
 yearning after her lost spouse, and family. On
 her passing the castle of her late husband, in
 her way to Imoska, her children are sent by her
 repentant

* We are told in the last voyage of Capt. Cook, that the
 savages on the N. Eastern coast of Asia have no other models
 in dancing, &c. &c. than the sprightly animals, just men-
 tioned.

repentant first husband to meet her, and she testifies her affection for them by abundance of presents; but the taking leave of her youngest child, and the distress she feels at hearing the voice of her first spouse, whom she still tenderly loved, are too much for her delicate frame, and she falls dead at the gate of her first spouse's abode. As a specimen of the Morlachian tongue (in which the poem is written) the following lines are given, being the beginning of the piece.

Seto sebjeli u gorje zelenoj ?
 Alsu snjezi, al-su Labutove ?
 Da-su snjezi vech-bi okopnuli
 Labutove vech-bi poletjeli.

THE first lines are picturesque, and sound well in the Italian translation, to which we must trust, as the Morlachian language will hardly meet any interpreter in Britain.

“ Che mai biancheggia, là, nel verde bosco ?
 “ Son nevi, o cigni ?” Se le fosser nevi,
 Squagliate omai farebbonfi. Se cigni,
 Mosso avrebero il volo. Ah ! non son bianche
 Nevi, o cigni colà. Sono le tende,
 D’Asano, il duce. Egli è ferito e duolosi,
 Acerbamente. A visitarlo andaro,
 La madre è la sorella. Anche la sposa,
 Sarebbe v’ita, ma rossior trattienla.

“ O’er yonder wood, what object strikes my sight,
 “ Of candid hue ? Is it unmelted snow,
 “ Or the yet brighter plumage of the swan ?”
 Snow, ere this time, had yielded to the heat,
 And swans had long ago their flight resum’d.
 Ah ! No ! Nor snow, nor brighter swans, I see,
 I see the tents of Assan, stern commander ;
 Groaning with anguish of his wounds he lies :
 ‘To soothe his pains, a sister’s pious care,

A mother's too, attend him; fain his fair
 * Betrothed would have join'd the duteous band,
 But, woe the day! Her inbred modesty
 Oppos'd the tender thought.——

Not to dwell too long on the subject, we will
 slightly glance over the poem, until we arrive
 at the last nine lines. The poor lady has given
 presents to all her children, and has, with difficulty,
 torn herself away from her little favourite
 in his cradle.

Tutto in disparte il Duce Asfan vedea
 E a se chiamò i figliuoli. “A me tornate,
 “Cari orfanelli miei, da che non sente
 “Piu pietade di voi la crudel madre,
 “Di arrugginito cor.”—Udillo, e cadde
 L'afflitta Donna, col pallido volto,
 La terra percuotendo; è a un punto istesso,
 Del petto uscille l'anima dolente,
 Gli orfani figli suoi partir veggendo.

Too late repenting, hapless Asfan saw
 His lovely spouse, the mother of his children,
 For ever lost! And “Turn, ah, turn to me,
 “Ye wretched babes,” he cried, “you, like your father,
 “Are quite forgotten—see! her flinty breast
 “Sternly resists, and sets your tears at nought.”
 She heard no more—the wife, the mother, all,
 Rush'd on her foul, and quell'd the powers of life.
 Affail'd at once by pity, love, and grief,
 She sunk to earth, and clos'd her beauteous eyes
 In everlasting sleep——

THE two succeeding pieces are specimens of
 the grave and the gay veins of composition,
 in the sonorous language of Spain.

S O N E T O

* The word ‘betrothed’ answers exactly to the Italian
 ‘Sposa,’ and is more consonant to common sense than the
 poet's *own* idea; but, unluckily, the lady in question had had
 several children by the Bassa.

S O N E T O 37.

Di Garcilasso de la Vega.

A la entrada de un valle, en un desierto,
Do nadie atravesava ni se via,
Vi que con estraneza un can hazia
Estremos de dolor, con desconcierto.

Agora suelta el llate al ciel abierto,
Ora vaa rastreando por la via:
Camina, buelve, pâra, i toda via,
Quedava des mayado, come muerto.

I fue, que se apartò de su presencia,
Su amo, i no le hallava, i esto siente;
Mirad hasta do llega el mal de ausencia!

Moviò me a compassion ver su accidente,
Dixele lastimando: Ten paciencia,
Que yo alcanço razon, i estoï absente.

Deep in the lone recesses of a vale,
Where frequent travellers no way had trac'd,
I saw a dog, with desultory haste,
Explore, in sad distress, the pathless dale;
With open nostril now he snuff'd the gale,
And now with eager scent the ground explor'd;
Now here, now there he turns with anxious care,
And rends, with piercing cries, the ambient air,
Seeking, with fruitless quest, his absent Lord.
I view'd his luckless state, with pitying eye,
And, as I mark'd the deep concern he shew'd,
My bosom heav'd a sympathetic sigh,
While from my tongue, these words spontaneous flow'd:
“ Patience, poor wretch!—for greater ills I prove,
“ Since *reason's* powers I feel, yet mourn my absent love.” P.

A Sonnet from the ‘ Zelofo Estremeno’ of
Miguel de Cervantes.

Madre, la mi Madre
Guardas mi ponéis,
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardareis.

Dizen

Dizen que esta escrito
Y con gran razon
Ser la privacion
Causa de appetito.

Crece en infinito
Encerrando amor.
Por esso es mejor
Que no mi encerreis
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guardareis.

Por si no se guarda
No la havran guarda.
Miedo o calidad.
Rompea en verdad
Por la misma muerte
Hasta hallar la suerte
Que vos entendeis,
Que si io no mi guardo.
Mal mi guardareis.

Quien tiene costumbre
De ser amorosa
Como mariposa
Si ira tras su lumbré,
Aunque muchedumbre
De guardas le pongar
Y aunque mas propongan,
De hazer lo que hazeis
Que si yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardareis.

Es de tal manera
La fuerza amorosa
Que a la mas hermosa
La buelve in Chimera
El pecho de cera,
De fuego la gana,
Las manos de lana
De fieltro los pies
Que si yo no mi guardo
Mal mi guardareis.

Mother, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain;
But know, unless *I guard myself,*
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,

Still

Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enslanté the wish to stray.

Love, once oppres'd, will soon increafe,
And strength superior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein:
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
'Tho' death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain;
Then learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard will still be vain.

The raptur'd heart, which once has felt
A sense of love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controlling force
Of Love's resistless storm,
It gives to beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
With hands of wool, she opes the door,
On felt, the footsteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitless care,
My wishes to restrain,
For if *I do not guard myself,*
Your guard will be but vain. P.

WHAT follows is an original French ballad, written in the fifteenth century. It is to be found in a scarce book, called "La Legende de " Maitre Pierre Fai-feu," and is entitled "Re-
" collection des merveilleuses advenues de notre
" temps, commencee par tres elegant Orateur,
" Messire

“ Messire George Chastellain, & continuée par
 “ Maistre Jehan Molinet.” The translation is
 as near the original as it well could be brought.
 The ballad is in general a faithful chronicle of
 the times, and the sting at the close renders it
 interesting to Britain.

Qui veult ouyr nouvelles
 Etrangés a compter,
 Je scay les nonpareilles,
 Qu’homme ne scauroit chanter,
 Et toutes advenues

Depuis long tems en ça,
 Je les ay retenues,
 Et scay comment il va.

En France la très belle,
 Fleur de Cressienté,
 Je veis une pucelle,
 Sourdre en auctoité.

Qui fit lever le siege,
 D’Orleans, en ses mains;
 Pus le Roy par prodiege,
 Mena sacrer à Reims.

J’ay veu ung petit moyne
 En Romme dominer,
 Et en très grant ensoigne
 Le Pape gouverner :
 Dont depuis l’aventure
 Fut d’estre escartellé,
 A honte & à laidure
 Comme traistre appellé.

Depuis veiz en Escosse
 Le Roy Stuart meurdrir
 D’espée, & de talloce,
 Et luy convint souffrier,
 Et prendre en patience
 A sa noble moullier,
 La Roynie, qui en ce
 Prist peine a se venger.

J’ai ung Duc de Savoye
 Veü Pape devenir,
 Ce qui fut hors de voye
 Pour à salut vchir ;

Si en vint dure playe
En l'Eglise de Dieu,
Mais il en recut paye
A Ripailles son lieu.

Par fortune sinistre,
Veiz à l'œil vivement
Le grant Duc de Clocestre
Meurdrier piteusement ;

En vin plain une cuve
Faillloit qu'estranglé fust,
Cuidant par celle estuve
Que la mort n'y parust.

La cité de Constantine
Depuis veiz envaher
De la gent Sarrazine,
Qui la vindront saisir,
Et la teste copperent
Au vieillard Empereur,
Sans ce que ailleurs monstrent
Maint aultre grant horreur.

Passant par Engleterre,
Je veiz en grant tourment
Les Seigneurs de la terre
S'entretuer forment,
Avec ung tel deluge,
Qui cueurs esbahissoit
Qu'à peine eut refuge
Où mort n'apparoissoit.

Un nouveau Roy crèrènt,
Par despiteux vouloir,
Le vieil en debouterent,
Et son legitime hoir,
Qui fuytif alla prendre
D'Ecosse le garand,
De tous siecles le mendre,
Et le plus tollerant.

J'ay ung Roy de Cecille
Veu devenir berger,
Et sa femme gentille
De ce propre mestier,
Portant la pennetiere
La houlette, & chappeau,
Logeant sur la bruyere,
Auprès de leur troupeau.

J'ay veu Roy d'Angleterre
 Amener son grand ost,
 Pour la Françoisse terre
 Conquëster, bref & tost;
 Le Roy voyant l'affaire,
 Si bon veu, luy donna,
 Que l'autre, sans riens faire
 Content s'en retourna.

Those who wish to hear a dittry,
 Fill'd with many a wondrous thing,
 To my sonnet let them listen,
 Such, no other bard can sing.
 Many years ago, believe me,
 Chanc'd these wonders to befall,
 Yet the whole, I, well, remember,
 And intend to tell them all.

Fairest flow'r in Europe's garden,
 France, I've seen reduc'd so low,
 As to trust to one poor maiden,
 For defence against the foe.
 Orleans she, in time, relieved,
 When, by England, almost won;
 And to Rheims the King attended,
 That his crown she might set on.

Rome, tho' once mankind commanding,
 Holding all the world in thrall,
 Govern'd by a little priestling;
 City, nobles, Pope and all,
 I have seen——But mark the end on't
 Soon his treachery was found,
 And his body, all in quarters,
 Hung the city-walls around.

Scotland's King*, the noble Stuart,
 Foully murder'd have I view'd,
 By the strokes of swords and halberts,
 In his royal blood imbrued.
 This, his Queen, a woeful witness
 Was, with patience forc'd to bear,
 Till a just, a bitter vengeance
 Eas'd her mind, and sooth'd her care.

Savoy's Duke†, I've seen contriving
 How a Pope he might become,

And

* This refers to the murder of James I. of Scotland, in the arms of his Queen.

† Of this Duke somewhat more may be found under the article Hermits.

And for earthly pomp, forsaking
Pious thoughts of future doom.

Hence arose a dire division

Midst the church, with hot debate,
While the Duke, at fair Ripailles,
Heap'd up wealth, and worldly state.

I have seen, the Duke of Clarence *

(So his wayward fate had will'd,) They

By his special order drowned

In a cask, with malmsey fill'd.

That *that* death should strike his fancy,

This the reason, I suppose,

He might think that hearty drinking

Would appease his dying throes.

Constantine's imperial city,

Christendom's renowned boast,

I have taken seen, and plunder'd,

By a savage, Turkish host.

Constantine, oh, grief to say it!

Hapless Emp'r, brave and old,

Lost his head, midst other horrors,

Far too dismal to be told.

Passing thro' fair England's valleys,

There I saw a woeful sight,

Lords and barons bent on slaughter,

Dealing death in woeful fight;

Sanguine torrents flow'd around me,

Bleeding bodies choak'd each spring,

Deadly groans were heard resounding,

Shrieks in every valley ring.

For, to please a wayward fancy,

They a change of kings would try,

And their prince and his successor,

From the realm would force to fly.

Soon to Scotland they retreated,

There a safe asylum find,

Scotland, still to hapless princes

Holding forth a greeting kind.

Then I saw Sicilia's monarch,

Seeming like a homely swain,

With his Queen, in like apparel,

Tend their flock's along the plain.

* The French Bard, by mistake, calls the suffering prince,
Duke of Gloster.

They had donn'd the simple habit,
 Rustet gown, and shepherd's crook,
 And all beneath a shady forest
 Watch'd their sheep, beside a brook.

Lastly, England's King victorious,
 I have seen on France's coast,
 Breathing nought but death and slaughter,
 Follow'd by a gallant host.

But our Louis, subtle monarch *,
 Sent him store of brisk champaign,
 So the King, content and jolly,
 Back to England sail'd again.

* Whoever will peruse the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, will find that it was not *wine*; alone, which sent Edward IV. back into England. There was not a man about his person, but who had received bribes from Louis XI. The receipts for the sums advanced, signed by the English Lords, were actually preserved, to their eternal shame, in the Archives of Paris, when Comines wrote.

MENAGE, in whose works the following odd piece is to be found, thinks it of consequence enough to become the foundation of a style in burlesque poetry, to be called "Le style niais." Anglicé & Vulg. "The nazy style."

Le Fameux La Galiffe.

Messieurs, vous plaît-il d'ouïr
 L'air du fameux la Galiffe,
 Il pourra vous rejouir,

Pourvu qu'il vous dévergisse.

La Galiffe eut peu de bien,
 Pour soutenir sa naissance,
 Mais il ne manqua de rien,
 Dès qu'il fut dans l'abondance.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
 Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
 Il ne mettoit son chapeau,
 Qu'il ne se couvrît la tête.

Il étoit affable & doux,
 De l'honneur de feu son pere,

Et

Et n'entroit guères en-courroux,
Si ce n'est dans la colère.

Il vouloit dans ses repas,
Des mets exquis & fort tendres,
Et faisoit son Mardi gras,
Toujours la veille des Cendres.

De l'inventeur du raisin
Il révéroit la-memoire,
Et pour bien gouter le vin,
Jugeoit qu'il en falloit boire.

Il disoit que le nouveau
Avoit pour lui plus-d'amorce,
Et moin il y mettoit d'eau,
Plus il y trouvoit de force.

Il consultoit rarement
Hippocrate & sa doctrine,
Et se purgeoit seulement,
Quand il prenoit medecine.

Au piquet par tout payis,
Il jouoit suivant sa pante,
Et comptoit quatre-vingt dix,
Lorsqu'il marquoit un nonante.

Il favoit les autres jeux
Qu'on joue à l'Académie,
Et n'étoit pas malheureux,
Tant qu'il gagnoit la-partie.

Il aimoit à prendre l'air,
Quand la saison étoit bonne,
Et n'attendoit pas l'hiver,
Pour vendanger en automne.

Il épousa, ce dit-on,
Une vertueuse Dame.
S'il avoit vécu garçon,
Il n'auroit point eu de femme.

Il en fut toujours cheri,
Elle n'étoit point jalouse;
Si tôt qu'il fut son mari,
Elle devint son épouse.

Il passa près de huit ans
Avec elle, fort à l'aise,
En eut jusqu'à huit enfans,
C'étoit la moitié de seize.

On dit que dans ses amours,
Il fut careffé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toûjours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elle.

D'un air galant & badin,
Il courtoisoit sa Caliste,
Sans jamais être chagrin,
Qu'au moment qu'il étoit triste.

Il brilloit comme un Soleil,
chevelure étoit blonde :
Il n'eût pas eu son pareil,
S'il eût été seul au monde.

Il eut des talens divers,
Même on assure une chose,
Quand il écrivoit en vers,
Qu'il n'écrivoit pas en prose.

En matière de rebus
Il n'avoit pas son semblable
S'il eût fait des improutus,
Il en eût été capable.

Il favoit un triolet
Bien mieux que sa patenôtre :
Quand il chantoit un couplet,
Il n'en chantoit pas un autre.

Il expliqua doctement
La physique & la morale,
Et soutint qu'un jument
Etoit toujours une cavale.

Par un discours sérieux
Il prouva que le berlué,
Et les autres maux des yeux,
Sont contraires à la vue.

Chacun alors applaudit
A sa science inouïe,
Tout homme qui l'entendit,
N'avoit pas perdu l'ouïe.

Il prétendi en un mois
Lire toute l'écriture,
Et l'auroit lue une fois,
S'il en eût fait la lecture.

Par son esprit & son air
Il s'aquit le don de plaire :

Le Roi l'eût fait Duc & Pair,
S'il avoit voulu le faire.

Mieux que tout autre il favoit
A la cour jouer son rôle,
Et jamais lorsqu'il buvoit
Ne disoit une parole.

Il choissoit prudemment
De deux choses la meilleure,
Et répétoit fréquemment,
Ce qu'il disoit à toute heure.

Il fut à la vérité
Un danseur assez vulgaire;
Mais il n'eût pas mal chanté,
S'il avoit voulu se taire.

Il eut la goute à Paris,
Longtems cloué sur sa couche,
En y jettant les hauts cris,
Ilouroit bien fort la bouche.

Lorsqu'en sa maison des champs
Il vivoit libre & tranquille,
On auroit perdu son tems
De le chercher à la ville.

On raconte, que jamais
Il ne pouvoit se résoudre
A charger ses pistolets,
Quand il n'avoit pas de poudre.

Un jour il fut affiné
Devant son juge ordinaire:
S'il eût été condamné
Il eût perdu son affaire.

On ne le vit jamais las,
Ni sujet à la paresse.
Tandis qu'il ne dormoit pas,
On tient qu'il veilloit sans cesse.

Il se plaçoit en bateau,
Et soit en paix soit en guerre,
Il alloit toujours par eau,
A moins qu'il n'allât pas terre.

Une fois s'étant fouré
Dans un profond marécage,
Il y seroit demeuré,
S'il n'eût pû trouver passage.

Dans un superbe tournoi
Prêt à fournir sa carrière,
Il parut devant le Roi,
Il n'étoit dont pas derrière.

Monté sur un cheval noir,
Les Dames le reconnurent,
Et c'est là qu'il se fit voir
A tout ceux qui l'apperurent.

Mais bien qu'il fût vigoureux,
Bien qu'il fût de Diable à quatre,
Il ne renversa que ceux
Qu'il eût l'adresse d'abattre.

C'étoit un homme de cœur
Infatigable de gloire ;
Lorsqu'il étoit le vainqueur,
Il remportoit la victoire.

Les places qu'il attaquoit
A peine osoient se défendre,
Et jamais il ne manquoit
Celles qu'on lui vint prendre.

Un devin pour deux testons
Lui dit d'une voix hardie,
Qu'il mourroit de la les monts,
S'il mourut en Lombardie.

Il y mourut ce Heros,
Personne aujourd'hui n'en doute ;
Si tôt qu'il eut les yeux clos,
Aussiôt il ne vit goutte.

Il fut par un triste sort,
Blessé d'une main cruelle ;
On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,
Que la plaie étoit mortelle.

Regretté deses soldats,
Il mourut digne d'envie,
Et le jour de son trépas
Fut le dernier de sa vie.

Instead of translating this very long poem, the Editor annexes a Sonnet, which appeared in a collection of Essays, about thirty years ago, the

The lines are of Goldsmith's doing. — but
the humour does not please in English.

the thought of which is evidently borrowed from our "Chanson niais."

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaze,
Who never wanted a good word—
From these who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself, has followed her—
Whene'er she walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The Doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder, mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to-day!

THE picturesque, elegiac composition which follows, was written by Mary, Queen of Scots, on the loss of her husband, Francis II. of France. A few of the stanzas have appeared in a periodical work, not long ago. This is a complete copy. It is so beautiful, so exquisitely plaintive throughout, that none of it should be lost.

En mon triste & doux chant,
D'un ton fort lamentable,
It jette un oeil tranchant
De perte incomparable,
Et en soupirs cuifans
Passe mes meilleurs ans.

Fut-il un tel malheur,
De dure Destinée,
Ny si triste douleur
De dame fortunée,
Qui mon cœur & mon oeil
Vois en bierre & cercueil ?

Qui, en mon doux printems,
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extrême tristesse,
Et en rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret & desir.

Ce quin m'estoit plaifant,
Ores m'est peine dure,
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire & obscure,
Et n'est rien si exquis,
Qui de moy soit requis.

J'ay au cœur, & à l'oeil,
Un portrait & image,
Qui figure mon deuil ;
Et mon passe visage,
De violettes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux teint.

Pour mon mal estrange,
Je ne m'arreste en place ;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer,
Si ma douleur j'efface ;
Car, mon pis & mon mieux,
Sont mes plus deserts lieux.

Si en quelque sejour,
Soit en bois ou en prée,
Soit pour l'aube de jour ;
Ou soit pour la vespree,
Sans cesse mon cœur sent
Le regret d'un absent.

Si par fois vers ces lieux,
Viens a dresser ma veüe,

L.e doux trait de ces yeux,
Je vois en une nûe;
Soudain je vois en l'eau,
Comme dans un tombeau.

Si je suis en repos,
Sommeillant sur ma couche,
L'oye qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qu'il me touche :
Et labeur, en recoy *,
Tousjours est prest de moy.

Je ne vois autre objet,
Pour beau qu'il se présente,
A qui que soit subjet,
Oncques mon cœur consente,
Exempt de perfection,
A cette affliction.

Mets, Chançon, icy fin,
A si triste complainte,
Dont sera le refrain
Amour vraye & non feinte,
Pour la séparation,
N'aura diminution.

In melting strains that sweetly flow,
'Tun'd to the plaintive notes of woe;
My eyes survey with anguish fraught,
A loss beyond the reach of thought;
While pass away life's fairest years
In heaving sighs and mournful tears.

Did cruel Destiny e'er shed
Such horror on a wretched head?
Did e'er once happy woman know
So sad a scene of heart-felt woe?
For ah! behold on yonder bier
All that my heart and eyes held dear.

Alas! even in my blooming hours,
Mid opening youth's resplendent flowers,
I'm doom'd each cruel pang to share,
Th' extremest sorrows of despair,
Nor other joy nor bliss can prove
Than grief and disappointed love.

* Recoy, from Requies, Repose.

The sweet delights of happier days,
New anguish in my bosom raise,
Of shining day, the purest light
To me is drear and gloomy night;
Nor is there aught so good and fair,
As now to claim my slightest care.

In my full heart and streaming eyes,
Portray'd by woe, an image lies,
Which sable robes but faintly speak,
Or the pale languor of my cheek,
Pale as the violet's faded leaf,
The tint of love's despairing grief.

Perplex'd by this unwonted pain,
No place my steps can long detain,
Yet change of scene no comfort gives,
Where sorrow's form for ever lives.
My worst, my happiest, state of mind;
In solitude alone, I find.

If chance my listless footsteps leads
Thro' shady groves, or flowery meads,
Whether at dawn of rising day,
Or silent evening's setting ray,
Each grief that absence can impart,
Incessant rends my tortur'd heart.

If to the heavens, in rapturous trance,
I haply throw a wistful glance,
His visionary form I see,
Pictur'd in orient clouds; to me,
Sudden it flies, and he appears,
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

A while if balmy slumbers spread,
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
I touch his hand in shadowy dreams,
His voice to soothe my fancy seems.
When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

No other object meets my sight,
I howe'er in robes of beauty dight,
Which to my sad despairing heart,
One transient wish will e'er impart;
Exempt from that unalter'd woe,
Which this sad breast must ever know.

But cease my song—Cease to complain!
And close the sadly plaintive strain,

To which, no artificial tears,
But love unfeign'd, the burthen bears.
Nor can my sorrows e'er decrease,
For ah! his absence ne'er can cease. P.

DURING the reign of James II. a very ludicrous poem was printed. It fills a thick quarto, has neither plan, connection, nor moral, neither measure nor rhyme, nor can the smallest conjecture be formed as to its meaning. Yet none can dip into it, (for probably none ever read it through) without convincing himself that the author ("R. D." in the title page; supposed to be a Dr. Dixon) is a good classical scholar, a master of several languages, and possessed of an uncommon degree of historical, geographical, and astronomical science. The book is very little known, two or three specimens of its contents are annexed.

Oportet imperatorem mori stantem;

Oportet oratorem mori orantem;

Sed melius est amare amantem.

Εἰς Βασιλῆυσ, εἰς Κοιρανὸς ἔσσι,

Stateser Commonwealths be gone, Praefo!

Monarchy is the best manifesto.

"Oderint dum metuant," the tyrant roars,

Keep in subjection, not destroy the boors.

Thieves! Murtherers! Witches! Burn'em! Stone'em!

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum!"

Gavelkind, "de hæreditate dividendâ,"

To younger brothers, "Familia eriscenda,

"Take your congé, make your leg,

"To them that have brought you to beg.

"If you be of a good constitution,

"Rob all you can, and make no restitution,

"Take all good turns and make no retribution."

At the North Pole 'twill be made to appear,
'That whales are cheap, sprats are dear;

Crabs, shrimps, cockles, oysters,
 Like friars and nuns, are shut up in cloysters,
 Till turn'd out by tyrannous roysters.
 A diaphanous, obolous, globulous glais,
 Representing whatever was,
 Hangs in the centre of the brain,
 To which all species flock amain.

Tell me, or you shall be suspended,
 Whether spirits be extended?
 How wise Apuleius was,
 With his phikosophic as?
 A dream put Aristotle out of breath,
 A meteor, he said, 'twixt life and death.
 "An quid sit frustra? An datur vacuum?"
 "Fill the pot, Edy! Supernaculum."
 A blazing star's a rare spectaculum!

Take off your cups, for so we read it,
 "Os homini sublime dedit."
 "Anima tota in toto, sed qua arte?"
 "Et tota in qualibet parte."
 Cut off a leg, cut off an arm,
 It does the soul no harm;
 Because it is such an elf,
 As can shrink into itself.

THE celebrated Latin epigram on the miracle at the marriage in Cana, which has been ascribed to Dryden, is said to be written by Crashaw, (a Latin poet of the last century) in an anonymous collection of letters, published by Bell and Etherington, in the year 1773, where the whole is this quoted.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis,
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
 Numen, convivæ! præsens agnoscite numen,
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit.

The use of the word "Nympha," for water, has been censured here, as well as in the beautiful fragment of Mr. Gray, and "lymphæ," purposed

purposed to be substituted for it, which seems to spoil the whole beauty of the line. The use of Nympha, for water, is justified by many classical passages, and particularly one in a Greek epigram on Bacchus, of which this is the literal translation. "He delights in mingling with three nymphs, making the fourth himself;" which alludes to the custom of the ancients mixing three parts water with one of wine, a proof that their wine must have been nearly as strong as our spirits.

If there is a fault in this epigram, it is the profaneness of the allusion on so sacred a subject. The last line is sometimes written

Vidit et erubuit, Nympha padica Deum.

Which gives a better accentual cadence. P.

THE following lines, translated from a Greek epigram in the Anthologiæ, were written on the window of an inn.

* Paphos may now two goddesses adore,
Ten are the mules, and the graces four;
For such is Delia's wit, and mien, and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace. P.

There is some humour in the following French lines, which likewise were written on the window of an inn at Wicham, in Hampshire.

* The original epigram, written by Ruphinus, is,

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύναι, καὶ δέκα Μούσαι.
Δερνυλὴς ἐν πέτραις, Μῶνυα, Χάρις, Πάφια.

Le monde des fots est tout remplis,
 Et pour ne les jamais voir,
 Il faut se cacher cher lui,
 Et casser son miroir.

Which may be thus paraphrased,

He that's determin'd ne'er to see an ass,
 Must bar his doors, and break his looking-glass. P.

Without entering into the controversy about the superior excellence of rhyme, or blank verse, the want of a sufficient mark to the boundary of the line, is certainly a defect in the latter, that often occasions *one* verse to run into *another*, and which, from the cesure, and final Adonic, can hardly ever happen in Latin hexameters. This will be best illustrated by a quotation from Milton.

——— the happy feat
 Of some new race, called man, about this time
 'To be created like to us, tho' less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above.

This may as well be read,

The happy feat of some new race, called man,
 About this time to be created, like
 'To us, tho' less in power and excellence,
 But favour'd more of him who rules above. P.

THE celebrated song of Dr. Percy's, which begins,

“ Dear Nancy, wilt thou go with me,”

appears to have a defect in the concluding verse. It is very natural, and even amiable, for the indigent lover to place all the inconveniences of his situation

situation before the eyes of his mistress; but there seems a want of propriety in asking her how she could bear his death, which must happen, let his rank in life have been the most exalted. It seems as if that painful question would have better suited a consumptive, than a poor, lover. It may be alleged, however, that the same objection might be made to that elegy of Tibullus, from which the subject of the song is taken, as well as to Hammond's imitation of it.

The Lady, one may suppose, in the present case, might make something like this answer to her admirer's discouraging picture of futurity.

Yes, Damon, yes, with thee I'll go
Thro' every hardship life displays;
With thee I'll tread December's snow,
Or brave the dog-star's fiercest blaze.
Distressful want, and perils keen,
With thee I'll unreining share,
Nor e'er regret the courtly scene,
Where I was fairest of the fair.

But wherefore should thy plaintive breath,
The dreadful close of life pourtray,
Or paint the ruthless arm of death,
Which spreads o'er *all*, despot's sway;
The village maid, and scepter'd queen,
Alike his gloomy empire share,
Nor will he, mid the courtly scene,
Regard the fairest of the fair.

By danger, or by want, when press'd,
My heart thy love will ne'er forego,
But when thy verse alarms my breast,
By evils, *all* are doom'd to know,
No more I hear that voice serene,
No more I see that anxious care,
Which woo'd me in the courtly scene,
Where I was fairest of the fair.

Yes, Damon!—constant by thy side,
Thy faithful Nancy would remain,
The frowns of fortune would abide,
And sooth the languid couch of pain.

But do not deem my love so mean,
 Unmov'd my Damon's death to bear,
 'Tho' many such perhaps are seen,
 Among the fairest of the fair. P.

LET no young bard ever despair of arriving at the summit of Parnassus, be his beginnings ever so humble. The great Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, made his 'debut' in the literary world, by one of the wretchedest odes which ever disgraced Grub-street. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, (even allowing for the alcaic irregularity,) insufferable.

The subsequent extracts will prove what has been said above.

- " The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,
 " And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
 " Flew dutifully back again:
 " Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
 " And hopes to lessen life, by a transfusion of breath.
 " And seem almost transform'd to water, flame and air,
 " So well you answer all phenomenas there."

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it is the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian Oracle, a set of people, whose ~~conceit~~ in offering to answer all questions, ignorance in giving solutions, and credulity, in listening to the grossest falsehoods, are at a perpetual strife, which shall be most noticed. Swift must have been by the date of his ode, 24 years of age, when he produced this choice morceau.

"Dunton's life & errors (my score) +
 In says this contribution to the Athenian Oracle.
 was by a Mr. Swift, a country gentleman
 Edin: 1705. When Dean Swift was
 38 y. old & had been known? E.M.

+ a new edit: 1826 -
 Dunton, 1826 -

12. P

These were the lines which led Dryden to
us, to say, Cowper Swift you will never make
a sentence - Johnson tells us, that the Dean



AN attempt to translate the sublime passage in the tragedy of *Athalie*.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçai aussi des mechants arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec respêt à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte.

" He, whose commands the stormy billows rein,

" The wicked's wily counsils can restrain ;

" His holy will, submissive I revere,

" And fearing God, disclaim all other fear." P.

M. BOILEAU D'ESPREAUX used to ridicule M. Dacier, for thinking the Nafidienus of *Horace*, a miserly rich man. He looked upon it, (and probably rightly) that the poet meant to describe a person of an exceeding bad taste in choice of dishes, but who, nevertheless, fancied himself a connoisseur, and thought that by counteracting the general ideas of his countrymen, in point of entertainment, he should establish his own reputation for delicacy of discernment. There is, indeed, nothing in Nafidienus's conduct, which points out the miser, and his reasons for disliking hard drinkers, militate strongly against that charge. *Horace* does not hint that he feared for his wines, but only * lest hard drinking should encourage his guests to be farcical on their host, or that the taste of the wine should blunt the edge of their palates, and render them less sensible of the dainties he had provided for them.

* ——— Nil sic metuentis, ut acres

' Potiores, vel quod male dicunt likerius, vel

' Fervida quod subtile exsurdant vina palatum.'

PRIDE.

P R I D E.

It is a well-known, a well-founded sentiment, that, "Pride was not made for man;" and the awkwardness of the hands, into which this unpleasant quality generally falls, confirms the fact. A *cook-maid* has been known to die of actual pride; and the haughtiest person the Editor ever met with, was the mistress of a little inn-keeper at a country town. Her paragon did not honour her enough to permit her to assume his name, yet, possessed of as sheer pride as ever actuated the bosom of a Semiramis, she drove from the house many families, by treating their servants with an insupportable degree of insolence.

Sometimes, indeed, men of real birth and distinction, will meanly condescend to fully their fingers with this dirty material, but it is a garment which fits well on *no* one's shoulders, since it is not possible to wear it with confidence. A fit of the tooth-ach, or the sting of a wasp, afford tolerable hints to the proud, but a British election * is the completest of all the admonitions that can be given to him, who thinks himself above the level of his fellow creatures, except indeed, the last great lesson, death, and its immediate and humiliating consequences.

As grotesque an incident as any of those which pride has ever given rise to, is reported of

* The humiliations to which an election obliges the most haughty to submit, are not limited to the commoner. Peers have their interest to keep up; and the higher the rank of the asker, the greater the submissions to which the black-guard voter expects he will descend.

of a Peer, who in his day had acquired the appellation of the *proud* Duke of Somerset. A lady whom he had taken in second nuptials, with a degree of good-humoured ease, which *most* husbands would have cherished, seated herself, rather suddenly, on his knee, threw her arm round his neck, and saluted him. "Madam," said the unmanly formalist, "my first wife was a Percy, and *she* would not have been taken such a liberty!"

It is said too, of the same nobleman, that he never permitted any servant to turn his back, after he had delivered his message, but ordered that he should go out of the room backwards, with his face still towards his master.

AMONG men of learning, the pride of the two Scaligers, father and son, have been scarcely ever equalled. A friend to the elder of that name, wrote to acquaint him that he should make mention of him, in a work which he meant to publish, and wished to know what he should say of him. Were not the answer which the elder Scaliger made, actually extant, in the printed collection of his letters, it could not be credited. "Undeavour," said he, "to collect your best ideas of what Maffiniffa, what Xenophon, and what Plato, were, and your portrait will bear some, although an imperfect, resemblance of me."

THE vanity of the younger Scaliger, fully equalled that of his parent. Not to mention that fancied principality of Verona, from which he was dethroned, in consequence of his quarrel

rel with Scioppius, his excessive pride makes him perpetually complain, throughout his works, of the hardship of that destiny which had prevented his being born a sovereign prince; and the incessant complaints which he makes concerning the blindness of the age he lived in, in not sufficiently recognizing and rewarding his merit, are repeated so as to disgust every reader.

Notwithstanding this odious foible, which shews itself in almost every page, written by either of the Scaligers, it was yet the opinion of Justus Lipsius, and that opinion was confirmed by the suffrage of the Bishop of Avranches, that “if the father and son were not princes, they deserved incontestably, that high rank, from the brightness of their genius, and the excellence of their knowledge.”

ASPAIARD, rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, “Voto a tal, esto es caminar por la tierra!”
“This comes of walking upon earth!”

M. DE NANTOUILLER, Prevot de Paris, during the reign of Henry the **III.** of France possessed a most singular species of vanity. “I have the honor,” he used to say, “to count among my enemies, all the most powerful of my contemporaries. Elizabeth of England, I have nosed*—in her very metropolis—I make no scruple of abusing the mistresses of the Duc D’Anjou, and the King of Navarre every day of my life—and as to the Duc de Guise,

* Nargué.

“ Guise, to him I have had the exquisite pleasure of breaking my solemn word of honour.”

THE Cardinal de Lorraine, the hardness of whose heart has been celebrated in a former part of this work, had pride equal to his inhumanity. He was introduced one day, as we are told by Brantome, to Donna Beatrice of Portugal, Dutchess of Savoy, and as he approached to salute her face, the lady, who was at least as haughty as himself, drew back, with some disdain, and offered him her *hand* to kisses. He, slighting that favour, still pressed forward towards her, and she still continuing to retire, the irritated Cardinal springing onwards, caught her by the neck, and saluted her, forcibly, three or four times. Astonished at this treatment, she exclaimed bitterly against the insolent priest, both in the Spanish and Portuguese tongues, but gained very little by it. “ Am I,” said he, “ to be subjected to your caprices, Madam? I, who am used every day to salute my mistress, the Queen of France. And yet, forsooth, I am not to touch the cheek of a little * dirty Dutchess like you !”

THAT kind of insolence which is commonly denominated purse-pride, is by much the most intolerable of every species of haughtiness. The pride of *birth* is seldom unaccompanied by good-breeding, and knowledge of the world. The pride of *beauty* and *accomplishments*, being chiefly confined to the fair sex, is at worst ridiculous, never

* Une petite Duchesse crottée.”

never odious. But the pride of *riches* goes always hand in hand with vulgarity. Men of wit, or literature, are very rarely in a condition to enjoy the sensations of this species of pride, for taste and generosity (those two ruinous, but constant attendants on genius) take especial care that no opportunities to display this low propensity shall ever fall in the way of such. The self-sufficiency with which the purse-proud are inspired, is of the most provoking sort. Crumenas, wherever he goes, believes himself the only object of envy, be the company ever so superior to him in rank or talents. If you praise the country seat of some friend, Crumenas joins in the praise, and avers that "were it not so far from town he would buy it." You reply, that you do not apprehend that your friend would sell a place in which his ancestors have been seated some hundred years, on *any* "consideration. "What, not if I were to offer him twice the "value of it, in cash?" You reply, that you apprehend he would *not*. Crumenas bursts into a horse laugh, and tells you that "your friend "is not so great a simpleton as you take him "for." It is ten to one but that the party present join the man of money in his mirth; for wealth, although there be not the least chance of the company's ever sharing in it, yet commands universal respect; and its possessor seldom misses of applause, be his jokes ever so insipid. It has, indeed, this advantage on its side, it may be *borrowed*, which neither birth, beauty, nor accomplishments *can*, and it is this consideration, perhaps, which inclines mankind to support the insolence of its owners in the humble, hope

hope of profitting, some time or other, by this mean policy.

P R O V E R B S.

SENSIBLE and well-meaning as our British adages are justly reputed, yet the warmth of the southern latitudes seems to sometimes have given a strength and flavour to the proverbs of their inhabitants, which ours have not.

With how much more force does the Spaniard express our "Misfortunes seldom come alone," when he says to ill-luck, Ben ven-
"gas! Si vengas solo*."

There is a touching species of humility in another adage of the same nation, *Defienda mi, "Dios! de mi †,"* to which we have no parallel.

THE Italian "*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere,*" and "*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il Santo,*" seem, in their way, at least equal to our "ill-wind," and "sick devil."

The Latin adage, "*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,*" although it be cited, and even differted upon by Erasmus, yet he acknowledges that he is utterly ignorant of its author. However, Galleotus Martius de Narni (who died in 1476) acquaints us, that this celebrated line is to be found in "*Gualterus Gallus, de gestis Alexandri.*" A book almost utterly unknown, but said, by the few who

* "*Thou art welcome, if thou beest unaccompanied.*"

† Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.

§ In his work "*de Doctrinâ promiscua.*"

who have perused it, to be a very indifferent version of *Quintus Curtius* into Latin verse. The line in question is thus introduced.

“ ——— Quo tendis inertem,
 “ Rex periture, fugam? Nescis, Heu! Perdite, nescis
 “ Quem fugias. Hostes incurris, dum fugis hostem.
 “ Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdis.”

Thus in English.

————— Whither flyest?
 Poor ill-farr’d King! Whilst from pressing foes
 Thy rapid course thou urgest, others meet thee;
 And Scylla waits for him who ’scapes Charybdis.

AFTER the fight at Bannockburn, so fatal to the English in the reign of Edward the Second, the Scots, by way of insult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the fashion of the day.

“ Long beards, heartless—painted hoods, witless—
 “ Gay coats, graceless—make England thriftless.”

The hoods were, at that period, used as hats or caps, and were coloured in a method between dying and painting, whence the old company of Painter-stayners derive their name.

BOURSAULT, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle D’Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII. to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, by playing with her domestics, at the game of explaining proverbs by dumb shew, and had already found out several, by gestures of the parties: she endeavoured, however, in vain, to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen,

men, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means, "*One fool makes many.*" The princefs looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her prefence for ever.

R E L I G I O N.

The fanciful ingenuity of mankind has shewn itfelf with its utmoft variety in the article of a future ftate. The followers of each religion have formed a paradife to their liking; fome of the plans laid down for the amufement of the bleffed were extraordinary. That of Celtes was never adopted by any other religionifts. After drinking beer moft liberally, from the skulls of their foes, the faints were to rife from table, and hew one another to pieces with fwords and battle-axes. There was to be afterwards, a species of revivifcence, and then all hands to drinking beer again. The Puelches, a nation lately difcovered in South-America, can have no objection to the former divifion of the Celtic beatitudes, for they expect that good men will be indulged with a perpetual ftate of drunkennefs * in

* Not very different from this idea of future blifs, was that of a foldier, who was overheard by a friend of the Editor's, reprimanding his comrade for inordinately wifhing for twelve-pennyworth of gin, two days running. "What you dog," faid he, "would you be drunk *every* day? You'd be an angel, I fuppofe, would not you?" G.

in the next world, and they honour their Supreme Deity with the name of "Soucha," or, "The God of strong drink." The more temperate Greenlanders content themselves with allowing to their blessed, plenty of the best of train-oil to drink, and abundance of seals to hunt.

THE Heathens treated their deities with marked disrespect. The characters indeed, and modes of life, attributed to those exalted beings, could not claim much of their regard; notwithstanding this, it seems rather strange, that mankind should not be held in somewhat more awe, by those whom they called Gods, and to whom they thought it necessary to offer sacrifices. Yet we find in a Greek poet,

"Οὐκ ἐδούδεις, τοὺς κακὰς ἐνδαιμονίαν."

In English :

"The Gods are disgrac'd by the prosperity of the wicked."

Seneca, speaking of Sylla, says,

"Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix."

"The Gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so fortunate."

And Tully declares, "That the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, a successful pirate, bore testimony against the Gods."

And lastly, Lucan's celebrated compliment to Cato, lowers his creators and protectors to a state,

state, of which his fellow creatures would have been ashamed:

“ *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

THE character which Brantome gives of his great favourite, the Marechal Strozzi, is very curious, in point of religion. “ Il n’etoit pas certainement bigot, hypocrite, mangeur d’images, ni grand auditeur de messes, ni sermons, mais il croyoit tres bien d’ailleurs ce qu’il falloit croire touchant sa *grande creance**.”

There is somewhat exceedingly whimsical, in thus separating the “ Grande creance,” from the “ petite.” The first species of belief was “ in Strozzi’s age, remarkably commodious for general officers, partizans, court-ladies, and people of fashion in general, since the “ Grande croyance,” seems little more than believing that *there is a God*.

THE same bizarre theologist cannot conceal his partiality to beauty and elegance, even in his idea of a future state. “ Can one imagine,” says he, “ that the soul of an infant, of a blockhead, of a puppy, of a brute, or of a scoundrel, can make as good a figure as that of a worthy man, or a man of honour? Or that the soul of an ugly, cross, awkward, stupid woman, can bear the smallest resemblance to the soul of a man of honour?”

* “ He was no bigot, nor hypocrite, nor did he pay great regard to images, masses, nor sermons; but then he was an excellent believer as to the great system of faith.”

“blance to that of a lovely, amiable, agreeable lady *?”

THE Tzeremisch Tartars have very little notions of forms in religion. They have, as Bell in his travels acquaints us, a tradition among them, which is generally believed, that formerly the nation had been in possession of a book of religion. But, they add, that as nobody took the pains to decypher it, a cow came and swallowed it.

Another branch of the same people had waded much deeper in theology and cosmogony, for they reasoned with our countryman upon earthquakes, and attributed them to the awkward attempts, which a golden frog, who supports the globe, is too apt to make, to scratch himself.

ONE would not naturally expect to find Tully writing against transubstantiation, yet in his book on the Nature of the Gods, is this striking passage: ‘*Quum fruges Cererem, vinum liberum dicimus, genere nos quidem utimur usitato, sed ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud quo vescatur Deum credat esse?*’ Cic. de Nat. Deor. L. III. Cap. LIII.

SOME of the best French writers, acknowledge that good writing and preaching in France, took their rise from the efforts of the Calvinistical

* “Un belle, honnête & agreable Dame.” N. B. Brantôme’s “honnête” had no connection with our “honest.” A circumstance necessary to be observed by all his readers.

tical authors and declaimers, before whose time, their theological treatises were contemptible.--- Oliver Maillard, a cordelier, was a celebrated preacher, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He left two volumes of sermons in Latin, and in the margin of some of them, have been observed marks, whereby it might be known, when some particular action would add a grace to the delivery, and here and there the words "Hem, Hem," to point out where a cough might come in as an ornament.

THERE is nothing more often complained of, than the manner in which the Liturgy is repeated by our clergy; and it seems strange, that men, whose chief fame must arise from pronouncing well, and that attention confined to *one* composition, should neglect the study of so easy task. But this task, on examination, will not be found quite so easy, as is at first imagined. Two requisites, (as in musical performances,) are to be attended to, judgment, and execution. The one, comprehending a clear knowledge of the precise meaning of every sentence and word, and how to place the emphasis, so as to convey that meaning to the hearers. The other, powers of *voice*, and accuracy of ear, so to modulate that voice, as to execute properly what the judgment directs. There is also another kind of judgment necessary. In reading the prayers and lessons, the clergyman should consider when he repeats the words of the Almighty, he is not to use the same manner, as if he were speaking in his own character, but, should observe a medium between

tween the coldness of unfeeling recitation, and the absurd animation of enthusiastic delivery. Sheridan seems to wonder why those persons who *peak* naturally and properly in *ordinary* conversation, immediately assume an unnatural and awkward manner on *reading* only a single paragraph; but surely the reason is sufficiently obvious. The *speaker*, only uses his own words, and consequently expresses the sentiments those words are intended to convey. But the *reader* is repeating the words of another, whose sentiments should only appear from those words, without any addition of tone of voice, and gesture. To illustrate this by an example, how ridiculous would a person appear, if in reading an account of a battle, he were to recite in the same tone and manner, in which an eye witness would relate the story. P.

There is also another difficulty which attends the proper enunciation of the liturgy; the constant practice of it, takes off that feeling for the solemn and pathetic parts of it, which one would think, would animate the expression of the reader. There are many young clergymen that have read remarkably well on their first taking orders, who, (probably from this circumstance) have gradually fallen into that cold, uninteresting method, which is so generally complained of, and which has driven many auditors to irregular, fanatical declaimers, in search of that warm elocution, which they cannot meet with at their parish church. P.

RIDICULE.

R I D I C U L E.

WHETHER, or no, ridicule be the proper test of truth, is not, perhaps, fully decided, but it is most certain, that it might be used in many cases, in the place of severe chastisement, and sometimes with a more lasting effect, especially among young people. One scheme of this kind was tried with great success, by the elder Dr. Newcome, who governed a school at Hackney, about forty years ago. When any mistake happened in the pronunciation of a Latin word, he used to make the faulty lad repeat, after him, before the whole school, “Nos Germani, non curamus, quantitatem, syllabarum*.” And this penalty was more dreaded by the boys, than the ferula or the rod.

Marville, in his *Melange D'Histoire*, &c. produces two or three instances of ridiculous situations, in which great men have been seen. One of them must have been singularly so. The celebrated Constable Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valour and military skill was only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. of France, to carry, on his shoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princess of Navarre, to the altar, where she was, against her will, to be married to the “Duc de Cleves.” This, Brantome observes, was a hard task, as the

K

* An absurd assertion, all in false quantity, supposed to be made by a German, importing that “His countrymen” minded not how they pronounced Latin.

the little lady was so loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the King's command; the Queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the Constable was much hurt, at being exposed to the ridicule of the whole world, and said, "It is henceforward over with me; my favour at court is passed away:" accordingly, he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over*.

MELANCHTHON, is reported to have frequently studied the gravest points of theology, with his book in one hand, and in the other, the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked: and "M. Espirit," a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met, from the necessity of frequently sounding his little child's whistle."

THE following anecdote is so perfectly ridiculous, that its being well known, is the only circumstance which can render it credible. Cardinal Richelieu, when at the height of his glory

* Of the sanguinary character of Anne de Montmorency, some idea may be formed by the specimen which Brantome has given of his favourite orders. "Go! Let me see those rascals stabbed, or shot, directly! Hang me that fellow on yonder tree! Hack me to pieces, those scoundrels, this moment, who dared to defend that church against the King's forces! Set fire to that village, d'ye hear! Burn me all the country for a mile round this spot!"

glory and power, *wrote a tragedy*, entitled, “Eu-
 “rope,” and actually brought it on the French
 stage. As the piece was little more than a poli-
 tical dialogue between the European nations, in
 which the comparative state of their revenues,
 forces, &c. were brought forward, it was barely
heard, from respect to the writer; but when it
 was given out for *another* representation, a mur-
 mur of disapprobation arose, and the “Cid,”
 of Corneille, was loudly demanded by the au-
 dience. This hurt the Right Reverend dra-
 matist so much, that he actually contrived to
 have a long and regular critique, written by the
 academicians of Paris, on that ill-fated Cid,
 which had been set up as a rival to the progress
 of his tragedy.

THERE appears somewhat ridiculous in the
 wife reasons supposed by Sir J. Keresby, for the
 odd conduct of a whimsical nobleman, who pro-
 bably had no deeper scheme in his plan of his
 life, than to gratify his own unaccountable ca-
 price.

“The Marquis of Winchester, had by his
 “conduct persuaded some people to think him
 “mad, though he certainly acted upon princi-
 “ples of great human prudence. This gentle-
 “man passing through Yorkshire, in his way
 “to London, I went to pay him a visit. He
 “had four coaches and an hundred horses in
 “his retinue, and staid ten days at a house he
 “borrowed in our parts. His custom was to dine
 “at six or seven in the evening, and his meal al-
 “ways lasted till six or seven the next morning,
 “during which he sometimes drank, sometimes

K 2

“he

“ he listened to music, sometimes he fell into
 “ discourse, sometimes he took tobacco, and
 “ sometimes he ate his victuals, while the company
 “ had free choice to sit or rise, to go or
 “ come, to sleep or not. The dishes and bottles
 “ were all the time before them on the table:
 “ and when it was morning, he would
 “ hunt or hawk, if the weather was fair, if
 “ not, he would dance, go to bed at eleven,
 “ and repose himself till the evening. Notwithstanding
 “ this irregularity, he was a man
 “ of great sense, and though, as I just now
 “ said, some took him to be mad, it is certain,
 “ his meaning was to keep himself out of the
 “ way of more serious censure in these ticklish
 “ days, and preserve his estate, which he took
 “ great care of.”

R O M A N C E S.

AMONG that class of romances, for the blackletter translations of which we are chiefly indebted to ‘ Sir John Burchier, Knight, Lord ‘ Berners,’ are many which, in their line, have great merit. The ‘ Mort D’Arthur,’ has some picturesque scenes, particularly one, where the effect of the ‘ Stroke dolorous,’ is described. ‘ Huon of Bourdeaux,’ has conferred obligations on many modern writers, which they have not had the gratitude to acknowledge. His wild, and picturesque stories of Judas, whirling about in the sea, and of Cain in the desert, with an attendant fiend, have supplied M. Petit de la Croix, with the most interesting parts of his Persian

Persian Tales; nor has Huon's "Castle of Adaman," been spared by the same plagiarist.

There is a romance little known, intitled 'Galienus restored,' which, from the specimen which an ingenious French writer gives of it, must, probably, be very interesting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, Charlemagne and his twelve peers, paid to an Emperor Hugo, of Constantinople, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, 'Une des plus grandes naivetez qu'on ait jamais ecrites.' After a magnificent entertainment, these noble guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber, by the prince Tiberius and the beautiful princess Jacqueline. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the vast apartment; that in the middle was for Charlemagne, who being in no humour for sleeping, proposed to amuse himself and his twelve companions by a species of conversation, which the author of the romance "calls Gaber*," and which consisted in making the most ridiculous rhodomontades.

He began with vaunting, that with his good sword Joyeuse, he could cut a man in twain, although defended by the best tempered armour. Orlando, his nephew, professed, that by one blast of his horn, he would level with the ground fifty fathom of the walls of Constantinople. Ogier, the Dane, undertook to overturn the edifice in which they had been entertained,

K 3

* From "Gaber," it is supposed, is derived, "The gift of the gab," which has much the same sense as is mentioned above. Gab or Gob, is used in the North to signify mouth.

tained, merely by tying a cord round the center pillar of the hall, and exerting his force in pulling at it. In short, every Peer had his peculiar boast, and that of the Marquis Oliver was the only one which distinguished itself from the rest; but, unluckily, from the ludicrousness of its nature, it cannot be repeated. The "Gabs" being completed, the party composed themselves to sleep, with a calmness of mind which they would hardly have possessed, had they known what was to befall them the next morn. For it chanced, that the Emperor Hugo, who had expected that from the conversation of thirteen such paragons of valour and wisdom, he should gain documents of importance towards the good government of his empire, had placed a spy, concealed in a hollow column, who was directed to note every word which passed, and to report it early in the morn. The person, appointed, executed his commission faithfully, and having, by means of a private stair-case, acquainted Hugo with the whole conversation, he was so much disappointed, to find in the room of the maxims which he expected, a pack of improbable lies, that, forgetful of the laws which hospitality enjoins, he sent word to the whole party, by a herald, that unless they performed, each man, his "gab," completely and without deceit, he had taken a solemn oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the venerable Charlemagne himself. It is certain that nothing but a very bitter aversion to liars, could have driven the good prince to this hasty measure, since he was obliged, in the execution of it, to expose the honour of his family in a very

very delicate point. The remainder of the story is somewhat too long, rather too profane, and much too free for this work, wherefore those who wish to know how Charlemagne and his peers were extricated from the scrape, must consult Menage, who will inform them of the unprecedented condescension, and humanity of the fair princefs Jacqueline, and of the very indifferent figure which a celestial messenger made, by undertaking a business *quite out of his line.*

S A I L O R S.

THE race of sailors are so truly eccentric, that notwithstanding the numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation, there are many interesting circumstances relative to their very peculiar character, yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The sailor forms these into a language, and introduces them, without hesitation, into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success, as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life.

Inured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of Stoicism, which might raise the envy of a Diogenes, "A vast there," cried a sailor to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate, just cut in halves by a chain-shot, "A-

“ vast ! let us, first, see if he have not the key
 “ of our mess-chest in his pocket !”

As their enjoyments are simple and few, sailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Halifax, Canton, Cape Coast Castle, or the Point at Portsmouth.

From the Admiral to the cabin-boy, their attachment to the fair-sex is earnest, lasting, and almost indiscriminate. The wives of seafaring men, are far from being remarkable for beauty or youth, yet few women live happier in the conjugal state, as the heartiness, the sincerity, and the general good humour, (not to mention the *frequent absences*) of their mates, make ample amends for those small deficiencies, as to delicacy or politesse, which they sometimes might complain of.

Except the momentary joy of receiving his money, a sailor’s happiest time is, by no means, that period when he has his pockets well stored. He possesses, indeed, an anxiety to get rid of his cash, which amounts almost to actual distress. “ Why do you not return and enter with me again, as you promised ?” said a Captain to a valued seaman. “ How can I, Captain ? I have still money in my pouch, and “ yet I am never without a girl and a fidler.” “ Try two girls and two fiddlers,” said the Captain. The tar thought the hint a good one, and by adopting it, soon obtained a state of finance which put him in a humour to return to his occupation.

Two of the brightest points in the character of a seaman seem to be, intrepidity, and presence of mind. Without partiality, we may say,

say, that it is in the British mariner, particularly, that these qualities are to be observed. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portuguese, the Italian, or the Rus, either ask assistance from, or denounce vengeance against, his patron saint. No, he trusts to his own agility and resolution for safety; and if he imprecates curses on *any* head, it is on his own, or on that of some *lubber*, who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Superstition and prophaneities, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whistling a country dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will, too often, wantonly defy his creator, by the most daring execrations, and the most licentious behaviour. But most assuredly, he is thoughtless of the fault he commits, and (like the poor * fellow who spied land, after many days intolerable sufferings of hunger and thirst, in the boat of the ship-wrecked Centaur) thinks that he is at liberty to express his gratitude, or his distress, by the method which to him appears most apt, and most expressive.

A species of ready wit is often connected with the character of a sailor; and as, whatever he conceives, he always thinks himself at liberty to express, let the company, the place, the time be what it will, he has, of consequence, vast advantages over the more bashful belle esprit. A couple of sailors, some years ago, went ashore

K 5

at

* See "Capt. Inglesfield's Narrative."

at Charles-town in Carolina. They naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence against the sins of his audience. They arrived just time enough to hear him say, with his utmost exertion of voice and gesture, "and I, your *pastor*, your *teacher*, " shall be forced to bear witness against you, at " the awful day of judgment." "Hollo Jack!" cried one of the tars, whom the crowd had divided from his comrade, "d— my eyes, if " that is not just as it goes at the Old Bailey. " The greatest rogue always turns King's evidence."

But the sailor's character must not be dismissed, without some notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outsidcs of *some* be ever so rugged. No tye of Free-Masonry, no oath, no bond of society, can unite any denomination of mankind together as *sailors* are united. It is in the most trying situations of life that the effects of this union are most seen. If a sea officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his sons become the children of his fraternity, and are handed up in life by their father's friends, from one station to another in the service, until they are enabled to provide for themselves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongst this gallant race of men, the following circumstance may be properly brought forward. Not many years past, an unknown benefactor gave Three Hundred Pounds per annum, to be divided among thirty sea-officers widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the

the

the competitors, each who applies, brings in a list of her children, and how they are provided for. And the Editor, who has the honour of being one of the distributors of this excellent donation, has with pleasure remarked, that there is scarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offspring of thirty mothers, but what has some provision in the navy, and is, at least, in the right road to an honourable competence.

S C A N D A L.

THOUGH some, (says Selden, referring to the state of Britain in 1645) make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits. As, take a straw, and throw it up in the air, and you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do, by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well, as ballads and libels.

* A blind man of Paris, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after having spent the day in begging, with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he would go home with him, he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him : " I am not rich, and yet wish to shew
" charity

* Since these sheets went to the press, the Editor has had the vexation of finding this anecdote inserted in a public print.

"charity to the poor, which I have no other
 "possibility of doing, unless by giving them
 "parcels of tales and novels, which I compose,
 "to sell at a very moderate price, for their own
 "benefit. Here, my friend, is a good parcel
 "of them, which you shall dispose of at the
 "rate of two-pence each, although they are
 "intrinsically worth thrice the money." The
 poor fellow, after loudly expressing his gratitude,
 groped his way home, exulting, and sallied out
 early the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his
 benefactor's productions. He cried his pamph-
 lets by the title of a new novel, as he had been
 directed, and for some time, had no custom;
 but one of his books having been purchased and
 examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale,
 and the blind man returned homewards with
 his pockets well loaded. His pleasant ideas
 were, however, soon checked, by his finding
 himself in the custody of an officer of the Police,
 who told him that the book which he had sold,
 was a most virulent, and impudent satire against
 a person of rank. The poor blind man pro-
 tested his innocence, and told his tale, which,
 luckily for him, was believed; but he could
 give no information which could lead to the
 contriver of this very ingenious and new way of
 spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

A LADY, well known in the literary world,
 having asked the elder Lord Lyttelton, "why
 "he did not insert in his life of Henry the Se-
 "cond, the well supported tradition which
 "makes that Prince the offspring of an amour
 "between the Empress Matilda and her compe-
 "titor

When a Blind Man begged of John the Academician
as he came one Day from hearing Mass at Notre Dame,
he answered him in the Words of S. Peter

*Argentum et Aurum non est mihi: quod autem habeo,
hoc tibi do.* -- so taking out his Tablets, he wrote

these lines: and pinned them on the Breast of the

Blind Man.

*Chrétiens! au Nom du Tout puissant,
Faites moi L'Aumône en passant;
L'Aveugle qui vous la demande
Ignorera qui la fera:*

*Mais Dieu qui voit tout, le verra;
Je lui prierai qui vous la rende.*

You that enjoy the Sight of Day,
Relieve a wretched Blind Man pray;
Unseen by Me your Alms let fall,
He sees them clear, who sees us all;
And when his Days remove all Shade,
In Sight of all, You'll be repaid.

“titor Stephen?” was answered by the noble biographer, “that *his* work should never become the vehicle of antiquated scandal, “ against a lady of rank and character.”

The above delicacy might have had weight enough with the Editor to have prevented his telling the following anecdote, but the inhumanity of the lady, whose beauty and ingratitude it records, utterly destroys all her claims to forbearance.

The story of Livia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquisite and far-famed beauty tempted a corsair to fit out a small squadron, and to land near her castle, in order to make himself master of so rich a prize. A domestic burst into her room, while the pirates were actually scaling her walls, and snatching her, naked as she was, from her bed, conveyed her, on horseback out of the reach of the assailants. When they had gained a place of security, the lady’s high sense of modesty, obliged her to cause her honest, although, perhaps indelicate preserver, to be assassinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the castle, the fugitives fell in with one of those roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in those days, abounded with. This paragon of beauty was, a full week, detained by the band of outlaws, before she had leave to pursue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had she been honoured by a La Fontaine for her historian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipsed those of the Princess of Garbes. Possibly she might not be sorry to be rid of one who had been

been a witness to the hospitality of her late entertainers.

THE present age, far from encouraging obloquy, seems rather to indulge in the opposite extreme. Sir John Falstaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard the Third, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhausted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could supply, to set his character and his back straight : and volumes upon volumes are written, to prove the immaculate purity of *Mary, Queen of Scots*.

To those who are well acquainted with the works of those authors * who lived near that unfortunate lady's time, it must appear that one half of them would have laughed, and the other half started, at the very name of such an apology. It may be well-founded, nevertheless ; but is it quite necessary that so great a rout should be made " about Sir Archy's great grandmother ;" especially by *Southern Britons*, when her justification must include a stain on the memory of one whom Englishmen ought to value, and to cherish, as the protectress of their honour, the foundress of their commerce, and the supporter of their established religion ? If there be such a thing as national gratitude, it seems to be here cruelly violated ; and the maxim, " *Fiat Justitia, ruat Cœlum,*" will, hardly, afford a shield to the author, since the object is by

* Pierre de l'Estoile. Gab. Naudé. Brantôme, and his commentator. &c. &c.

by no means of importance enough to come within the circle of its defence. The lady herself, bred up in the gallant Court of Catharine Medicis, must have smiled at some part of the argument brought forward on her behalf.

SINGULARITIES.

THE following description of silk, by the celebrated Abbé Raynal, appears at first sight one of the most affected, and far-fetched conceits, that ever flowed from the pen of a man of genius. ‘Ouvrage de ce ver rampant, qui habille l’homme de feuilles d’arbres, élaborées dans son sein;’ but whatever may be the merit or demerit of the thought, it will not affect the Abbé, as in the Dictionnaire d’Anecdotes we may find the following *Arabian* proverb: ‘Avec le temps et la patience, la feuille du mûrier devient fatin.’ P.

WHEN we consider the nice distinctions in language, and the particular expressions appropriated to certain things, it will seem almost impossible to attain perfect accuracy in any tongue we have not been conversant with from our infancy. For example, what a variety of ways we have to signify imprisonment, each of which is particularly significant of some peculiar mode of it, and would be a solecism if applied to any other. A criminal is *taken up*, or *apprehended*. If kept for *trial*, he is *committed*; if for *punishment*, he is *imprisoned*; a soldier is *confined*, an officer is *put under arrest*, a debtor is *arrested*: similar as the two last expressions appear, what very

very different ideas are conveyed by saying, Captain *** is *arrested*, or *put under an arrest*? P.

THE sensations of heat and cold by no means originate entirely from what we call difference of climate; innumerable other circumstances contribute to excite them. Algarotti observes, that when the French King sent some mathematicians to measure a degree under the polar circle, and the King of Spain sent others for the same purpose to the line, to ascertain the true figure of the earth, who would have imagined, that those under the equator would suffer most by cold, and those under the arctic circle by heat; and yet this was actually the case. The cold on the summits of the Andes was intense, and the heat occasioned by the length of the polar days, was hardly to be borne. P.

AT the time of the gunpowder-plot, it was intended to extirpate the whole royal family, except the princess Elizabeth, who was to be bred a Papist, and the Roman Catholic religion established under her. It is very remarkable that, the descendants of that very lady, (the present royal family) should have been called to the throne, to the exclusion of those of her brother, (among whom we may enumerate the present Kings of Sardinia, France, and Spain) for the direct and contrary purpose, viz. the preservation of the Protestant religion.

THERE are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, where no supernatural means can possibly be supposed. The first is

is mentioned by the learned bishop of Worcester, in the preface to his Sermons on Prophecy. It is part of a chorus in the Medea of Seneca.

*Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet & ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbes.*

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante's Purgatorio.

*I' mi volsi a man' destro, e posì mente
Alt' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non visse mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.*

Now this is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole, and yet Dante is known to have written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere. P.

S K E T C H E S.

EUPHEMIA possesses a mind, superior to the sensation of possessing uncommon talents; she would be famed for her wit, her knowledge, her accomplishments, was it not for her philanthropy. She is so much with the wretched, that she is forgotten by the learned, and unknown to the celebrated. In short, she is content with being approved, when every faculty she has, entitles her to admiration. Amiable Euphemia! we must know you to believe such excellence exists!

ARA-

ARAMINTA, you mistake your fastidiousness of humour, for delicacy of taste, your extreme positiveness, for steady principle, and your irritable temper for exquisite sensibility.

And what is it you feel? Not the distresses of the wretched—not the excellence of the deserving—not the success of the eminent—but—your own importance. You tell me no one regards their friends more tenderly; why? Not for any merits *they* possess, but because you think them sensible of *yours*; at the same time they applaud your wit, and fly at your command, gratify your vanity, and contribute to your ease. Talk not of sensibility, distinct from reason, virtue, and benevolence; it is the selfishness of a feeble mind, it is the tenderness of an unsound heart.

ASPASIA has generosity, honour, truth, every thing excellent, excepting that disposition of mind, which bears with people destitute of these qualities.

She is a very vixen for what is good—has neither love nor patience for the unworthy—loses her charity in the cause of benevolence, and her justice in zeal for reformation. Aspasia! this violence of will belongs not to virtue!

EUGENIO never performed a good action because it was right; for him it was enough to feel it natural. Less generous than profuse, he rather may be said to fling away, than to give.

Though it is not probable he would revenge if he remembered an injury, he is placable more

more from a careleſs temper than a noble mind, and oftner forgets than forgives his enemies.

Charitable, not ſo much from philanthropy as intereſt, he relieves, rather than ſympathiſes.

Kind without ſenſibility, good-humoured without affection, you love him, not for his merits, but his nature.

DORICOURT poſſeſſes that addreſs which only is acquired in the beſt company, and that kind of knowledge which particularly recommends one to it.

Speaks ingeniouſly on ſubjects of taſte; paſſes with all but critics as a wit; with all but artiſts as a connoiſſeur, with all but men of learning as a ſcholar.

To a diſcerning eye, indeed, it is very evident, that his talents are as ſuperficial, as his mind is vain, and his heart intereſted: that he is polite, and engaging, but that he attends to you, not becauſe he prizes your judgment, but loves your admiration—that he extols *your* virtues, to give you an opinion of *his own*; is good-natured, to be popular, and liberal, only that you may call him ſo.

Doricourt—‘ Tu recte vivis, ſi curas eſſe quod audis.’

ELVIRA may be claſſed amongſt the excellent, and the wiſe, rather than the amiable and accompliſhed.

She has more underſtanding than wit, learning than taſte, principle than ſentiment; and though by no means deficient in tendernels of heart,

heart, is better distinguished by greatness of soul.

Her fate required all her fortitude: united to a man without mind, without merit, without morals, she has spent her whole life in endeavouring to reclaim him from his vices, and to conceal them from the world.

Whilst other women are sinking under their petty disappointments, and boasting of their superior sensibility, Elvira, with the highest sense of honour, the nicest discrimination of right and wrong, neglected, injured, neither complains of the bitterness of existence, the fallacy of earthly prospects, nor the state of human things.

Misanthropes! sentimentalists! this sketch is as deserving your attention, as the Venus de Medicis is a virtuoso's.

FLAVIA is a widow of large estate, and renowned for generosity and good-nature; by her generosity, her tenants are made drunk, and her servants wasteful; and her good-nature, gives to sloth and vice what might relieve distress, reward merit, and promote industry.

Priscilla, her sister, is a very different character; shrewd, acrimonious, vigilant, fearing her bounty should be ill bestowed, she has not yet ventured to bestow it; and as it requires a life to know the real worth of an indigent object, she reserves liberality to the last day of hers, and in her will, has left a considerable legacy to some poor old women now turned of seventy.

MELISSA is one of those women who are distinguished by what they *have not*, rather than what they *possess*.

Her features are not devoid of regularity, but loveliness; her shape is not without proportion, but grace; nor her voice discordant, but unmelodious.

She may be called, in the most extensive sense of the word, accomplished; but the same low tone of colour which characterises herself, is evident in all she does. Her drawings, exact and delicately finished, want effect; her translations, faithful, and not *in-elegant*, spirit; her remarks, formed as they are by good company and books, interest.

“ With every prudent, every pleasing part,

“ What lacks the fair Melissa?—All—a *heart*!

ANTONIO is the most credulous man in the world; if indeed, you relate to him a noble action, a tale of sorrow, the ill-treatment you may have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, he is as likely as any one to doubt it; but, there is no kind of flattery when addressed to himself, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it, too gross for his belief.

Admire his understanding (and never was a more confused one) tell him of his virtues, (and no person possesses fewer) extol his conduct, (and it has always been irregular and culpable) and, you are certain of——his *heart*?—his *purse*?—his *interest*?—No; his
E. A. R.

S U P E R-

SUPERSTITION.

THE ancients adopted a very peculiar method of pacifying the wandering spirits of such as had been slain by treachery. The murderers never thought himself safe from being haunted by the spectre of the person whom he had killed, until he had cut off the feet, the hands, the nose, and the ears; from the slaughtered corpse, and hung them to his own neck, or under his armpits. This appears from the Greek Scholiasts on Sophocles, *Æschylus*, &c. *Deiphobus*, the husband of *Helena*, was probably treated in this way, which accounts for the uncouth appearance which he made before *Æneas*, in the shades.

—— “ *Lacerum crudeliter ora,*

“ *Ora, manūque ambos, populataque tempora, raptis*

“ *Auribus, & truncas, in honesto vulnere nates **.”

And this naturally introduces the Roman method of getting rid of those troublesome, nocturnal visitors, the Lemures, so named from a transversion of the word *Remus*, who was said to have haunted his brother, and murderer, *Romulus*. On this account the hag-ridden Prince instituted a festival, called *Lemuria*, to appease the unquiet dead. The haunted person was to rise at midnight, and to walk bare-footed, silently,

* “ Midst other barbarous devices,

“ The Greeks had cut his face in slices,

“ Of cheeks, nose, lips, they’d quite bereft him,

“ And not an inch of ear had left him.”

silently, only making a small noise with his thumb and finger, to keep the disturbed spirit at some distance. He then must wash his hands, three times, in spring water, and fill his mouth with beans, which he was to throw behind him, for the spectre, who watched his motions, to pick up; he was at the same time to pronounce "With these beans I redeem me "and mine," without turning back his head. Then after one more ablution, after striking a vessel of brass, and after adjuring the ghost, nine several times, by name, to depart, he might turn his head, and the ceremony was ended*.

IN what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildness found in the tales of superstition, handed down to us by our Celtic ancestors, and the uninteresting insipidity of all the ghost and witch stories, which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cause may be found in that universal allowance of præternatural visitations, which, in former times, pervaded every rank of society, and, of course, encouraged the greatest and most fanciful wits of the time to busy themselves in inventing, and recounting, picturesque relations, while, in modern days, since the belief of such events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the superannuated,

* It should seem that a person who had resolution enough to pass through a form so very alarming, must have too firm a mind to give any credit to such childish, expiatory ceremonies.

ted, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raise the tale one degree above a white sheet, or a pair of faucer-eyes, nor to supply the spectre with any language more expressive than that of scratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's sake, recount one, out of a hundred stories, told by the ancient northern writers. Asuithus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together, during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the North. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog (as was the mode of the times) placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern armed as he was, and, in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed in with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders. It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish Prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way; when, instead of the expected, solemn stillness of a tomb,

tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance. "As soon," he said, "as the tomb had been closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer and devour the buried survivor. He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator, but that he had at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase."

Here the story ends, and perhaps one of the most singular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verse*. A circumstance, which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, seems

L

* Quid stupetis, qui relictum me colore cernitis?

Obsolescit nempe vivus omnis inter mortuos.

Nescio quo Stygii numinis ausu,

Missus ab inferis, spiritus Asluiti,

Sævis alipedem dentibus edit,

Infandoque canem præbuit ori.

Nec contentus equi nec canis esse,

Mox, in me, rapidos transtulit ungues,

Discissâque genâ, sustulit aurem.

Hinc, laceri vultus horret imago,

Emicat, inque fero vulnere sanguis.

Haut impune tamen monstrifer egrot,

Nam ferro secui, mox, caput ejus,

Profodique nocens stipite corpus.

seems uncommon *. But such effusions of poetry were usual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has strong traces of descent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

THUS we are told by Matthew Paris, that as Gilbert Folliot (afterwards Bishop of London) was one night revolving in his head certain points in politics, a science to which he had a stronger turn than to divinity, he was most fearfully interrupted in his meditation by Satan, who, with an unpleasant tone of voice, thus accosted him in rhyme, “† O Gilberte Folliot !
 “ —Dum revolvis tot & tot—Deus tuus est
 “ Astarot.” To whom the unterrified priest replied with greater presence of mind than civility,
 “ † Mentiris, Dæmon ! Qui est Deus —Sab-
 “ baoth, est ille meus.”

NEAR

* A Mr Child, of Plymstock, in Devonshire, was inspired by the muses, if we may believe tradition, on an occasion almost as unpromising for a bard. He was benighted, half frozen, and on the point of perishing, when with the point of his sword he wrote, with his horse's blood, this testamentary distich.

“ Whoever finds, and brings me to my tomb—
 “ The land of Plymstock—that shall be his doom.”

The Monks of Ford Abbey are said to have gained the estate so bequeathed, by throwing a temporary bridge over a river which separated the body from their burial ground ; and a bridge near the ruins of that religious house, still is reported to bear the name of Guile-Bridge. Dr. Fuller says he cannot tell the date of this tale.

† “ While thus you're revolving on good and on evil,
 “ This world is your Heaven, your God is the Devil.”

† “ Satan, thou liest ! The God who evermore,
 “ Both was and is, is him whom I adore.”

NEAR the abbey of Clairvaux, in Switzerland, there is a tradition, that an evil spirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained by St. Bernard; and the smiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to strike three strokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters. This infernal being deserves much less compassion than those industrious phantoms, who, according to a reputable tradition, are still to be heard, near a southern cliff in Wales, constantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall, which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedless chanter, having, after he had set them to work, been decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor spirits still continue their unavailing labour, and must hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

SHOULD a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that a Salamander would be generated in the cinders. This very rational idea is much more generally credited than wise men would readily believe.

In a folio book of some price, we meet the following receipt.

How to make a Basiliske.

“ I deny not (quoth the author) but a living
 “ creature may be generated, that shall poison
 “ one by seeing and touching, as if it were a
 “ Basilick. But take heed, you that try to

L 2

“ produce

“ produce this creature, that you do not en-
 “ danger yourself, which, I think, may easily
 “ come to pass. Infuse fruitful eggs, where
 “ you have a liquid moisture of arsenic, or ser-
 “ pents poison, and other deadly things, and
 “ let the eggs lie therein for some days; set
 “ them under hens that do cluck, but shake
 “ them not in your hands, lest you destroy the
 “ mischief fought for. There is no greater
 “ cause to be found to produce divers monsters,
 “ than by eggs.”

No man ever gave into popular and supersti-
 tious prejudices, more readily than the (other-
 wise) ingenious and entertaining Antiquarian,
 John Aubrey. His method of relation was al-
 ways quaint, and sometimes too general, as in
 the following instance.

“ Anno 1670, not far from Cirencester,
 “ was an apparition. Being demanded whether
 “ a good spirit or a bad ? returned no answer,
 “ but disappeared, with a curious perfume, and
 “ most melodious twang.”

THE following anecdote from the same writer
 is more particular.

“ When I (the writer, J. Aubrey) was a
 “ freshman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont to go
 “ to Christ Church, to see King Charles I. at
 “ supper ; where I once heard him say, that as
 “ he was hawking in Scotland, he rode into
 “ the quarry, and found the covey of partridges
 “ falling on the hawk. And I do remember
 “ this expression further, viz. *And I will swear*
 “ *upon the book 'tis true.* When I came to my
 “ chamber,

"chamber, I told this story to my tutor, said he, "*That covey was London.*"

THE annals of France report, that in 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity; the ears of corn were all void of substance, and strange præternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to be demons, who had ravaged the harvests, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tythes, which, in consequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly discharged. St. Foix, who relates this story, humorously asks, "how the devils "came to interest themselves so warmly in being half of the priesthood?"

KING JAMES I. defines a necromancer, to be the Devil's master, and to command him, by art. A witch, his servant, for whom he works by compact.

ST. AUGUSTINE, treating of the resurrection, introduces (as an instance of the unaccountableness of some among the works of nature,) a peculiar property belonging to the flesh of the peacock. This, he affirms, will never corrupt, although from its colour and consistence, and from the species of food by which it is generated, one would suppose it, at least as liable to putrefaction, as any other kind of animal substance.

THE learned Godwin in his antiquities of the Jewish Nation, favours us with the method of

composing the Teraphim, which were a species of image endued by magic art, with the power of prophesying. "The Teraphim have spoken vanity." Zach. 10. 2. Rabbi Eliezer is quoted as the author.

Receipt for making the Teraphim.

"They killed a man that was a first born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold, the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the head on a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it." With such as these, the rabbis assert that Laban spake.

DR. FULLER, in his "Worthies of England," after repeating the old prophetic proverb,

"When our lady falls in our Lord's lap,
"Then let England beware a mishap."

and after bringing fifteen instances of singular misfortunes, which have happened to England, when such a conjunction of feasts has occurred, warns the next generation to beware of what may fall out in the year 1722. Happily, that year is past, and probably another like era, without any signal misfortune happening to the kingdom.

SUSPICION.

S U S P I C I O N.

THE Cardinal de Richelieu was prone to suspicion. Every night he narrowly searched each corner of his room. It chanced one evening, that Desnoyers, his valet, who slept in his master's chamber, had deposited two bottles of wine under his bed, for his own use. These, the active jealousy of the minister discovered; nor could he be convinced that the contents were not poisonous, and intended for his destruction, until he saw them both drank off, by the suspected domestic.

CARDINAL DE PERRON professes himself suspicious, lest the Arians, in the Northern part of Europe, should, one time or other, embrace the principles of Mahometanism, to which, he thinks, by their attachment to the idea of Divine Unity, they cannot be totally averse.

A WHIMSICAL adventure, which happened to an intimate friend of the Editor, may not appear unworthy of a place under the head of Suspicion. It chanced several years ago, at a time when every corner of every street, abounded with cautions against ring and money-droppers, that on a sultry day, he had occasion to go as far as Radcliff-highway, no inconsiderable distance from the western extremity of the town. He had reached the top of Holbourn hill, and began to wish himself at the end of his journey, when his attention was caught by a jolly, stout, figure, walking down the hill just before him, whose

whose ruddy complexion, jockey whip, and dirty boots, proclaimed him an original country-squire, come to town on business, and probably pacing towards the Bank, for a dividend. He had not long contemplated the rusticity of this figure, before he observed him, on jerking out his pocket-handkerchief, to scatter six or seven shillings out of his coat-pocket. Some of these melodiously trilled on their edges down the pavement, some were stopped by posts and stepping stones, while others took the country, and expatiated towards the kennel, which, in those days, occupied the middle of the street. The Editor's friend, whose agility was superior to every thing but his benevolence, pursued each fugitive shilling, one by one, recovered them all, (a work of no small labour, and of some duration) and ran down the hill after their owner, who had by this time gained, what the seamen term, a great offing. Out of breadth, and perspiring at every pore, he stopped the 'Squire, and offering the shillings, began to tell his tale; but was unexpectedly interrupted by the person whom he addressed, who, freeing himself from his benefactor's grasp, exclaimed, with a menacing tone and gesture, "What, Sir! you " think you have got a prize in me, Sir! because you see me just out of the country; but, " Sir! I know the tricks of London, Sir! and " if you don't take your shillings, and yourself " away, Sir, very speedily, I shall call a constable, and raise the mob upon you, Sir!" " By no means in the world, Sir," replied the Editor's friend, " and rather than drive you to " such extremities, your shillings shall be employed

“played in easing my legs.” After this explanation, he called a coach, and with the fruits of the stranger’s absurd over-caution, spared himself a tiresome and sultry walk.

T A L E S.

MUCH has been written to explain and to teach the art of story-telling; but no science is more difficult to attain, nor can it be taught by any settled rules. If the teller can but contrive to keep the attention of his audience awake, to the end of his tale, he has certainly gained a great point, let the method he has taken be what it will; and if he can add to their attention some emotions of pleasure, or of surprise, he may justly be deemed a good story-teller. Seneca, who certainly may be cited as eminent in this art, will afford a beautiful example of this species of triumph over the expectations of his hearers. He tells us of the son of an eminent and opulent Roman knight, to whom the wretched Emperor Caligula took such an aversion, merely from envy to the superior graces of his person and dress, that he ordered him to be led to execution. Not contented with this, he had the wanton cruelty to insist on the father’s presence at an entertainment, while he knew his son was suffering death. He did more; he drank to him in full bowls, having first placed a spy, who might watch and report every change of his countenance. The wretched parent commanded his features, and formed them to express content, and even hilarity: nay, he entered into the spirit of the feast, wore the convivial

vivial chaplet, and though old and infirm, he vied with the most robust of the guests in every joyous-excess. "You ask me," here observes Seneca, "how and wherefore he acted this strange part. I answer, "*Habebat alterum.*" "*He had another son.*"

Here, by a single, and very short sentence, the passions of the hearers, which must have been highly excited against the parent, for his mean and odious dissimulation, are now as strongly roused in his favour, whose care for the safety of the surviving son (the life of whom would have been forfeited by the least cloud on the father's countenance) had forced him to stifle every feeling of nature, and to wear the mask of joy, while his heart was agonized with every throb of parental wretchedness.

A SINGLE ill-chosen word is sometimes fatal to the effect of a really pathetic tale. Dr. Cook, in his *Travels through Russia*, (a valuable and entertaining work) affords more than one instance of this error, which, however, in one who had resided a long term of years out of his native country, is very pardonable. He describes the cruelties exercised by the Russian troops at the storming Ocklakow, in 1737, and interests his reader strenuously in favour of a gallant Scots lieutenant, a Mr. Innes, who flew from place to place, to check the barbarity of the private soldiers, and, at the extreme hazard of his life, put to death a grenadier, who, "in a *ridiculous* manner, was *basely* diverting himself with the agonies of a poor little innocent, whom he had just pierced "with his bayonet."

SOMETIMES the distress of the tale will unfortunately chance to be of a species so awkward and ridiculous, that where the audience ought, by the laws of narration, to be most bitterly affected, the smile will unkindly supersede the tear. A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of Captain Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours, the misfortunes of his early years. His favourite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was most singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one, "Gracili tam, atque pusillo," No severe tasks of labour could be assigned, even by the most barbarous task-master. What were then the cruelties he had to relate? "I was treated," he used to say to the Editor's friend, "like a brute animal. They could not make me tug "at the oar; they could not make me drag "heavy stones; they made me, then—they "made me sit, day after day, and night after "night, in one cruel constrained posture—to "hatch young turkeys!"

SOLOMON'S apophthegm, "That there is "nothing new under the sun," may be applied with singular propriety to tales. They descend from one another with gradual regularity; and the same adventures, with a little change as to manners, become the amusement of successive ages. A late French collector of ancient stories, has taken the pains to trace many of them down to the present time, through half a score different titles, and twice as many books. The following

lowing apologue, which composes a chapter of the Edda, a mythological work of great antiquity, has given many a hint to the composers of Fairy Tales, &c. &c.

Thor and Loke, (the Alcides, and the Mercury of the Celts) set out with a comrade named Thialfe, in search of adventures. They found in a desert, a rock, hollowed into vast caverns, as they supposed, which, however, they afterwards were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped; after several such strange events, they entered a city, whose gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race, immensely gigantic. The King of the place proposed, according to the custom of those days, that each of the three strangers should give a specimen of his skill in some art, or exercise. Loke chose to exert his powers in eating, but he was foiled by an adversary, who, not only consumed the *meat*, which was provided for the contest, but also every *bone*. Thor, who affirmed his abilities as a drinker to be invincible, found himself unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialfe, an attendant on Thor, though celebrated for swiftness, was easily vanquished by a puny antagonist. Thor met with two more uncommon humiliations, he was unable to lift from the floor the King's favourite cat, and was brought, in a wrestling match with a toothless old woman, to bend one knee to the ground. These repeated foils to divinities of such vast power, must have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic, among the Celts, was allowed to rival the power of the deities. In consequence,

sequence, the King of the giants, after having amused himself by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hospitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honour, accompanied them out of his city gates, "Now," said he, "it is time to clear up all these mysteries. As to you, Loke, you are not to wonder that you were out-eaten by your antagonist. It was *fire* which rivalled you in gluttony, therefore the *bones* were as easy for him to destroy, as the *flesh*. You, Thialfi, could not be supposed capable of outstripping *thought*, for it was *thought* that you had to contend with. You, Thor, were ignorant that the horn, at which you pulled so lustily, was supplied by the *sea*, which actually was much diminished by your astonishing draught. In your second contest, what your fascinated eyes took for my cat was the *world*, which, by your vast strength, you actually succeeded in moving. As to the apparently decrepit old woman, with whom you wrestled to some disadvantage, it was no other than *death*, who never before met with a being which could resist her powers." After this denouement, the forcerer prudently thought proper to vanish, together with his suite, his city, subjects, and all, being justly apprehensive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his aversion to the giant-tribe, might, by the help of his club, render the catastrophe too serious.

It has been said, "De gustibus nil disputandum." We must not, according to that rule, censure the very extraordinary petition of Achmet Bassa, who, as Busbequius informs us, when condemned, in 1555, to be strangled, by order of the Sultan, made it his particular request to the executioner, that he would deprive him of life by degrees, and that after he had tightened the bow-string, he would loosen it again, that so he might know minutely how the pangs of death made their approach.

THE taste of Charlotte, Elizabeth of Orleans was singular in point of diet. We will take her own words (plain as her favourite aliments) contained in her letters to our late Queen Catherine.

* "Je dejeune rarement, mais si je le fais, c'est avec une beurrée; toutes ces drogues estrangeres, je ne puis ni les souffrir, ni les supporter. Mon gout & mon temperament s'en accomodent aussi peu l'un que l'autre. Je ne prends jamais ni chocolat, ni café, ni thé. Pour la table, je suis toujours bonne Allemande, & de la vieille roche, j'aime ce qui est simple & sain." 16 Juin, 1716.

"Je

* "I seldom breakfast at all.—When I do, I eat a toast and butter. I cannot endure all their drugs, and sops. I neither like them, nor do they agree with me. Neither chocolate, coffee, nor tea, do I meddle with. As to meals, I am a German of the old stamp, and like only what is plain and wholesome."

“ Je ne mange jamais de soupe, à moins, que
 “ ce ne soit de la soupe au lait, à la biere, ou
 “ au vin. Je ne puis supporter le bouillon. Il
 “ me donne des coliques, & me fait vomir. Le
 “ jambon & les saucisses me raccommoient l’estomac.” Oct. 8, 1717*.

How exactly did this blunt Princess, probably without knowing it, agree with Horace’s Epicurean lecturer, Catus, who recommends to hard drinkers, nearly the same refreshments as the good lady approved of, after her slip, and her negus.

—— “ Pernâ magis, & magis hillis
 “ Flagitat, in morsus, refici : quin omnia malit
 “ Quæcunque immundis servant allata popinis.”

Which may be thus modernized.

No stops for her !—They’ll but abash her,
 The lady likes a bacon rasher,
 And pines to have, within her call,
 A tasteful morsel from Whitehall,
 Where steams of sausage, savory cheer,
 Regale each passing grenadier.

THE Sieur de Brantome has supplied the Editor with so many anecdotes for this work, that it would be unjust to pass by one, which does the highest credit to his taste. He labours, with all the warmth of a feeling antiquarian, the demolition of the celebrated and beautiful Castle of Lusignan, which, the most cruel,

* “ For my part, I never eat their soups, unless they are made of milk, of beer, or of wine. I hate their “ bouillons,” they give me the colic, and make me sick. Good “ Westphalia hams, and sausages, are the best remedies that I can find for the disorders of my stomach.”

cruel, the most detestably brutal of men, the Duc de Montpensier*, caused to be levelled with the ground, out of a mean sentiment of revenge, for its long and gallant resistance against his army, during the civil wars of France. He calls it the glory of the kingdom, the nursing place of princes and heroes, and brings in the Queen-Mother lamenting over its ruins. To crown all, Brantôme introduces machinery. He relates the tales universally credited in France, of the supernatural protection which the foundress, Melusina, afforded it for many years, and dwells with pleasure on the terrors of the neighbours, at hearing the shrieks and wailings which attended its ruin. It seems that the awful ideas which the country people had formed of the Castle, and which had been strengthened by the traditions of ages, had dazzled their eyes, and had produced the wildest visions. Sometimes Melusina was seen in the bloom of female beauty, but deformed by a dragon's tail,

——— " Ut turpiter atrum
Definat in piscem, mulier formosa superne."

H O R A T.

hovering over the Castle. On particular days she bathed in a rill which washed its walls, but never did she omit to scream fearfully when any disaster was like to happen to any of her descendants. At the time of her castle's destruction, her cries were shriller, and louder, than ever, but they were vain, when opposed to the self-

* Brantôme, vol. 8. p. 314.

self-interested views of M. de Chamerault, to whom the ruin of the fortrefs was intrusted, and who was determined with the stones, to build a house for himself at a small distance from Lusignan.

CONSIDERING our present taste in gardening, there is something very extraordinary in a passage in the Spectator, No. 414. "On this account, our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those of France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground, covered with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represents every where an artful rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegancy which we meet with in those of our own country." It proceeds to ask, "Why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden, by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner?" Perhaps Shenstone took the hint from Addison, and, in consequence of this question, made, of his own estate, a model for that elegant style of laying out grounds, which has rendered England's parks and gardens the admiration of all foreigners. P.

TRANSLATIONS.

A TRANSLATOR should be cautious how he sets out on his work, lest an error in his title-page should prejudice the literary reader, though perhaps unjustly, against his whole work.

A Mr.

A Mr. Thomas Cockman, who translated a favourite work of Cicero, would surely have done better, had he rendered the word "Officia," *Duties*, rather than "*Offices*," as he has done. He proceeds to illustrate one of Tully's maxims, by the familiar and modern idea of "clapping a pistol, or the like, to such a man's breast." Yet in spite of this anachronic vulgarism, and a general meanness of style, the work has seen several editions.

EVERY translator of Marmontel's "Contes Moraux," has called them "Moral Tales," which surely was never the author's meaning. "Moraux" is *there* derived from "*mœurs*," and signifies "fashionable," rather than "moral."

A late writer has rendered "Les Veillees du Chateau," "Tales of the Castle." Should he not rather have said, "Rural Evenings" "Amusements?"

SCARRON'S "Roman Comique" has been as ill rendered into English, as far, at least, as the title. Instead of "*Comic*," it should have been translated "*Dramatic Romance*," which is the idea that the author meant to convey.

CRÉCH, in his version of Theocritus, brings the names of 'Tom, Will, Dick,' and of one 'Wolf,' into the same Idyll, with Thynicus, Cunisca, &c. &c.

When the above gross mistakes are considered, it cannot surely be thought too severe to say that,

that, instead of translator, we in these cases, at least, ought to use the word "Traducer," from "Traducteur." And most assuredly we ought to resume the old expressive file of "Done" * into English," and sad doings too!

GREAT-BRITAIN, however, by no means monopolizes bad translators. We read of a French student, who, translated from the New-Testament, "Erat homo qui habebat manum aridam," rendered it, "Il y eut un homme qui avoit une mechante haridelle." "That *me-chante haridelle*," said his tutor, "must serve to carry you out of the regions of Latin science," and gave up his charge†.

T Y R A N N Y.

THE wantonness of cruelty, to which men of naturally bad dispositions may be induced by the possession of despotic power, was never more evident than in the law of Tiberius, which rendered the smallest deviation, from profound respect to the Emperor's statue, picture, or resemblance of any kind, a capital crime.

At a feast given by Paulus, a man of high rank, Seneca tells us, that when the bowls had gone

* He, who in the year 1649, *did* (or rather *undid*) Buse-quius into English, has several peculiar merits of his own. He has enriched the language with many new words and expressions. "His misfortunes had *reduced* him to the *top* of all miseries," among his tropes, is one of the most *sutré*.

† "Manum aridam," means "a withered hand," but may be translated, "a worn out hackney," to which construction the young gentleman chose to adhere.

gone cheerfully round, and continual repletion began to demand evacuation. The master of the house, on whose finger usually shone a gem, engraved with the head of Tiberius, rose more than once from his chair, to visit the corner of the room. The season of convivial festivity is, by no means, that of consideration, and of consequence, the ring accompanied Paulus on each necessary errand. Maro, an informer, fate among the guests. A man, who though noted for his crimes, was, through motives of personal fear, admitted to every table. 'This wretch was observed by an attendant slave, to mark down on his tablets, every time that the Emperor's head received dishonour. Paulus had fortunately been a kind master, and the grateful servant rewarded that kindness, by privately slipping the ring from his master's finger, so that when Maro called on the company to witness the treason of their host, the gem was found in the hand of the slave, and the accusation, of consequence, fell to the ground.

The observation of the narrator on this story is too pithy and concise to be omitted.

" Si quis *hunc*, servum vocat, & *illum*, convivam vocabit."

" He who could look upon this man as a *slave*, ought to invite Maro as a *guest*."

Odious as this informer's conduct may appear, it has been paralleled at a neighbouring court, within the present century. In 1743, a Lieutenant in the naval service of Russia, named Falkenberg, rose, under pretence of sickness, from the table of a Nobleman high in rank, (to which he had been introduced by an intimate friend) that

that he might repeat before the Czarina Elizabeth, a few rash words, which, concern for the harsh treatment of the late Regent's exiled family, had drawn from the company, in an unhappy, thoughtless hour. This wretch's information involved in tortures, and in shameful deaths, no less than eight of the first people in his country, amongst whom were numbered the friend who had introduced him, and Mad. Lepouchin, a lady of elegance, youth, and beauty, whose public and disgraceful sufferings are described by M. Le Chappe d'Auteroche*, in a manner that would chill the blood of a Stoic.

This opprobrium to the human race was infinitely more detestable than Maro, as he belonged to a profession which demands and implies the highest sentiments of honour, whereas Maro, being known as an informer, gave fair warning to those who invited him, to beware of their visitor.

The execrable Falkenberg, gained, indeed, a regiment by his treachery, but his enjoyments were very limited. None of his officers would exchange a word with him; every one's hand and voice was against him; he was perpetually harassed by fallacious accusations; he was sometimes imprisoned for faults which he did not commit; a wife, whom he loved fondly, pined to death for the wretched, dishonoured condition of her husband; and so far did the abhorrence of his very *name* operate, that a physician could not be found to visit the innocent, unhappy woman, until one belonging to the army was

* Voyage de Sibirie, &c.

was forced to attend on her, by orders from a field marshal.

A THIRD anecdote, without the burlesque indicacy of the first, or the complicated horrors of the second, will be at the same time, at least, equally interesting, and equally declamatory against despotic ordinances, with either. A young lady of high birth and fashion at Rome, but, unfortunately engaged in the number of Vestal Virgins, became involved in a fatal snare, by a line which dropt carelessly from her pen. The Vestals were allowed great honours and great liberty; and this lady had, probably, been pleasantly entertained by some married friend, from whose demeanor she had formed a very favourable idea of wedlock. Actuated by some such motive, she wrote on a scroll, in the ecstacy of her spirits —

“ Felices nuptæ ! Moriar ni nubere dāce est *.”

The verse was, unhappily, found, and her hand-writing being known, she was accused as having incurred the punishment due to those who disgraced the temple of Vesta, that of burying alive. Seneca reports the arguments on both sides, but does not give us the result.

WHEN Britons are recalling to their grateful memory, the blessings which they owe to the glorious Revolution in 1688, they should be told to what provoking degrees of meanness, despotism

* Hail happy brides !—I would I were beheaded
But it were monstrous clever to be wedded !

despotism could stoop, when unchecked by a steady system of constitutional law.

In 1675, *Coffee houses were suppressed by Proclamation of King Charles II.* as being “places, “where the disaffected meet, and spread scandalous reports concerning the conduct of his “Majesty and his ministers.” This prohibition was in a very short time after repealed, not as inimical to the *liberty of the subject*, but as prejudicial to the *revenue*. Surely the John Bull of that period, was a different species of animal from the specimens which we now see of the breed.

V A N I T Y.

THAT species of vanity which relates to the person, has sometimes been very difficultly extinguished, even at the point of death. The moustache (or whisker) was an ornament highly in fashion, towards the beginning of the 17th century. The Comte de Bouteville, who was condemned to die, for a duel, was remarkable for the beauty and fulness of his “moustache;” and while the executioner was cutting his hair, that it might not be in his way, the Comte hastily raised his hand to guard those favourite locks; but the Bishop of Nantes, who attended on him, thus reprehended his attachment to such mundane follies*. “Mon fils, il ne faut “plus penser au monde. Quoi! vous y pensez encore†.”

IF,

* *Mercure François.* 1627.

† “What, my son, still thinking of the world!”

IF, however, any human being was free from personal vanity, it must have been the second Dutches d'Orleans, Charlotte-Elisabeth of Bavaria. Let us hear her own words. - " I must certainly be monstrous ugly †. I never had a good feature. My eyes are small, my nose short and thick, my lips broad and thin. These are not materials to form a beautiful face. Then, I have flabby, lank cheeks, and long features, which suit ill with my low stature. My waist and my legs are equally clumsy. Undoubtedly, I must appear to be an odious little wretch; and had I not a tolerably good character, no creature could endure me. I am sure a person must be a conjuror to judge by my eyes, that I have a grain of wit."

VIRTUE AND VICE.

CASUISTRY is not a favourite science in the present age, else the following questions, respecting the exact limits of Virtue and Vice, might be submitted to a modern Suarez, or a Bellarmine, without impropriety.

In what consists precisely the virtue of humanity? There are many persons existing, who, setting aside every precept of religion, would actually and literally suffer more pain, by refusing to relieve a wretch in actual distress, than by depriving themselves of the sum of money necessary for that relief. Do these persons acquire any additional merit in the sight of Heaven, by luxuriously indulging their own inclinations?

Where

† " Cruellement laide." Lettre 9. Aout, 1718.

Where shall we fix the exact point of vice in the article of intemperance? Shall the puling sinner, who grows confused and ridiculous, after three glasses of port, be liable to a more severe censure hereafter, than that jolly fellow, who swallows bottle after bottle, and bowl after bowl; who sees his convivial friends totter and sink from their chairs; who, in fine, after drinking a triumphant farewell bumper, over the fallen around him, can walk coolly home, and cast up the week's account of his house-keeping without an error, before he goes to bed? Such variation may be found between one drinker and another. But who shall settle whether the sin be actually constituted by deprivation of reason, or by indulgence of appetite?

THE casuists might also amuse themselves with settling whether the following action should be ranged under the banners of justice or inhumanity. The Editor had a friend, who studied at a celebrated university, and having a strong predilection for anatomy, took great pleasure in attending on dissections. One evening he, with many others, were anxiously attending the commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay stretched out on the table before them: the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus: "I am pretty certain, Gentlemen, from
" the warmth of the subject, and the flexibility
" of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return,
" and life, in consequence, take place. But
M " then,

" then, when it is considered what a rascal we
 " should again have among us; that he was
 " executed for having murdered a girl who was
 " with child by him; and that, were he to be
 " restored to life, he would probably murder
 " somebody else: when all these things are coolly
 " considered, I own, it is *my* opinion, that we
 " had better proceed with the dissection." With
 these words, he plunged the knife into the
 breast of the carcase, and precluded at once all
 dread of future assassinations, or hopes of future
 repentance.

W A G E R S.

OUR novel and essay writers are in general
 very severe on the custom of deciding disputes
 in conversation by a bet. Undoubtedly, this
 practice, when it tends to supercede argument,
 is very absurd; but a person who will assert a
 fact, yet when that fact is controverted, refuse
 to stake some trifling sum on the truth of it,
 seems to expect the company should put a
 greater confidence in his judgment or memory
 than he does himself. There is a story told of
 a man, who, on persisting in asserting the vera-
 city of some improbable adventure he was re-
 lating, was asked by one of the company if he
 would bet any thing on the truth of it; No, he
 replied, I will not bet upon it, but I'll swear to
 it*. P.

W E A L T H.

* *More consistent*, as it proceeded from conviction, but not
 much more *rational*, was the answer of good old Bishop La-
 timer, who had, at a controversial conference, been en-
 tailed by younger divines, and out-argued by those who
 were more studied in the fathers; " I cannot talk for my
 " religion, but I am ready to die for it."

W E A L T H.

ALL people want to be extremely rich, and few, very few in proportion, can have that wish gratified; now as authors are, by prescription, excluded from receiving any considerable benefits from Plutus, it seems to be a duty incumbent on that literary branch of the disappointed, to present as many motives for consolation as possible to their anxious brethren.

Extreme wealth is generally accompanied by a profusion, which soon annihilates the treasure it preys upon, or a suspicion, which renders all its enjoyments tasteless.

Wit very seldom honours the *exceeding* rich man with a visit. The first Lord Halifax, although by poetic license, characterized as being

“Himself as rich as fifty Jews.”

was no Cræsus, or, were he so, he was the only one. None but himself, of all the followers of Apollo, seem to have risen above mediocrity in point of fortune, and very few have attained to that humble state.

In our own time, a little observation will convince us that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of *enormously* wealthy writers. Some degree of indigence, indeed, seems necessary, as a spur to genius.

We are told that Petrarch would not espouse his Laura, when a widow, lest possession of the object of his verse might damp his poetic fire. Most assuredly this consideration ought to prevent

vent some of the brightest of our modern writers from wishing for 20,000*l.* prizes in the lottery.

Poverty is longer lived than wealth. For one suicide, who from "embarrassed circumstances," plunges into the Thames, how many hundreds perish by the pleasant and tardy, but sure and certain, poison of exquisite cookery.

It was the observation of a physician, who was remarkable for his practice in cases of insanity, that the South-Sea year had supplied him with an amazing increase of patients, but that among them all, there was *not one* whose delirium was brought on by the *loss* of his money. They were all to be numbered among the fortunate stock-fellers.

THE purses of the apparently wealthy, are frequently as ill-provided as those among the lowest of their inferiors. In short, as the following tale will prove, a man may be actually too great to have a penny in his pocket. About thirty years ago, some alterations were making in a part of Kensington-gardens, and the good old George the Second used to take pleasure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among these, there chanced to be an half witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the King, as with any other person for whom he had been used to work. One day, finding what he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his Sovereign, and with great earnestness, demanded "something to drink." Displeased

Displeased at the boldness of the request, yet ashamed to deny it, the King mechanically employed both his hands in search of coin, and finding none, replied, with dignity, and his usual German accent, "I have no money in my pockets." "Nor I neither," returned the idiot, "I can't think where it is all gone, for my part!" The Sovereign frowned at the repartee, which like many another joke, was prejudicial to its maker, and the fool was employed no longer near the palace. Had he lived a couple of centuries earlier, his buffoonery might have gained him a place about Court.

ALMOST all the wealth of Geneva goes to buy annuities, in the French funds; and the sums annually due to those republicans from France, rise to the vast amount of thirty millions of livres, or 1,200,000 l. Sterling. The way this is managed, is as follows. The whole of the annuity due to the Genevois, is placed in equal divisions, upon the heads of thirty young women of the city, who are chosen out of the most healthy, long-lived families. Every man who has any annuity, therefore, has a concern in the life of *every one* of these; and should any one of them die, he loses a thirtieth part of his income; on the other hand, from the very good chances on their side, he has a moral certainty that he shall leave a good part of his annuity to his children, nay, to his grand-children.

W H I M S.

THE grotesque method in which Sir Philip Calthrope, a Knight, (who lived in Norfolk during the reign of Henry the Seventh) checked the ambition of an aspiring shoemaker, seems to deserve insertion in the exact words of the same quaint, but entertaining writer.

“ He sent as much cloth, of fine French Tauney, as would make him a gown, to a taylor in Norwich. It happened one John Drakes, a shoe-maker, coming into the shop, liked it so well, that he went and bought of the same, as much, for himself, enjoining the taylor to make it of the same fashion. The Knight, being informed thereof, commanded the taylor to cut his gown as full of holes as his sheers could make, which purged J. Drakes of his proud humour, that he never would be of the *gentleman's* fashion again.”

WE are indebted to the same author for an anecdote of Dr. Soams, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, towards the close of the sixteenth century, whose whimsical perverseness deprived the College, over which he presided, of a handsome estate. It seems that Mary, the widow of Thomas Ramsey, Lord Mayor of London, in 1577, after conferring several favours on that foundation, actually proffered to settle five hundred pounds a year, (a very large income at that period) upon the house, provided that it might be called “ The College of Peter and Mary.” “ No!” said the capricious master; “ Peter,

"Peter, who has lived so long single, is too old, now, for a female partner." "A dear jest," says Fuller, "to lose so good a benefactress." For the lady, disgusted at the Doctor's fantastic scruple, turned the stream of her benevolence to the benefit of other public foundations.

IN 1585, Henry the Third of France, took it in his head to divert himself, when passing through the streets of Paris, (as we are told by l'Estoile) by playing with a "Bilbocquet." The Dukes d'Epemon and De Joyeuse, accompanied him in his childish frolic; which, by this example, became so general, that gentlemen, pages, lacqueys, and all sorts of people, great and small, made the management of the "bilbocquet" a serious and perpetual study*.

AMONG the whims of great men, may be reckoned the reason which Philip the Second gave for not eating fish. "They are," said he, "nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water." The value of that species of food had, however, been fully known by a Queen Ater-

M 4

* L'Estoile, in his "Journal de Henri III." relates other strange fancies of that wretched imitator of Heliogabalus in his *vices*, as well as his *follier*. Sometimes he would traverse his capital, with a basket hanging by a girdle from his neck, out of which peeped the heads of half a dozen puppies. But here the Editor must say with Persius, "Ah! Si fas dicere!" For the story of the "Sarbacane," and other adventures, with which the annals of that reign abound, as reported in the "Confession de Sancy," "The life des Hermaphrodites," "Le Baron de Feeneffe," &c. would furnish another Procopius with an ample magazine of scandalous anecdotes.

batis, who is said to have forbidden her subjects ever to touch fish, "left," said she, with an uncommon degree of calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale "their Sovereign." It is pity that this cautious epicure had not visited some of those inlets from the sea, in Scotland, where the piles of fish obstruct the tide's return; it might have set her royal mind at ease, and might have afforded her subjects many a pleasant meal.

AMONG the most eccentric whims of the last age, we may reckon that of one of Queen Anne of Denmark's maids of honour, which is recorded by the following patent, which passed the Great Seal in the 15th year of James the First, and is to be found in Rymer, "to allow "to Mary Middlemore, one of the Maydes of "Honor to our deereſt Conſort Queen Anne, "and her deputies, power and authority, to "enter into the Abbies of Saint Albans, Glasfenbury, Saint Edmundsbury, and Ramſay, "and into all lands, houſes and places, within "a mile, belonging to ſaid Abbies;" there to dig, and ſearch after treaſure, ſuppoſed to be hidden in ſuch places.

NOTHING can exceed the followers of cabalistical mysteries, in point of fantastical conceits. The learned Godwin recounts ſome of them. "Abraham," they ſay, "wept but *little* for "Sarah, probably becauſe ſhe was old." They prove this by producing the letter "Caph," which being a remarkably *ſmall* letter, and being made uſe of in the Hebrew word, which deſcribes

scribes Abraham's tears, evinces, they affirm, that his grief also was *small*.

The Cabalists have discovered likewise, that in the two Hebrew words, signifying "man" and "woman," are contained two letters, which, together, form one of the names of "God." But if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify "fire," "Hence," argue the Cabalists, "we may find that when man and wife agree together, and live in union, God is with them, but when they separate themselves from God, fire attends their footsteps." Such are the whimsical dogmas of the Jewish Cabala.

IN the Thwana we read of a whimsical passionate, old Judge, who was sent into Gascony, with very considerable powers, to examine into many abuses which had crept in the administration of justice in that part of France. Arriving late at Port St. Mary, he asked "how near he was to the city of Agen?" They told him "Two leagues." He then determined to proceed that same evening, although they told him that the leagues were long, and the roads very bad. In consequence of his obstinacy, the Judge was bemired, benighted, and almost shaken to pieces. He reached Agen, however, by midnight, with tired horses, and harassed spirits, and went to bed in a very ill humour. The next morn he summoned the Court of Justice to meet, and after having opened his commission in due form, his first decree was "That for the future, the distance from Agen to Port St. Mary should be reckoned *six leagues*."

M 5 And

And this decree he ordered to be registered in the records of the Province, before he would proceed to any other business whatever.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in a discourse delivered by him at Montpellier, on Sympathy, (which, by the way, swarms with whimsical positions,) affirms, that the venison which is in July and August put into earthen pots, to last the whole year, is very difficult to be preserved during the space of those particular months which are called the fence-months, but that, when that period is passed, nothing is so easy as to keep it *gysful* (as he words it,) during the whole year after. This the eccentric discourses on, as a fact, and endeavours to find a cause for it from the sympathy between the potted meat, and its friends and relations, who are courting and capering about in its native park.

“ I HAVE read of a bird,” says Dr. Fuller, in his Worthies of England, “ which hath a face *like*, and yet will prey *upon*, a man, who coming to the water to drink, and finding, there, by reflexion, that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself.”

THE Editor has in his possession a whimsical instance of a literary caprice. It is a parody (as the author terms it) of Horace, by a German, David Hoppius, who had interest enough to have his book printed at Brunswick, in 1568, under the particular protection of the Elector of Saxony.

Saxony. He has, with infinite labour, transformed the Odes and Epodes of Horace, into pious hymns, preserving the original measure, and, as far as possible, the words of the Roman poet. The classical reader will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which such a parodist must undergo, and will be surprized to find these heterodox productions not wanting in pure Latinity; however, that he may judge for himself, a specimen or two are annexed*.

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. Lib. 1.

Quis nullâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? &c. &c.

Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia V. Lib. 1.

Quis sæno recubans, in gracili tenes
Inflexus teneris te, pia, fasciis
Blandus, Virgo, puellus?
Cui primos adhibes cibos.
Dives munditiis? &c. &c.

In Juliam Barinen. Ode 8. Lib. 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior anqui.
Crederem—Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescas
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cara, &c. &c. &c.

Περὶ Παννύνης

* The Editor has given no translation of the above Odes and Parodies, since, notwithstanding the pious intention of the good Hoppius, (which he copiously sets forth in his preface) the appearance of the versions in English, answering to each other, would be apt to convey irreverend ideas.

Προσφωνησις Christi ad Peccatorem. Parodia 9. Lib. 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Culpa, peccator, doluisset unquam
Mente, si tantum fieres vel una
 'Iristior hora
Plauderem—Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, ingemificis
Ob scelus nunquam, scelerumque prodis
Publicus autor, &c. &c. &c.

In Bacchum. Ode 23. Lib. 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor in specus.
Velox mente novâ; quibus
Antris, egregie Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inferere & consilio Jovis, &c. &c. &c.

Parodia 23. Lib. 3. Ad Christum.

Quo me, Christe, feram mali
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fugiam in specus,
Pressus mole gravi? Quibus
Antris ob maculam criminis occultar
Æternam meditans facem
Infernum effugere, et simplicium Stygis? &c. &c. &c.

W O M E N.

THE ladies were no great favourites of the Greek comic poets. Will they pardon an extract from a Comedy of Eubulus, not very remarkable for its gallantry!

Ω Ζευ πολυτιματ', εἰ κακῶς ἐγὼ ποτε
ἔβην γυναῖκας, νῆ Δί' ἀπολοιμένην ἄρεα
Πάντων ἀρίστον κτημάτων. εἰδ' ἐγίνετο
Καὶ νῦν Μῆδεια, Πηνελόπεια δὲ

Μοῖρα

Μεγα πρᾶξι.—ἔρει τις Κλυταιμνήστρα κακῇ ;—
 Αλκήσιν ἀντίθετα χρηστῇ.—ἀλλ' ἴσως
 Φαίδραν ἔρει κακῶς τις.—ἀλλὰ νῦν Δία
 Χρηστὴ τις ἢ μέντοι—τις ;—οἶμοι δειλαίος—
 Τὰ χεῖρας γέ μ' αἰ χρησταὶ γυναῖκες ἐπιλείπον,
 Τὰ δ' αὖ πονηρῶν ἐτι λείπον πολλὰς ἔχω.

May Jove confound me if my mind
 Is prone to rail on woman-kind,
 Supreme of good to mortals given,
 The best, the fairest boon of heaven.
 If you Medea bring to view,
 Penelope was chaste and true.
 The virtues by Alcestis shewn,
 For Clytemnestra's crimes atone;
 Monstrous if Phædra's vice appear,
 I'll bring her opposite, don't fear.—
 Blest me, what ails my stupid head?
 My good examples all are fled.
 Soon themes of *panegyric* fail,
 I've thousands, when I went to rail. P.

It appears from Seneca, that the ancient Egyptians, in the disposition which they allotted to the genders of their nouns, paid a singular and delicate compliment to the fair sex. In the four elements, beginning with water: they appointed the ocean as a rough, boisterous existence to the male sex, but streams and fountains they left to the more gentle females. As to earth, they made rocks and stones, male, but arable and meadow lands, female. Air they divided thus. To the masculine gender, rough winds, and hurricanes of every kind. To the female, the sky, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male, but artificial and harmless flames, they consigned to the feminine class. Not so the Romans. They made a most awkward, and in some instances, *peculiarly*

liarly ridiculous, distribution of genders. Indeed, even the poets of that celebrated nation, seem to have been little disposed to shew any species of gallantry to a sex, an attachment to which, probably caused the rise and existence of their art.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better, and the only one among them who had done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality, in doing it.

“ Mi Chreme, peccavi ! Fateor. Vincor *.”

TERENT. HEAUT.

Virgil, far from shewing the least respect to the female sex, has treated them, (even according to his panegyrist Dryden), in an unjust, unmanly stile. He has falsified both the æra, and the character of Dido, in order to render her odious and contemptible. He makes Queen Amata turbulent and tipling, and the Princess Lavinia undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, “ that she looks a little flickering after “ Turnus.” His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely, (as Dryden observes) Venus is too impudently presuming, in expecting that her husband should make armour for his wife’s bastard.

Camilia

* It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in these humble strains,

— “ I was wrong, My Chremes, I own it. I am convinced of it,”

was neither more nor less, than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband and *his* father, had ordered.

Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but soon dashes down her character, by calling her —

“*Aspera & Horrenda Virgo.*”

which, like Bojardo’s “*Gatta, fiera, cruda,*” “*dispietata,*” applied to Marfisa, conveys a meaning as distant from any thing amiable, as words can paint.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of character * spoken of in any part of his poems. His ladies are all Chloes, Lydes, Lydias and Cynāras. Their characters appear to have been equally light, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends it to one of them to take care, lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap.

One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor to wash away her cares with rosy wine.

Juvenal need not be mentioned; he avows himself scarcely to have even heard of a modest woman since the golden age.

The prose writers of the Augustan æra, seem to have favoured the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca’s account of the ladies of his time

* The compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus, excepted, whom he calls

“*Unico, gaudens mulier, marito.*”

“*The lady contented with one husband.*”

time is at least as bitter as the sixth satyr of Juvenal.

THERE was published at Leyden, (about the 1754,) a Syriac translation, with a Latin version of two epistles, said to be written by St. Clement, of Rome, the disciple of St. Peter the Apostle, but much more probably, the production of some bigoted monk of the early ages, than of an almost immediate successor of Jesus Christ. As a specimen of his work, the following extract will probably be thought sufficient. He speaks to his brethren, as to the proper conduct to be observed concerning women. “ Let us neither eat, nor drink, nor inhabit, nor have any thing in common with them. If we are benighted at a distance from home, and are invited by any of our friends, let us, if possible, lodge with a single man. But at any rate let us admit no woman into our company, but let man associate only with man. If it happens that there are only women in the place, let us convene them together, and after having addressed to them an edifying discourse, let us request the oldest and most reserved, to give us a lodging where there is no woman, and after having brought us a lamp, and other necessities, to leave us to ourselves *.”

ANOTHER reclusé myfognist, J. Rawlin, a monk of Cluni, who died in 1514, and who left behind him four volumes of sermons, expresses himself thus, in his third discourse. Si

* V. the original work, or a letter in the Gent. Mag. 1764.

“ Si quæritur quare angelus mulieribus, & non
 “ viris, arcanum resurrectionis committit præ-
 “ dicandum. Potest dici hoc, duplici de causa
 “ factum. Primo, quia mulieres bonam habent
 “ linguam, & vix sciunt retinere secreta sed ea
 “ cito revelant. Unde cum quæreretur à quo-
 “ dam philosopho, quare linguam loquacem
 “ magis habent quam viri? respondit, hoc
 “ ideo esse, quia homo ex limo factus est, mu-
 “ lier ex offe, scilicet, ex costa Adæ—Si quis
 “ autem commoverit saccum plenum limo, non
 “ inde sonabit, si vero saccum plenum offibus,
 “ tunc varium & grandem sonum emittet.”

A THIRD writer, who might have found
 better employment for his muse, attempts also
 to sneer at the fair sex, for their exercise of the
 most pleasant of all talents, that of conversa-
 tion.

Quem bene prospiciens generi, natura, loquaci
 Cavit ut imberbis femina quæque foret!
 Nimirum linguam compercere nescia, radi
 Illæsis posset femina nulla genis.

The task of translating these two farcassical
 pieces of Latin, is too unpleasant to be attempt-
 ed. The Editor will not be concerned in dis-
 seminating ill-natured reflexions on a sex which
 may justly expect to be honoured, and not vil-
 lied, by any male being, except by those four
 recluses, who may plead ignorance in excuse for
 their folly.

ANTIQUARIANS are, by no means apt to
 pay great attention to the fair sex;

“ Their Venus must be old, and want a nose.”

FOOTE.

And

And among those who have set themselves most warmly against that elegant part of the creation, must be reckoned Antony à Wood, whose diary affords some instances of his dislike, so grotesque, that they claim attention.

Page 167. "He," (Sir Thomas Clayton) "and his family, most of them *woman-kind*, " (which before were looked upon, if resident in the college, a scandal and abomination thereunto,) being no sooner settled," &c. &c. "The Warden's garden must be altered, new trees planted, &c. &c. All which, though unnecessary, yet the poor College must pay for them, and all this to please a woman!"

P. 168. "F frivolous expences to pleasure his proud lady."

P. 173. "Yet the Warden, by the motion of his Lady, did put the College to unnecessary charges, and very frivolous expences. Among which were a very large looking-glass, for her to see her ugly face and body to the middle, and perhaps lower."

P. 252. "Cold entertainment, cold reception, cold, clownish, woman."

P. 257. "Dr. Bathurst took his place of Vice-Chancellor, a man of good parts, and able to do good things, but he has a wife that scorns that he should be in print. A scornful woman! Scorns that he was Dean of Wells! No need of marrying such a woman, who is so conceited that she thinks herself fit to govern a college or a university."

P. 270. "Charles Lord Herbert, eldest son of Henry, Marquis of Worcester, was matriculated as a member of Ch. Ch. *Ætat*.

" 16. natus

" 16. natus Lond. I set this down here, be-
 " cause the Father and ancestors were all Ca-
 " tholics, but because the mother is a Presby-
 " terian, a Capel, she (against the father's will,
 " as it is said) will have him bred a Protestant,
 " so that by this change, the Catholics will lose
 " the considerable family in England, and the
 " richest subject the King has *."

THE learned Selden had left no good exam-
 ple to Antiquarians in the point of gallantry.

" It is reason," says he, " a man that *will*
 " have a wife, should be at the charge of her
 " trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him,
 " He that *will* keep a monkey, it is fit he
 " should pay for the glasses he breaks."

THE ladies can, if they please, retaliate se-
 verely on those who treat them not with that re-
 spect which they merit. A gentleman who
 had married a second wife, indulged himself in
 recurring too often in conversation, to the beau-
 ty and virtues of his first consort. He had, how-
 ever, barely discernment enough to discover
 that the subject was not an agreeable one to his
 present lady. " Excuse me, Madam," said he,
 " I cannot help expressing my regrets for
 " the dear deceased." " Upon my honour,"
 said the lady, " I can most heartily affirm that
 " I am

* One cannot help remarking here, that the violent dis-
 like which old Antony à Wood had conceived to the idea of a
 lady's doing *any* thing, whether good or bad, has drawn him
 into the absurdity of blaming the Marchioness of Worcester for
 an act, which, at that very critical period (1677) was, most
 certainly, a service of consequence to the religion, and con-
 sultation of her country.

“ I am as sincere a mourner for her, as you
“ can be.”

W O N D E R.

It seems the peculiar property of weak understandings to wonder at what they see, and to spend that time in being surprized, which men of sense would employ in discovering the meaning of that which caused such surprize. Pere Schiner, a Jesuit of peculiarly flow talents, although a good mathematician, was sent, well pensioned, from Vienna to Rome, in order probably to write some account of that celebrated place, for the entertainment of his benefactor, the Emperor. He wondered at every thing he saw in his passage through Italy, exclaiming, as we are told by Naudé, * How I do *wonder* at “ these people ! They pay one with fine speeches ; they live upon fallads, and they pelt one “ another with pebbles !” The wonderer finished his tour just as one would expect, and carried home to his Imperial Master, a large flint stone, which he had been taught to *wonder* at, and to purchase at a high rate, as genuine Oriental Bezoar. Naudé tells this story, as of his own knowledge, but does not name the Emperor who made so sagacious a choice.

BUT since, in spite of all sarcasms, all admissions, *wonderers* there will be, let us, in charity, endeavour to supply them with a few remarkably well-attested histories of events, so very

* “ Profecto, sunt homines isti mirabiles ! Solvunt ver-
“ bis, vescuntur herbis, & pugnant lapidibus !”

very surprizing, and so strangely unaccountable, that gaping and staring at them may be allowed, even to persons of common sense. The following tale, which exactly suits the purpose, would not deserve a place in any book, except the Adventures of Baron Munchausen †, had it not been told in a public company by no less respectable a man than Dr. Henry Seabury, now an American Bishop. He mentioned, as an instance of the long retention of life in some animals, that he was present at West-chester, in the Province of New-York, when the body of a turtle, intended for dinner (its head having been previously cut off) was unaccountably missing. In spite of a long search, it was not found till the next day, and then it was discovered in a field, near two miles from the house, to which it was believed to have found its own way, although two or three low fences must have been, some how or other, passed by it. To add to the wonder, it was so full of life, after it was brought home, that while the master was chiding his servant for his negligence, the headless trunk had actually found its way out of doors, and was returning to its old haunt. G.

WONDERERS may, if they please, exert their amazement at the astonishing longevity of a tortoise, who was seen in good health, at Bombay, on the Malabar Coast, by Captain Sutherland, who commanded an Indiaman in or about the year 1762. This venerable animal had been left by the Portuguese, as an heir-

† A book written to amuse such as can be amused with improbable, though ingenious lies.

heir-loom when they delivered up the fortrefs to the English, as part of the portion of Princess Katherine in 1662. The strength of this creature's shell enabled him to bear the weight of three soldiers at a time; and old as he was, he would make a very considerable circuit, daily, to collect his common provender.

AND that the Editor may contribute his own particular share towards the amusement of the wonderers, with whom he has made so free, he begs leave to tell them of a Yew-Tree, at Peronne, in Picardy, which, in his earlier years, affected him with more astonishment than any object he ever saw. It grew in the center of the Cloyster, near the Great Church; and before it was lopped, it had darkened the whole building, and completely covered the cloyster. Its trunk was prodigiously large, more so than that of any tree he had ever seen before, or has seen since. But the more than traditional history of the tree is a genuine subject for wonder. The monk, who with great politeness, did the honours of the place, affirmed, that in the Trefor, there was still existing the grant of those lands, being then a wood of yew trees, on which the church is built, dated in the year 660. That, in the said grant, the present yew-tree is particularly directed to remain (the rest of the wood being rooted out) as a center to the building, and is pointed out by the name of *The Old Yew Tree*. No tree, perhaps, had ever its antiquity carried up quite so high before, and upon such very plausible authority.

NAUDE.

NAUDE gives great food for wonderers, when he speaks of a species of scorpions in Italy, which are not only innocent, but so domestic, as to be put between sheets, to cool the beds during the heat of the summer.

THE following artless narrative, may also assuredly be wondered at, without justly drawing any charge of folly on the wonderers. It is an extract from a memorandum book, in the hand-writing of Paul Bowes, Esq; son of Sir Thomas Bowes, of London, and of Bromley-Hall, Essex, Knight, and dated 1673. The memorandum-book is now in the possession of Mr. Broke, of Nafton, in Suffolk, who is a descendant from the family, and who had in his possession, in 1783, when the extract was made, two or three of the pieces of money referred to in the story.

“ About the year 1658, after I had been
“ some years settled in the Middle Temple, in a
“ chamber in Elm-court, up three pair of stairs,
“ one night as I came into my chamber, in the
“ dark, I went into my study, in the dark, to
“ lay down my gloves, upon the table in my
“ study, for I then, being my own man, placed
“ my things in their certain places, that I could
“ go to them in the dark; and as I layed my
“ gloves down, I felt under my hand a piece
“ of money, which I then supposed, by feeling,
“ to be a shilling; but when I had light, I
“ found it a twenty-shilling piece of gold: I did
“ a little reflect how it might come there, yet
“ could not satisfy my own thoughts, for I had
“ no clyent then, it being several years before I
“ was

“ was called to the bar, and I had few visitors
 “ that might by accident drop it there, and no
 “ friends in town that might designedly lay it
 “ there as a bate, to encourage me at my study;
 “ and, although I was the master of some gold,
 “ yet I had so few pieces, I well knew it was
 “ none of my number; but, however, this
 “ being the first time I found gold, I supposed
 “ it left there by some means which I could not
 “ guess at. About three weeks after, coming
 “ again into my chamber in the dark, and laying
 “ down my gloves at the same place in my
 “ study, I felt under my hand a piece of money,
 “ which also proved a twenty-shilling piece of
 “ gold; this moved me to further consideration;
 “ but, after all my thoughtfulness, I
 “ could not imagine any probable way how the
 “ gold could come there, and thereupon I was
 “ tempted to feel oftentimes, in the dark, in
 “ that place for more gold there, but I don’t
 “ remember that I ever found any when I went
 “ with those expectations and desires. About
 “ a month after the second time, coming into
 “ my chamber in the dark, and laying down
 “ my gloves upon the same place, on the table
 “ in my study, as I used to do, I felt two
 “ pieces of money under my hand, which, after
 “ I had lighted my candle, I found to be two
 “ twenty-shilling pieces; and, after this,
 “ in the same place, and in the dark,
 “ I found another piece of gold, and this
 “ about the distance of a month, or five or
 “ six weeks. I several times after, at the same
 “ place, and always in the dark, found twenty-shilling
 “ pieces of gold; at length, being

“ ing with my cousin Langton, grandmother
 “ to my cousin Susan Skipwith, lately married
 “ to Sir John Williams, I told her this story,
 “ and I don’t remember that I ever found any
 “ gold there after, although I kept that chamber
 “ above two years longer, before I sold it
 “ to Mr. Anthony Weldon, who now hath it,
 “ (this being 23d Sept. 1673). Thus I have,
 “ to the best of my remembrance, truly stated
 “ this fact, but could never know, or have any
 “ probable conjecture, how that gold was laid
 “ there.”

THE Editor flatters himself that he shall have
 completely made his peace with the race of
 wonderers, when he has presented them with
 the strange story which follows : Captain Allen,
 the writer of it, was well known as a man
 of character and honour. After his death, a
 number of diaries, which he regularly kept,
 were sold by auction ; and it is from one of
 them that this extract is taken ; the affair was,
 doubtlessly a gross imposture ; but why so many
 persons should have joined in such a conspiracy,
 is a mystery ; and yet it seems that the master
 of the house must have had all, or most of his
 servants as partakers of the plot. Perhaps the
 story may, now it is made public, fall into the
 hands of some person, who living near the spot,
 may be able to cut this Gordian knot.

“ Extract from a Manuscript Diary of Capt.

“ Allen, (since Gentleman Usher to her pre-
“ sent Majesty) A. D. 1751.

“ Friday, Oct. 4. at eleven, set out from
“ Yarum for Skinninggrave, the house of one
“ Mr. Appleby, of which Mr. Jackson was
“ giving a very odd account he had from the
“ Rev. Mr. Midgeley, of an apparition which
“ haunted the house in a very remarkable man-
“ ner. As I am very incredulous in these no-
“ tions of spirits, I was determined to take a
“ journey thither to know the truth, and, if
“ possible, to have all conviction, either by
“ ocular, or auricular proof. Accordingly, I
“ arrived there about eight at night, and asking
“ for Mr. Appleby, (whom I found a sensible
“ man, with a great gentility of behaviour for
“ a tanner) I told him I had taken the liberty,
“ after hearing such and such reports, to come
“ and ask a few questions relating to a spirit
“ that was said to trouble his house; and that
“ if it would not be inconvenient, I should be
“ obliged to him if he would accommodate me
“ with a room all night. He told me I was
“ extremely welcome, and that he was obliged
“ to any gentlemen that would give themselves
“ the trouble to come; and did not doubt but
“ that he should satisfy them, by the account he
“ would give them, which he declared, as he
“ should answer at the great tribunal, should be
“ true, sincere, and undisguised, and should
“ contain no incident but what had happened,
“ and been transacted in his house, (at first to
“ the grief and amazement of himself, his wife,
“ and

“ and four servants,) by this invifible and unaccountable agent. He faid that it was five weeks fince it had left them, and that once before they were quiet of it for three weeks, and then it returned, with double the noife and confufion they had before.

“ In the firft place he affured me they had never feen any thing, but that the noife and havock which they had in the houfe was amazing; that they all were fo frightened, that one night, about one o’clock, they thought to quit the houfe, and retire to a neighbour; that they could get no fleep, by reafon of their beds being ftrip’d of the clothes, and thrown upon the ground; that the women were thrown into fits, by being oppreffed with a weight upon their ftomachs, equal to an hundred weight; upon this they moved all their beds into one room, determined to fhare an equal fate; fo that two men laid in one bed, two women in another, and the man and his wife in the third; no fooner were they in bed, but the fpirit vifited them, the door being locked and barred. It firft walked along the room, fomething like a man, but with an uncommon ftep; immediately the maids cried out they were next to death, by a monftrous weight upon them; on which Mr. Appleby immediately came to their relief; that upon his approaching the beds, fomething leapt off, walked round him, which he, being a man of courage, followed, and endeavoured to take hold of, but in vain. Upon this he retired to his bed, and immediately the maids called out, they were

“ losing the clothes off the bed ; he told them
“ to pull hard, which they did, but they *
“ were immediately taken with a violent force,
“ and thrown upon the men : after this it rattled
“ a chain, with a great noise, round the room,
“ and instantaneously they were alarmed with
“ a noise over their heads, of a man threshing,
“ as it were, threshing corn with a flail, and
“ in a minute was answered by another, and
“ this continued for fifteen minutes in a very
“ regular way, stroke for stroke, as if two
“ men were threshing ; then it descended into
“ the room where they were in bed, and acted
“ the same. Another night it came grunting
“ like a hog, and after, imitated the noise of a
“ swine eating its food ; sometimes it would, in
“ the middle of the room, make a noise like
“ the pendulum of a clock, only much faster ;
“ and they assured me that it continued in their
“ room one morning in June till past five
“ o’clock, and Mrs. Appleby, and all of them,
“ saw the clothes taken off them, and flung
“ with violence upon the maid servants ; but
“ nothing could they discover, neither conceive
“ how they were thus strangely conveyed.
“ Upon these surprising things being done, it
“ was rumoured abroad that the house was
“ strongly haunted ; and Mr. Moore, the land-
“ lord, and Justice Beckwith went to Appleby,
“ and often talking with him, and examining the
“ servants, and telling them this was a concerted
“ scheme among them for some purpose, they
“ agreed to sit up all night. As they were
“ putting

* Probably the *clothes*, not the *maids*.

“ putting the glass about, something entered
“ the room, accompanied with a noise like
“ squirting water out of a squirt, upon
“ which they, with a change of countenance,
“ asked him what that was ?” Appleby answered, ‘ It was only a taste of what he every night had a sufficiency of.’
“ Mr. Moore advised him to keep a gun laden,
“ and when he heard it in the room, to discharge the piece. The night following, the family being in bed as usual, it came, and making a sudden stand, threw something upon the ground, which seemed to them as if some sort of seed had fallen out of a paper. In the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking about the room, wondering what it could be that had been cast upon the ground, gathered up a considerable quantity of gunpowder in corns, which greatly surprised her.
“ The next night it came in the same manner, but what it let fall made a greater noise, like shot, and in the morning, they, to their real astonishment, found a great many shots.
“ This afforded room for strange conjectures; and accordingly she told me she then did not know what to think, whether it was really an apparition or not: for that the scattering of this powder and shot the very two succeeding nights after Mr. Moore advised them to shoot, greatly disconcerted them, though again, upon reflexion, they had had so many proofs of something more than it was possible for any human creature to perform, that she was again led to believe it must be something not of this world, and

N. 3.

“ that

“ that in the throwing down the powder and
“ shot, it might be done in contempt, and was
“ as much as to say, ‘ What, you would shoot
“ me ?’ Once, when it was in the midst of its
“ career, one of the men, after composing himself for the purpose, addressed it in these words : In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou, and what dost thou want ? if any person here can contribute to thy ease, speak, and nothing shall be omitted that can procure it. During the time he was speaking it was silent, but immediately upon his ceasing it began its usual noise ; when he spoke again the same words, but no answer followed. Mr. Appleby declared, that one night, when his servants were very merry, dancing and making a considerable noise, that this goblin made so much greater disturbance over their heads, as one would have thought that twenty people were dancing there ; upon which, he went up then with a light, but nothing could he discover. When he told me this surprising narration, which he delivered with so much plainness and sincerity, free from embarrassment, I own I was something staggered, for he gave not the least cause to suspect his veracity. And, upon my examining all his servants, they, without any hesitation, confirmed what their master had advanced : so that my expectation of hearing the reports (which I had heard) refuted, was intirely frustrated, and I no little surprised to hear them so strongly vouched. I desired to lay in the room which this troublesome
“ guest

“ guest the most frequented ; but they told me
“ it occupied the whole house, and no room
“ escaped ; so I retired to my apartment at
“ eleven, and read Milton till about one, then
“ went to bed, not without wishing (yet not
“ presumptuously) that I might have some
“ strange conviction before morning, but met
“ with none ; and after a good night’s sleep,
“ arose at seven. One cannot help observing
“ upon this affair, that as the man could have
“ no advantage or end, to answer in propagating this story, but, on the contrary, is known to be a person of veracity, and not addicted to lying, it would almost incline one to believe it : I say *almost*, for I own I should give more credit to the thing if I had conviction either ocular or auricular, and that one cannot think the man so base as to assert, so strongly as he does, a falsity, and know it to be such, for if it is a collusion, it cannot be carried on without his privacy ; so that upon the whole this is my opinion, I believe, and don’t believe.”

The Editor cannot help observing that the very circumstance of the powder and shot ought to have opened the eyes of Capt. Allen. Could the most credulous listener to a ghost-story, believe that a spirit could buy, or steal, such gross substances ? Another remark naturally occurs, wherever country-folks hear preternatural noises, they are always noises connected with rustic occupations and ideas. Thus, Mr. Appleby’s spirit, sometimes thrashed like a labourer, and sometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this, is the behaviour of a brother-

spectre, at F. in Berks, who has kept, and still keeps, possession of the staircase belonging to an antique mansion, for many years. This truly rusticated being entertains himself very often, in the dead of the night, in carrying sacks of invisible corn from the bottom, to the landing-place on the top of the great stairs, which he there empties. Of this, Farmer W. (a man of an excellent character) and his wife and family, are as fully persuaded, as of their existence!!! Milton's "lubbar-fiend," was formed from the ghosts which haunt farm-houses, not from the spectre which stalks through knightly halls.



A P P E N D I X.

No. I.

AS the foregoing work owes many obligations to those performances which go under the name of Ana, it is by way of acknowledgment for their assistance, that the following odd poem is introduced. Little as is its merit, it may serve as a catalogue to those who are anxious in collecting that species of amusing literature.

Fortunius un jour dina
 Chez un grand, ou on raisonna
 Bien fort, sur Perroniana
 Thuana, Valefiana,
 Apres quoi, on examina
 Lequel de Patiniana
 Vaut moins, ou de Naudæana ?
 S'il falloit a Chevreana
 Preferer Parthasiana ?
 Et priser Menagiana
 Plus que les Scaligerana ?
 En liberté chacun pronça,
 Ou suivant son gout condamna,
 L'un, St. Evremoniana,
 L'autre, Fureteriana,
 Un tiers, l'avantage donna
 Sur eux, a Sorbieriana,
 Tel contre Anonymiana
 Contre les Vasconiana,
 Et contre l'Arlequiniana,
 Tint bon pour Santoliana.
 Au desert, on questionna
 Si le nom Bourfaultriana,
 Celui d'Ancilloniana,

N 5

De

De Vigneul-Marvilliana,
 Et de Colomesiana,
 Jamais des auteurs emana ?
 Si l'on verroit Pithæana,
 Et d'autres que promis-on-ça,
 Tels que font, Baluziana,
 De Selden, Seldeniana,
 De Daumus, Daumiana,
 De Calvin, Calviniana,
 De Bourbon, Bourbonniana,
 De Grotius, Grotiana,
 De Bignon, Bignoniana,
 De Sallot, Sallotiana,
 De Segrais, Segraisiana,
 Commire, Commiriana,
 Enfin Cafauboniana,
 Et le Bourdelotiana,
 Meme, Furstenbergiana !
 Fortunius lors opina
 Et d'un ton qui predomina,
 La dispute, ainsi, termina :
 " Messieurs—nul de tous ces Ana
 " Ne vaut l'Ypecacuanha."

It would not be worth while to translate a piece which consists almost entirely of untranslatable words, and the whole string of which, (such as it is) may be found in the last fix lines, which may be thus imitated in English.

They now had reckon'd all the *Ana*,
 And even Furstenburghiana
 Had had their turn—when, well-nigh doz'd,
 Fortunio thus the contest clos'd,
 " Good folks, one grain of Ypecacuanha,
 " Is more than worth your catalogue of *Ana*."

No. II.

UNDER the article Alchymy, the subsequent piece of biography, and the mysterious extracts which follow it, should have had their place.

Nicolas Flamel, the apostle of French alchemists, was a native of Pontoise, and towards the

the close of the fourteenth century, exercised the profession of a notary at Paris. He began life without any fortune, but all at once, he became rich, and employed his wealth in a way that did him honour, for he relieved the distressed, founded hospitals, and repaired places of divine worship. Naudé attributes this sudden rise of circumstances to his connection with the affairs of the Jews, who in 1394 were expelled from France, and whose mortgages, &c. &c. he supposed, Flamel purchased of them, to his own great advantage. Other writers have completely refuted this story. It is easier, and much more picturesque, to attribute his mysterious prosperity to that great secret which has been sought for through ages, and which, *to this day*, has its believers. Accordingly, Paul Lucas, the most lying of travellers, (*who, yet, travelled by command of Louis XIV. and XV. successively*) affirms, that a Dervis had assured him that Nicolas Flamel was living, in the present century, somewhere in India, and that his death and burial had been an imposture, a faggot having been interred in his room!

The curiosity of some persons has gone so far as to excite them to search the cellars of the house in which this supposed adept resided, and which is still existing at the corner of the streets "Des Ecrivains" and "Marivault," at Paris; they dug in every probable place, and did actually discover earthen vases, recipients, and pots, half filled with a mineral substance. What food for a sanguine imagination!

There were once to be seen, on an old beam in the same house, rude representations of Nicolas, and of his wife Pernelle, and several odd, and

and apparently hieroglyphical figures, engraved on stones in the wall. But in 1756, some incognitos, pretending to be influenced by religious motives to repair the house, as belonging to the church, got possession of these precious 'morceaux,' and carried them away privately, neglecting to pay for the repairs they had ordered, or perhaps only delaying the payment, until they should be enriched by Flamel's reliques.

No. III.

Extracts from a scarce collection of Hermetic Poetry, by Elias Ashmole. Printed 1652. It has a singular engraving on the title-page, with this inscription,

"Serpens & bufo gradiens super terram, Aquila volans, est
"nostrum Magisterium."

The book abounds with other mystical prints, not ill executed. These extracts are given as a specimen of the strange method in which Alchymistic writers affect to explain their arcana.

The Bird of Hermes, by G. Ripley.

In the sea, withouten lesse *,
Stands the bird of Hermes,
Eating his wings, variable,
And thereby makes himself more stable.
When all his feathers be agone,
He standeth still there, like a stone.
Here is now both white and red,
And also the stone, to quicken the dead.
All and fume, withouten fable,
Both hard and nesh †, and malleable.
Understand now well aright,
And thank God of this sight.

Hints,

* Lesse for leasing, lying. † Quære, as to the meaning of this word?

Hints, by Thomas Charnock, as to bringing the great work to bear.

We work this work of wonder
By measure, weight, and number.

When he is full black, then take some payne
'To wash him seven times, in th' water of Jourdayne.

Fro the tyme that he be black and ded,
Wash him seven times, or he be perfect red.

And when you see him perfect red,
Then—take a stone and knock him o' th' head.

Id est +

When this woman is brought to bed,
Take the chyld, and knock him o' th' head.

Nonfensical and puerile, as the preceding verses appear to be, yet too truly it may be said,

“ —Hæ nugæ seria ducent
“ In mala —,”

for these, and such as these, have had the almost incredible effect of overpowering the senses and faculties of many rational beings, and have, (in spite of innumerable, wretched examples) tempted them to the chase of a supposed secret, which, when believed to be nearly discovered, has always disappeared, “ and left “ the wretch to weep.”

No. IV.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, in consequence of an enquiry which he wished to be made after a book written by Sir Robert Dudley,

+ The foregoing distich certainly needed explanation, but, unluckily, none but adepts can comprehend that solution which is here given.

Dudley, which was mentioned under the article "Books."

" ——— According to your desire, I have sent you a short account of Sir Robert Dudley's book, 'Del Arcano del mare.'— It is a large well printed folio, 'Nel primo del quali si tratta della longitudine praticabile in diversi modi, d'invenzione dell' autore — (says the title-page)—Nel secondo delle carte sue generali, e di Portolani rettificati in longitudine, e latitudine.—Nel terzo, della disciplina sua maritima e militare.—Nel quarto, dell' architettura sua nautica, di vascelli da guerra.—Nel quinto, della navigazione scientifica, e perfetta, cioè Spirale, o di grandi Circoli.—Nel sesto, delle carte sue geografiche e particolari.

" In Firenze nella stamperia di Francesco Onofri. 1646.—I took no extracts from it. It seems to be filled with mathematical explanations of diagrams, extremely well engraved, many of different shapes with moveable hands. He has invented an 'Orivolo Mercuriale, e sifone per misurare il tempo— much in the manner of our hour-glasses, but more complex. The book is kept with great care."

No. V.

THE following singular relation, which may be found in Bell's Travels, ought to have appeared under the article of Books. It seems surprising that as it has been near thirty years in print, it has not tempted some virtuoso to take a trip as far as Siberia, in search of the uncommon library therein described.

" After

“ After the Irtysh has run many miles
“ through a hilly country covered with wood,
“ it passes through a fine fruitful plain, inhabited by the Kalmucs, till it comes to a house
“ called “Sedmy-Palaty,” or the Seven Rooms,
“ situated to the right, in coming down the
“ river. It is very surprizing to find such a
“ regular palace in the midst of a desert. Some
“ of the Tartars say it was built by Tamerlane,
“ (called by the Tartars, Temyr Ack Sack, or
“ Lame Temyr) others, by Gingeex Chan.

“ The building, according to the best information which I could obtain, is of brick or stone, well finished, and continues still entire. It consists of seven apartments, under one roof, from whence it has the name of the seven palaces. Several of these rooms are filled with scrolls of glazed paper, fairly wrote, and many of them in gilt characters. Some of the scrolls are black, but the greatest part white. The language in which they are written is that of the Tongusts, or Kalmucs. While I was at Tobolsky, I met with a soldier in the street with a bundle of these papers in his hand. He asked me to buy them, which I did for a small sum. I kept them till my arrival in England, when I distributed them among my friends, and particularly to that learned antiquarian Sir Hans Sloane, who valued them at a high rate, and gave them a place in his celebrated museum. Two of these scrolls were sent by order of the Emperor Peter the First, to the Royal Academy at Paris. The Academy returned a translation, which I saw in the
“ Rarity

“ Rarify Chamber at St. Petersburg. One of
 “ them contained a commission for a Lama, or
 “ Priest, and the other a form of prayer to the
 “ Deity. Whether this interpretation may be
 “ depended on or not, I shall not determine.
 “ The Tartars esteem them all, sacred writings,
 “ as appears from the care they take to preserve
 “ them. Perhaps they may contain some valuable
 “ pieces of antiquity, particularly, ancient
 “ history.”

Should a wish to discover the treasure which this strange edifice probably contains, excite some enterprising spirit to visit the spot, it is humbly hoped that he would, in his way home, make a little circuit, and by falling down the Don, and crossing the Black Sea, reach Mount Athos, where travellers agree, are several monasteries, with libraries *full of books*, which are illegible to those holy brotherhoods, but whose contents are probably well worth inspection.

No. VI.

THE curious anecdote which follows was taken from “Nouvelle Description des Environs de Paris,” a book of credit, published at Paris, in 1786. It gives a frightful instance of the licentiousness of what the French probably style, “Le bon, vieux, temps de Henri de Bourbon,” and proves, at the same time, that the “Populace, furieuse, & sordide,” of France, are, at least, as noxious as the worst English mob. No translation is given, as an intimation that it need not be perused by those who do not love painful stories.

Lagny, petite ville de la Brie, située sur les bords de la Marne, à quatre lieues de Meaux &c

& a fix de Paris, fameufe dans l'Hiftoire par fon commerce confiderable, par les guerres dont elle a été le theatre, & par un ufage auffi bare qu'il eft etonnant de le voir en vigueur, dans ce fiecle de lumiere.

Sous Charles VII. les habitans de cette ville s'opposèrent aux Anglois avec tant de fermeté, que ce Roi loua leur grande & vertueufe réfiftance.

Sous Henri IV. cette ville ne fe montra pas auffi fidele à fon legitime Roi. En 1544 elle fe revolta. Le Maréchal de Lorges qui fe trouvoit dans le canton avec fes troupes, fut chargé de foumettre ces rebelles; la ville fut affiégée & prife d'affaut; pour fe conformer aux bonnes intentions de fon Maître, ce général n'ufa point du droit de la victoire; ainfi au lieu de paffer tous les habitans au fil de l'épée, comme cela pratique après un affaut, il propofa, pour le foir même, une fête, où il invita toutes les dames de la ville, mais cette conduite pacifique, en apparence, ca-choit de projets de violence & de perfidie.

Au milieu de la fête, tandis que la joie & les plaifirs fembloient bannir la méfiance & les inimities, le Marechal de Lorges fait fermer les portes, éteindre les lumières, & dans l'inftant toutes les Bourgeoifes de Lagny font livrées fans diftinction, à l'impétueufe luxure des foldats. La tradition du pays témoigne que ces dames, quoique très fenfibles à cet affront, en furent encore moins irritées que leurs maris. Les fuites de cette action infame repandoient une fécondité général, qui produifit une nouvelle génération, dont on affûre que font iftus tous le habitans de Lagny; mais ceux-ci rougiffent de cette fource irrégulière, & fe regardent comme vivement in-fultés lorsqu'on leur en rappelle le fouvernir.

Les

Les plaifans qui, pour faire allufion au Capitaine de Lorges, leurs demandent “ Combien “ vaut l’orge ? ” font très-mal accueillis. On les faifit, on les emporte, & fans mifericorde on les plonge dans la fontaine fituée au milieu de la ville. “ J’ai moi-même été témoin, ” dit M. de Saint-Foix, “ de cette vengeance populaire, exercée fur un jeune Parisien, qui ne “ fâchant pas les conféquences de cette queftion, “ la fit de la meilleur foi du monde. ” Cependant, comme on vend de l’orge à Lagny, & que l’acheteur ne peut fe difpenfer de s’informer du prix, il doit prendre garde de tenir fa main dans le fac en faifant la dangereufe queftion.

L’aventure fuivante, plus récemment arrivée, prouve jufqu’à quel point une populace ignorante & livrée à elle même, peut porter la cruauté dans fes caprices.

Au moi de Septembre 1766, une Dame affez folie paffant à Lagny dans la voiture publique, fut portée par fes compagnons de voyage à demander “ Combien vaut l’orge ? ” Elle fit cette queftion fans en connoître ni la caufe ni les fuites. Le peuple irrité s’emeute, fuit le caroffé à l’auberge, & demande cette femme à grands cris. Les voyageurs ne pouvant réfifter aux clameurs & aux menaces du peuple, managerent adroitement l’évafion de cette dame, qui fe retira dans l’églife. Cette populace n’ofa pas violer cet afile, mais une partie fe détacha vers le curé, & exigea que cette infolente leur fut livrée. Le curé ayant en vain voulu défendre l’étranger, prit le parti d’aller la trouver, & de l’exhorter à ne pas réfifter plus long-tems à la fatisfaction qu’on exigeoit ; elle répondit qu’elle étoit dans un tems critique, & qu’elle mourroit, fi on

Si on lui faisoit subir un châtement qu'elle n'avoit pas mérité, puisqu'elle ignoroit que sa question fût une insulte. Dans la crainte que la populace ne s'accrût jusqu'à ne plus rien respecter, le pasteur fit fermer les portes de l'église, retira chez lui cette malheureuse, & représenta aux mutins la bonne foi de la dame, & l'état où elle se trouvoit, bien propre à les desarmer. Mais ces furioux, sourds aux meilleurs raisonnemens, furent demander justice au Seigneur, qui jugeant la fermentation trop grande, crut devoir les satisfaire, en ordonnant à la marechaussée de leur livrer cette femme, qui, malgré ses prières & ses larmes, fut inhumainement plongée dans l'eau froide de la fontaine. Elle en sortit avec des convulsions affreuses, & quelques minutes après elle expira.

Je n'ajouterai point les réflexions un peu hardies du témoin oculaire de qui j'ai emprunté la relation de cet événement atroce. Mai je persisterai à dire qu'il est bien affligeant d'apprendre que dans le dixhuitième siècle, à six lieues de la capitale de la France, un usage digne des tems d'ignorance & d'anarchie, un usage aussi barbare soit aujourd'hui en vigueur, & puisse se renouveler impunément. Lumieres, politesse, philosophie, quelle distance vous sépare de la populace !

No. VII.

THE mention which has been made of that very extraordinary character, the Rev. Mr. Pat-ten, may probably have raised some curiosity concerning him, and the reader may not dislike to hear a few genuine particulars of his life and conversation. He had been chaplain to a man
of

of war, and had contracted a kind of marine roughness from his voyages; he was of an athletic make, and had a considerable share of wit and humour, not restrained by any strict ideas of professional propriety. He was, during many years, curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend, and used every Sunday to travel, in a butcher's cart, to do duty at another church. Whitstable, lying close to the sea, is very aguish, so that had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the same low rate: this he well knew, and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate. He kept a mistress publicly, and had that esteem for punch, that when his sermons were too long, some one shewing him a lemon, might at any time cause him to bring his discourse to an abrupt conclusion, that he might be at liberty to adjourn to the public house.

When Dr. Wake was Archbishop some tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Mr. Patten had given a marriage-certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable. At the next visitation, the Archbishop sternly asked Mr. P. whether the report was true? To which Patten replied, "I shall answer your Grace's question by another.—Are you fool enough to take notice of it, if it be true?"

When Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr. Patten, who was there, (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings, occasioned an order

order for him to be left out of the list) arose from his seat, and bowing to the Archbishop, said with a loud voice, "I thank your Grace." After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the crowd, came up to the metropolitan, who seeing that he could not avoid him, began with the usual question, "You are, Sir, I apprehend curate of Whitstable?" "I am so," returned Mr. Patten, "and have received the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum from your Grace's predecessors, for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred." Don't enlarge, Mr. Patten," said the Archbishop; "No, but I hope your Grace *will*," rejoined the curate.

It chanced that a substantial farmer in Whitstable, who had frequently promised his son to take him in as partner in his farm, or to leave it him at his death, died, without performing either of his promises. His widow, a second wife, took possession of the premises, without regarding the representations of the son, who in vain pleaded his pretensions to the partnership, at least. Not long after, the widow came to Patten, with a deplorable tale of a ghost, which haunted her house, out-houses, &c. dragging chains, and rattling fetters. The curate, who, though no believer in spirits, was yet sensible that at any rate, the affair must turn to his pecuniary advantage, put on his gravest air, and told the woman "that what she asked was no trivial matter; that besides a considerable stock of courage, the enterprize demanded deep learning, as the whole form of exorcism ought to be spoken in Latin.

"That

“ That indeed he was fully master of these requisites, but that he could not give himself
“ the trouble of exerting them, under the sum
“ of a guinea.” To this demand, the woman consented, after some demur, and the best parlour was fitted up for the curate’s reception, according to his directions, with a large fire, two candles, and a bowl of punch. He then took his post, and waited for the apparition, who, unluckily, not knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, and thinking to terrify him, as he had done by others, began his perambulations as usual, around the premises; but no sooner did the priest hear the chain, and the groans, than he sallied forth, and without delay seized the poor ghost by the collar, belabouring him at the same time severely with an oaken sapling. The young farmer finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell on his knees, and owned the whole contrivance, conjuring the exorcist, at the same time, not to expose him, nor to reveal the secret to his mother-in-law, who would be glad of the opportunity to turn him out of the house, with some degree of pretence. His intreaties were heard, and he was dismissed, on a solemn promise not to disturb the house again; on this condition, hopes were given to him of a comfortable settlement with his step-mother.

Early in the morn, she came down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding night, when she was informed by the priest, that he had a terrible conflict with the deceased, who was one of the most fierce, obstinate spirits he had ever met with. That, at length, he had laid him, at the expence of much Latin. “ Poor
“ wicked

“wicked foul,” continued he, “I forgive him,
 “although great part of his disquiet is owing to
 “thirty shillings, of which he defrauded me,
 “but which he desired, nay, commanded, you
 “to pay. On this condition only, and on
 “your allowing his son a share in the farm, has
 “he agreed to trouble your house no more, but
 “to retire to his old quarters, the Red Sea.”

To this the woman assented—she paid the
 money, took her son-in-law into the farming
 business, and the parson had the comfort of
 having done a good action, and, at the same
 time, picked up a little money by it.

He was once at the house of a brother clergy-
 man, who, having shewn him a very numerous
 collection of books, in various languages, Pat-
 ten asked him whether he understood them all?
 The answer being affirmative, he rejoined,
 “Surely, surely, Brother, you must have had
 “your head broken with a brick from the Tower
 “of Babel.”

In his illness, being in extreme distress,
 Archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by the
 Archdeacon. The dying humorist thanked him
 sincerely, and, in the style of the age of James
 I. “Tell the Primate,” said he “that now I
 “own him to be a man of God, for I have
 “seen his angels.” G.

No. VIII.

SHOULD any sportsman honour this work
 with a perusal, he may perhaps find some enter-
 tainment in looking over the names belonging to
 a pack of hounds of the last century. The Edi-
 tor has, on that account, inserted the following
 list, from a very old hunting ballad.

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Cryer,
Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylads, Tanner and Trouncer,
Foamer and Forrester, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and Thumper.

Out of all these appellations, only *two* seem to commemorate the party disputers of the age—"Bonner," might refer to the Marian persecution, and "Gundamore," certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard who hood-winked our British Solomon.

In a play of Mrs. Behn, we find a Whig Knight calling his house-dog "Tory."

No. IX.

UNDER the article 'National Character,' the anecdote beneath should have been introduced in a note.

The following couplet was made by a Mr. Canfield, who was employed in rendering the Highlands of Scotland passable, by means of the finest military roads which ever were made in so wild a country. He must have felt the true "fine phrenzy" of which Shakespeare sings, before he could have taken so auspicious a flight from Parnassus.

Had you but seen these roads—*before they were made*,
You'd lift up your hands, and bless Marshal Wade!

This name, Canfield, points out no particular country, and if he was a native of *this* island, he affords strength to the arguments already adduced, to prove that the Irish have, by no means, a right to the *monopoly* of bulls. G.

F I N I S.



